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From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the opposite page is old Sir Peveril! Many a time has he figured on canvas or paper, in stone, bronze, or plaster, in oil or water-colours, lithographed, copper-plated, mezzotinted, in all the variety of manner that the art of the sculptor, the founder, the modeller, the painter, the etcher, the engraver, the whole tribe of the imitators of the face divine, could display him. He has hung in the chamber of kings, and decorated the door of the ale-house—has graced the boudoir of beauty, and perambulated the streets borne upon the head of a swarthy Italian pedlar. He has been depicted in all moods and all postures; but we venture to say, that the Baronet, as he really looks, was never so exactly put before the public as we now see him.

There he is, sauntering about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, telling old stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream, in sight—tales of battles and raids—or ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore,

—“Ere Scotland's griefs began,

When every man you met had killed his man!”

Every thing is correct in the picture, from the peak of his head down to his very cudgel; and if the dogs are not as authentic altogether as their master, they may serve as types to show that he is fond of being so attended.

If we could write in the manner of fine writers—which, thank Heaven! we cannot—we should say much about the aerial attendants who lackey his head, as the dogs do his heels. Stoddart, or, if not, somebody else, has drawn a picture, which has been engraved in some of the Annuals, of the dreams of the infant Shakespeare. High in the clouds we behold, exhibiting themselves in his sleep, to the mental eye of the future poet, the goodly company of *Hamlet* and *Jack Falstaff*, *Richard* and *Ophelia*, *Othello* and *Juliet*, and “many more too long.” This glorious gallery is indeed unapproachable;

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but still, from the head depicted upon the opposite leaf, sprung *Rebecca* and *Marmion*, *Die Vernon* and *Dugald Dalgetty*, the *Baron of Bradwardine* and *Flora MacIvor*, *Nicol Jarvie* and *Claverhouse*, *Meg Merrilies* and *Jeanie Deans*, *Caleb Balderstone* and the *Master of Ravenswood*—the list is not half exhausted, but we must stop—visions of pathos and fun, of honour and conviviality, of grace and grotesqueness, of all that is grand or droll, or mad or shrewd, or merry or melancholy, or valiant or prudent, or boisterous or meditative, or pious or profane, in the history of mankind—

“Who can his miracles declare?”

It is, indeed, idle to be wasting one's time in cataloguing the dramatis personæ of the *Waverley Novels*, or their predecessors in rhyme, which are familiar as household gods—

“From sunny India to the Pole.”

Long may he continue to “feed us with good things,” even though, unlike the days of the *Chaldee MS.*, every body now knoweth whence they come; and having, by the unprecedented sale of his “series,” got rid of difficulties, in which it was a thousand pities he should have ever been involved, may he be enabled, for the remainder of his life—a thousand years, as the Spaniards say—to whisk his stick over his shoulder, with untroubled heart, in the manner of Corporal Trim, as follows:—



From the *Keepsake*.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

A friend, on whose veracity I can perfectly rely, told me the following story; whether a repetition of it may interest a reader, I cannot say; but I will hazard the experiment.

I was once (said my friend) placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

No. 104.—I

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty, fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage coaches; that the rapid improvements of that sort of travelling have, during late years, interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing greys under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that, is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling-cap on his head girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself.

That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab great coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat, white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate, pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her dispositions, by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but per-

haps that may require a minute or two more.

The lady in question cast a hasty glance around her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze around the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely, be unhappy?

As the clock struck, we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North-street and Church-street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again.

All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to any body, or any thing, except himself; and, in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two grey unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and, if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was much relieved. At Hands-cross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and, when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex bnggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I, with one or two more sensualists from the outside, was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether

she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it, thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught.

"I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us."

She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features, I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tete-a-tete*.

"Have you been long at Brighton?" said I.

"Some time," replied the lady—"some months, indeed." Here came a pause.

"You reside in London, I presume?" said I.

"In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which, by the way, was as white as snow,) to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight, the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger.

"And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?"

"Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast."

"Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this common-place bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than just, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes.

"Good God!" said I, "have I said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—"

"Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre, sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me I am not angry with you—I am to blame."

"But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure

you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which——"

"Pray, pray ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I do think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed."

"You may rely upon me," said I, "that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke."

"What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with, at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if any thing in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again, and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it!

"Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask."

"Good God!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards Heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!"

"Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?"

"Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess, I did not so much regret as my companion said she did.

"If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?"

This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world

by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger.

"If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them."

"My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I will trust you."

Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us.

"I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?"

"Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love.

"That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right——"

"And you——"

"Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle; talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married."

"And thus you secured your happiness," said I.

"Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness,

sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it, and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'"

"But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?"

"Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may."

"Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me."

"Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me.

"Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipation. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could have but one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention.

"But," said I, "you are now returning home?"

"I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she is gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices: and why should I undeceive him?"

"This rival," said I, "must be a very potent

personage, if you are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You must have the power, if you have the will to do so."

"No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him!—from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as champion, and, like another knight, I should have the outraged Damosel placed under my special care.

I confessed I was rather anxious to ascertain who my friend was, and what her surname—her christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basket-full of sweetheart-cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and revolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it

that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many years' standing: and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I concluded, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed.

"Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Elephant and Castle?"

"At a little past eight," said I.

"We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady.

"We do."

"If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that ere window up, I should be uncommon obliged, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet fever, and I am afraid of her taking cold."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his Melodies,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing-cross, or left the coach at the Elephant

to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the Macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerably let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally*, what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But, I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove-road, Paddington, to Dog-row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him when that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smith's-bottom, and we were in the dark, compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunder-struck.

"My God!" said she, "here's Charles!"

"Who the devil is Charles?" said I.

"Hush!—my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming:—I'm so glad these people are in the coach."

The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment.

"Here I am, love," said my companion.

"Alone!—what—quite full?" said the husband.

"Yes, dear," said the wife; "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the

corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, if she had not dropped her glove—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld, in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin.

"Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, "is that *you*!—fellow traveller with my wife, and not known to each other? this is curious!"

"Franklin!" said I, in a sort of tremor.

"Do you know my husband, *sir*?" said the lady—"how very strange!"

Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible.

"I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I—"

"Indeed," said I—"I—"

"Oh, come, come," said Franklin; "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation!"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers, at the other side of the coach, who concluded, by what they saw, that we indeed they had shown by what we said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin's; but altogether I sincerely declare, that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe, that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tete-a-tete* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the bandboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw: good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the pianoforte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was,) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be

"Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it."

"No Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny.

"Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles; "'tis an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it."

"To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action.

"How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation, we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her?"

"Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, "strangers do not talk to each other in stage coaches."

Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin; "but some accident might have brought your name to his ears, or his, to yours."

While all this was going on, I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey.

"Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin.

"No, dear," replied the lady, "not very now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin, however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject, by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning his mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us, as she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss, as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think

"More than pretty, surely," said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating."

"If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather the variety of expression, to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully: there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you."

"I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I.

"Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken-down lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept: and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine."

"And ensured your happiness," said I.

"Why yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her, during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and begun to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of lancers of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of my mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness has returned to the continent, I have recalled my better half."

"You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I.

"To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage that, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and, I confess, I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and perhaps, eventually, tend to betray the confidence which the oppressed wife had reposed in me.

We repaired to the drawing-room.—Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinat-

"Charles, dearest," said she, "I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about to detain you so long."

"We didn't think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing you."

"Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me.

"That," said I, "I cannot tell you: I never betray anything that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often."

"And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin; "I really believe sometimes that things which our blind mortals call chance are pre-ordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then—"

"I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while *her* back was turned to *him*, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated, most unequivocally, what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good night.

I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt that neutrality would be quite out of the question; thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travel-

From the United Service Journal.

ST. HELENA.

JANUARY, 1827.

It was early in the morning when St. Helena first was seen from our decks, and it then seemed merely a dark speck on the horizon, but as we approached, its form became gradually more distinct, and in a few hours we found ourselves rapidly sailing within half a mile of the shore. If it is possible to conceive a steep, abrupt rock fully eight hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly from the ocean, and offering no possible means of landing, it will give a good idea of that part of St. Helena which is first approached from the Southward. A few fissures in the rock are the only varieties in its uniform surface; not a blade of grass nor a tree can be seen, and its volcanic origin may easily be traced in the different strata of lava which appear to form the island. The colour of this precipice is a reddish brown, and its dismal appearance was much heightened when we passed, by a gloomy cloud which over-topped the high land, and poured down in a stream of mist through the valleys, or rather chasms, we saw inland. On every high peak, or point of land, signal-houses and guns had been placed, and after turning round a projecting rock we perceived a succession of batteries mounted with numerous guns, and bidding defiance to an invader. Indeed, it would be impossible for nature and art combined to form a more complete place of exile than this selected for Napoleon.

The little town, however, offered some relief to the aridness of the preceding scenery. It is built in James Valley, a narrow opening between two steep, barren hills. The Church, Government-house, and a few verdant trees have a pleasing effect from the anchoring place, which is not far distant from the shore. The roofs of a few other habitations appear up the valley; and on the summit of a hill, a small grove of dwarf firs indicates that vegetation flourishes inland, although none exists on the brink of the ocean. Our stay at St. Helena was not intended to exceed a few hours; but as it would have been the height of barbarism to have passed such a classic spot without seeing Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon, five of our party landed, with strict injunctions from those whom want of taste and curiosity induced to remain on board, to bring off numerous slips of willow from the tree which droops over the grave.

On landing and entering James Town, we proceeded to the hotel, and in a short time were provided with horses. When on the point of mounting, we were informed by our landlord, that it was necessary we should procure an order for admittance within the railing, which he offered to obtain for us. Away he went, and shortly returned with a printed order in the Governor's name, authorising the corporal on guard to allow the bearers to see the tomb and

legal order for procuring memorials, we set off on our little steeds, and after passing through the only street in the town, commenced ascending the mountain by a road cut in the side of the hill, and guarded by a parapet.

As we sedately plodded along, musing on the events which led to the celebrity of St. Helena, and recalling to mind the journals of Las Cases and others of Napoleon's companions, we left the little town far below us in the valley, and on arriving at the summit of the hill near a small verdant spot of ground, nourished by a running stream, we perceived the little cottage of Briars, where Napoleon first resided on landing at the island. One low story, apparently containing but few apartments, constituted the mansion; but our time not allowing us to examine the premises, we pursued our journey, and after passing a pretty plantation of dwarf firs, opened a view of the hills and valleys of the west side of the island. The scenery here was really imposing; the ground, broken into abrupt mountains and deep valleys, presented a striking contrast, the latter being brilliant with vegetation where they formed the beds of rivulets, and the former rearing their lofty heads to the clouds, with their surface quite parched and barren. Here and there, where streams gushed from the rocks, stripes of verdure might be seen, and near them or in the valleys, were little formal white houses, with red tiled or slated roofs, brilliant green windows, and their *tout ensemble* offering a perfect specimen of cockney taste, which seemed quite out of character with the boldness of the scenery, and reminded me forcibly of the little wooden houses I used to buy in toyshops, to amuse myself with in my juvenile days. In the breaks between the mountains, the sea might be seen for a great distance far below us, blending in the distance with the haze, so that no horizon could be distinguished, and in the harbour the shipping appeared the size of mere fishing-boats.

We were here still at some distance from the object of our trip, but at about a mile further on looking down the side of the hill we perceived a little green spot, and a house in the vale below, whither we were directed by a man whom we met; and after passing a small gate saw at a distance the far-famed willows towards which we hastily directed our steps.

At a little wicket leading into a flower garden we dismounted, and were met by a weather-beaten veteran corporal of the 53rd regiment, who was constituted guardian of the tomb. A pretty geranium hedge, in full blossom, bordered the path which led to the sacred spot; on either side rose steep hills, which, uniting behind the tomb, formed a deep dell only open to the southward, where it looked down a valley; a neat green railing encircled a space of brilliant sward, about ten yards in diameter, and in the middle of this, under the appropriate shade of some venerable weeping willows, stood the square iron railing which guarded

the last home of Napoleon. The old corporal, who now acted as our cicerone, having ascertained that we were provided with the proper order for admittance, proceeded in a drawling tone and unmoved countenance to give us an account of the spot, in the same words, no doubt, that he had already used to the hundreds of visitors who had preceded us. "Here, sir," said he, "the Emperor when he died expressed a wish to be buried, if so be that they would not let his remains be carried to France; and there, sir, under that willow he used often to sit talking with the Countess Bertrand, when he was sufficiently well to drive to her little cottage, which you may see on the brow of the hill. Out of this spring (pointing to a little rill of water which bubbled from the side of the hill) the water the Emperor drank was taken. If your honours would like some, here is a cup, (producing at the same time an old tin cup rather the worse for wear, with which some of the party drew a little water from the stream;) and there, sir, within those railings, under the three broad flags, is placed Napoleon's body crossways, the head being towards those little painted sticks.

"You see, gentlemen, this small space of earth, six inches wide, between the railings and the slabs. After the Emperor's death, Madame Bertrand planted it all round with heartsease—I believe they call them penses in French—and used to take great care of them, but they are all withered now. O! she was a nice lady, God bless her! But perhaps, gentlemen, you would like to enter the railing; here is one of the bars which takes out, and as you are none of you very stout, you may slip through. I recollect not long since an old fat General from Bombay, who rather than not get inside, took off his coat, waistcoat, and almost every thing he wore." We followed the old man's advice, and entering the aperture in the railing, stood over the remains of *l'Empereur des Français*. I know not why it was, but we simultaneously took off our hats; we all felt that respect and reverence which we should have expressed had he been alive, and seemed to be hurt at the idea of a group of British officers thus unceremoniously invading the resting-place of the "vanquished victor." It was not romance that occasioned this sensation (one of my companions having served in the navy since Trafalgar, and been two years a prisoner in France, whilst another from his earliest youth had been fighting in the Peninsula against the armies of the man whose dust now lay below us,) but that *de' rence* which is always due to the memory of those, whose superior talents and strength of mind have made them rise above the rest of their contemporaries. No inscription, not even the name Napoleon had been engraven on the slabs; fame, such as his, requires no other or more splendid memorial than that which it will ever retain, the regrets of the French, and their recollections of the glorious deeds performed by their armies

when led on to glory and victory by "*Celui qui n'est plus*."

Whilst we were cutting a few slips of myrtle and willow, a mist gradually overspread the hill, and soon enveloped us in a fog, which terminated in a shower; but a gentleman, whose house was near, having kindly offered a shelter, my companions took refuge there; whilst I, notwithstanding the rain, attempted to make a sketch; this done, we prepared to start for Longwood, but found that the corporal had not yet finished his task. After we had written our names in a paper to be shown to the Governor, he requested our attention to a board hanging up in the sentry box, on which was pasted a paper containing the following lines, written by some captain of a merchant ship.

Our guide seemed to consider them the very acme of the poetic talent, and as I thought them *very good*, though in rather a different sense, I transcribed them.

"Here contemplative Traveller Prythee come,
Behold bright genius Grandeur's in this tomb.
As great a conqueror as ere drew breath;
First by ambition conquered, here by death.
Fate scaled his date, his name expanded lies
On Fame's proud pinions towering to the skies.
Long as the Isle of St. Helena stands,
So long the loud obstreperous tramp of Fame,
To future ages sounds Napoleon's name."

As our old friend seemed rather attached to Napoleon, I concluded the same feeling must have existed amongst his comrades, and asked him whether the soldiers of the different regiments much regretted his death. "Why, sir," said he, "I don't know; you see we had always very hard duty, being constantly on guard or picket." This was quite enough, so slipping half-a-guinea into his hand, we remounted our horses, and set off at a canter for Longwood, which was distant about a mile and a half.

Previous to reaching the house, which is built on the table-land of a small hill, we passed through a scanty grove of stunted trees, and dismounted at the door leading into the billiard-room of Longwood. The house consisted of a ground-floor, with a roof exceedingly low; the rooms, few in number, were small, dark, and damp, and even during the residence of the Emperor, when furnished, they cannot but have been most wretched; now the house was quite dilapidated. The room where Napoleon breathed his last, contained a threshing-machine; his sitting-room had been converted into a granary, and the library where he passed the greater portion of his time, and dictated the memoirs he left as a legacy to the world, was now a hen house! The bed-room, fitted up with stalls, served as a stable; and the outhouses, once occupied by his faithful Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, where appropriated to a like purpose! I ascended to the garret where young Las Cases slept, but could scarcely stand upright in it. Is it a subject of wonder that Napoleon should have complained of ill-treatment, when the

house given him as a residence was so bad, that now it is only considered fit for a storehouse. The garden in which he used to walk was still in existence, but nothing about Longwood remained to indicate that there had resided Napoleon. The new house erected by the British Government was comfortable, large, and pretty; it had been very handsomely furnished, but the Emperor never occupied any of the apartments, his health having been so bad at the time the house was finished, that he would not remove from his old residence.

Whilst I was looking at Longwood, with that curiosity which every person would feel who ever heard of Napoleon, and was remarking to one of my companions that it was unfortunate England should have been obliged to bear the odium of Napoleon's confinement, when she was the only nation in Europe which gained nothing by his detention, a young man who had joined our party, merely because he thought it would be fine fun to have a ride up the hill, and who knew no more about Napoleon than that a general of that name fought the battle of Waterloo, came up to me, after gaping about him for some time, and said, "Well, this is a pretty house; what is the name of it?" "Pshaw!" said I, as I turned away and mounted my horse; "twice to-day have I been delighting myself with glorious visions of the past and doomed to have them banished by the common-place remark of some ignorant being, whose heart or senses are too dull to appreciate the melancholy but pleasing sensation which one feels, when contemplating scenes rendered so famous by history as these."

Evening now warned us to hasten our return to James Town, and in a few hours afterwards, we were again ploughing the ocean on our way to merry old England, highly gratified and delighted by our short, but interesting visit, to the "Isle of the Ocean." T. A. T.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above? BYRON.

Fair vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,
Born where the rose hath richest dyes;
To thee a southern heart hath given
That glow of Love, that calm of Heaven,
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills
The haunted air of Roman hills,
Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more,
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,
Perchance thine island chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea,
The sailor's hymn hath come to thee,
And bless'd thy power to guide, to save,
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
Have gush'd from human hearts unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home!
Unveiling many a timid guest,
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh! did those griefs win peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
Those thoughts, which pour'd their quenchless
fire
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die,
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
Before thee, 'midst the incense-cloud?
Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,
To thee its haughty griefs made known?
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
And win the unconquer'd one to weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the vow—
The votive garland wither'd now;
Yet holy still to me thou art,
Thou that hast soothed so many a heart!
And still must blessed influence flow
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
Of rest for gentle hearts above;
Of Hope, that hath its treasure there,
Of Home, that knows no changeful air!
Bright form, lit up with thoughts divine,
Ave! such power be ever thine!

From the Quarterly Review.

LYELL'S PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.

[CONCLUDED.]

MR. LYELL next proceeds to give instances of the destroying and transporting effect of marine currents, whether caused by tides, or by the heaping up of the surface-water in the direction towards which it is impelled by constant or periodical winds. Though these forces are permanent in their nature, they are variable in their direction, depending, in great measure, on the actual configuration of the land, the breadth and depth of channels, the position of shoals and banks accumulating at the bottom of seas; in a word, on a combination of circumstances which are made to vary continually by many igneous and aqueous causes, and, among the rest, by the erosive and cumulative power of the currents themselves. The amount of excavation and accumulation carried on by marine currents is considered by Mr. Lyell to exceed

very greatly that of running water on the land. We have not space to follow his survey of the rapid degradation which the east and south coasts of this island, from the Shetlands to the Land's end, are at present suffering, full as it is of the most interesting and striking details—many of them collected from personal observation. It is astonishing how deficient as yet is our information on this and the correlative subjects, notwithstanding their importance in an economical no less than in a scientific sense. We think the attention of some of those zealous members of the Geological Society, who have again and again examined and mapped, with praiseworthy, though perhaps excessive minuteness, the groups of secondary strata, with all their subordinate beds which compose our island, might now be directed with the most beneficial effect to the collection of facts as to the extent and nature of the changes going on upon our coasts;—the encroachments of the sea, the parallel additions to the land, together with the result of soundings to some distance from the shore, and details on the rapidity, direction, and variations of the tidal currents, which are the agents in these operations, so as to enable us to refer the several changes to their specific and local causes.

Proofs of the great power of the waves of the sea in removing masses of rock of enormous weight, are found in the Shetland isles, which are both battered by the waves of the Atlantic, and ground down by a strong current. A block of nine feet by six, and four feet thick, is described by Dr. Hibbert as having been in the winter of 1818, hurried up an acclivity to a distance of a hundred and fifty feet, with many other equally striking facts of the same nature. Indeed the erosive force acting on the western coasts of Britain and Ireland is far more powerful than that which attacks the other side;—though the coast being composed of harder rocks, the degradation is perhaps not so rapid. The remarkable ragged sea-line of the western isles, the Shetlands, Orkneys, and the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, as well as of Norway, is no doubt chiefly attributable to their exposure to the violence of the westerly swell of the Atlantic, and the equally powerful northwest current that sets directly against them. Hence these coasts are worn to a mere skeleton, the hardest rocks offering the longest resistance, and projecting in bluff capes and islands, or clusters of needle-shaped rocks, the last shreds of masses once continuous. Even these appear, from the observation of Dr. Hibbert, to suffer perceptible degradation by almost every storm. We learn from the same source that lightning co-operates on this coast with the violence of the ocean in shattering solid rocks, and heaping them in piles of enormous fragments both on dry land and beneath the water.

'We cannot but admit,' says Mr. Lyell, 'that a region which shall be the theatre, for myriads of ages, of the action of such disturbing causes, will present at some future period a scene of

havoc and ruin that may compare with any now found by the geologist on the surface of our continents; raised, as they all have been in former ages, from the bosom of the deep.*

In the isle of Sheppey fifty acres of land, from sixty to eighty feet above the sea have been swept away within the last twenty years. The church of Minster, now near the coast, is said to have been in the middle of the island only fifty years ago; and it is computed that, at the present rate of destruction the whole of the island will be annihilated in another half century! The tradition that the Goodwin Sands were once the estates of Earl Goodwin, points, no doubt, to the former existence of an island or extension of the coast in that direction, which, like Sheppey, has been washed away; and the idea of the former union of England with France gains an appearance of probability from the proofs of rapid degradations till occurring on our coasts, collected by Mr. Lyell. The French side of the channel is equally corroded by the violence of the great tidal current which flows up this passage in the manner of a vast river.

As a general rule, whenever cliffs or steep escarpments form the shore, there, we may be confident, abrasion is, or has lately been, going on, and also that a current sets along the coast, by which its detritus is carried into deep water. The beating of the waves alone may wear away and break up a rock, but without a current to sweep off the debris, they would accumulate into a permanent talus, which must entirely prevent the formation of a cliff. But, by the shiftings of currents, it often happens that the sea retreats, and leaves a talus or a flat shore of sand or mud beneath the cliffs it once undermined; towards which it may return again, when another change occurs in the circumstances by which the direction of currents, and consequently their erosive and accumulative forces, are locally determined.

The existence of currents and tides in the sea at the points where rivers are discharged into it, produces a remarkable effect on the character of their embouchures. We have traced the production of deltas, those flat alluvial projections, by which the detritus carried down by rivers tends to obstruct their mouths when they enter *stagnant* water, such as inland lakes, or *currentless* seas. But when, on the contrary, they flow into seas where a current sweeps along the coast, the transported matter is hurried away before it can be permanently deposited, and the coast line is prevented from increasing. When, in addition to a current, high tides ascend the mouths of rivers, instead of being obstructed, they are continually enlarged; excavation goes on in lieu of accumulation, and an *estuary*, or inlet of the sea, what Rennell calls a minus delta, is produced, in place of a projection. It is easily seen how a tidal wave, alternately

flowing up the mouth of a river, and ponding back its waters, and then returning with double violence through the added momentum of these waters themselves, must scour out the channel, and wear away the land on either side of the mouth. Thus were produced the great estuaries of the Thames, the Severn, and the Solway, of the Seine, the Gironde, the Tagus, the Elbe, the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and of numerous other rivers flowing into tidal seas, which, but for this circumstance, would probably have, long since, filled up the great submarine valleys which they indicate, instead of keeping them open, and indeed widening them daily, as they are observed to do now. Where a current flows by the mouth of a river, though the whole of the drift matter is not permanently deposited, yet at the line of junction between the fluvial and marine current, where they neutralize each other, a certain quantity subsides, and a *bar*, or lengthened bank, is the result, extending across the mouth of the river. The extent and depth of this bar, and the position it takes in the opening of the river, are determined by the comparative force, and direction of the antagonist currents of the sea and river. The latter almost always preserves an opening for its issue through the bar, at the further extremity from the direction of the marine current; but where the force of the river is comparatively trifling, the bar is completed, and the stream either percolates through it, or, being dammed up into a lake within, overflows it on one or more points, which are occasionally worn into channels of communication, admitting the sea-water, and then again closed up, so as to occasion the lake to be alternately salt and fresh. Bars and shoals are also formed at the conflux of two marine currents holding sedimentary matter in suspension, or of a current and an eddy, or along the boundary line of a current bordered by stagnant water. The direction of every current depends chiefly on the form of the coast past which it flows; and it is deflected by projecting head-lands, banks, and shoals, just in the manner of a river. Hence behind such projections the water is undisturbed, except by the eddy occasioned in it through the friction of the current sweeping by. The boundary line of the current and stagnant water is determined by the momentum and previous direction of the former, and the projecting resistances it meets with, but uniformly assumes a more or less regular curvature according to these circumstances. It is along this sweeping line that the matter drifted by the current subsides, as the momentum of its particles carries them beyond the line which limits the transporting power of the stream, and thus every current, after rushing past opposing headlands, tends to form out of their detritus a coast-line corresponding with the curve they have impressed on it. The Etangs of the south of France, the Haffs of northern Prussia, the Fiords of the west coast of Denmark, and the great Lagoons of the gulf of Mexico, are examples,

* Mr. Lyell does not seem to know that one of the prebends in St. Paul's takes its title from these lands now "*sub mare*."

on a large scale, of the stagnant pools of water shut out from the sea by bars of drifted matter so deposited along the boundary curve of a great marine current. The long narrow line of coast and string of islands which skirt the north of Holland, seem to have once formed an extensive bar of this kind, from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, having one or more large lagoons within; but the bias of the marine current, for some time past, has set in with violence against the land (owing to the increase, perhaps, of some of the vast shoals which are forming in the German ocean,) and these islands have in consequence, for some centuries, been rapidly worn away. The Rhine and the ocean are here opposed to each other, each disputing the ground occupied by north Holland; the one striving to shape out a curved line of coasts, the other to form a delta.

‘There was evidently a period when the river obtained the ascendancy, and the greater part of Holland is the result of its depositions, but for the last two thousand years, during which man has witnessed and actively participated in the struggle, the result has been in favour of the ocean, the area of the whole territory having become more and more circumscribed; natural and artificial barriers having given way, one after another, and many hundred thousand human beings having perished in the waves.’—p. 285.

The details of the gradual losses sustained on this coast, collected by Mr. Lyell from historical documents, and the very useful researches of Van Hoff, including the prospect of the ultimate reduction of the peninsula of Denmark to an island, by the rapid invasions of the sea on its western coast, are exceedingly curious and instructive, but we cannot pause upon them.

Even the great gulf of Mexico itself may be considered as approaching to the condition of a vast lagoon; the flat projecting headlands of Yucatan and Florida—together with the immense submarine shoals by which they are prolonged two-thirds of the way, at least, across the entrance of the gulf—being the extremities of the vast bar which is in process of formation by the action of the great intertropical current. This powerful stream, driven by the trade winds across the Atlantic, and along the north coast of South America, where it becomes charged with an enormous quantity of sediment brought down by the rivers Amazon and Orinoco, the sweepings of half the South American continent, is heaped up at the mouth of the gulf, and deposits there most of its suspended matter, escaping laterally through the canal of Bahama, with a fall which communicates to it a rapidity of four miles an hour. Much of the silt received by the gulf stream from the waters of the Amazon is also thrown up on the coast of Guiana, where immense tracts of new and prodigiously fertile land are forming; much also is left in the Caribbean sea, on the shores of Trinidad and Honduras, which are annually gaining in extent. When a lagoon has been

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entirely separated from the sea, with the exception of the channel kept open across the bar for the discharge of the rivers that flow into it, its subsequent filling up must be the work of these rivers alone, and will proceed more or less slowly, according to the quantity of matter they bring down. Thus the lagoons at the mouths of the Rhone, the Po, the Nile, and those of Prussia, the coast of Languedoc, and the interior of the Mexican gulf into which large rivers enter, are rapidly filling up; while many others in the same geographical situation, but which receive very little water from the land, are not perceptibly diminished in area.

Winds often assist in the formation and increase of bars, by drifting the sand of the shore up to higher levels than it would otherwise attain, and sometimes into hills of considerable elevation, three hundred feet or more, as the Dunes of the north coast of France and Holland, of Norfolk, Cornwall and Moray. But unquestionably the greatest example of the transporting power of winds, is the *sand-flood* of Africa, which, moving gradually eastwards, has overwhelmed all the lands capable of tillage west of the Nile, unless sheltered by high mountains, and threatens ultimately to obliterate the rich plain of Egypt. It would seem that the formation of the vast central desert of Africa, the Zahara, may have been effected through the constant westerly winds drifting along the sands which are thrown up on the shallow shore on both sides of Cape Blanco, by the powerful and dangerous current well known to set in upon it. The time required for so apparently trifling a power to overwhelm such an extensive tract, is as nothing in the calendar of Nature, however great it may appear when measured by the standard of human chronicles.

The fragmentary matter carried away by marine currents and spread widely over the bed of the ocean, must infinitely exceed the deposits of rivers. The bed of the German ocean which is the common receptacle of the detritus swept away from the eastern coast of Britain, the mouths of the Rhine, Maes, Scheldt, and Elbe, and the shores of Holland, Denmark, and Norway, is encumbered to an extraordinary degree with sand-banks and shoals, as appears from Mr. Stevenson's detailed and very curious survey. ‘The Dogger-bank alone is three hundred and fifty miles in length, and the principal shoals united occupy an area equal to one-third of Great Britain. Their average height is seventy-eight feet, according to Mr. Stevenson; so that, assuming them to be uniformly composed to this depth of drift matter, they would cover the whole of England and Scotland to the thickness of twenty-six feet! A great portion of those banks consists of siliceous sand mixed with fragments of shells and corals, ground down, the proportion of these calcareous matters being very great. The drift carried eastwards by the great current of the Mediterranean is deposited on the shores of Syria and Asia Minor

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as strata of stone, not of loose materials, owing to the abundance of carbonate of lime held in solution by the streams and rivers which here flow into the sea. It is the opinion of M. Girard, one of the *surans* who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and were employed on the survey of the ancient canal of Amrou, communicating between the Nile and the Red Sea, that the isthmus of Suez itself is merely a bar formed by the deposition of this current and of the Nile, and that the two seas were formerly united.* It is certain that the isthmus is daily gaining in width by the accretion of fresh deposits on the shore of the Mediterranean.

Icebergs are probably active instruments in the transportation of gravel and rocks, from the mountainous shores against which they form in high latitudes, to the bottom of the distant seas where the ice is dissolved. 'Scoresby counted five hundred icebergs in latitude sixty-nine degrees and seventy degrees north. Many contained strata of earth and stone, or were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness.' Such ice islands, before they are melted, have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores, and from the south pole to the neighbourhood of the Cape.

At the openings of large inland seas into the ocean, currents are sometimes produced by the influx or efflux of water to maintain its uniformity of level, when deranged through the supply of the basins from tributary rivers exceeding or falling short of the drain upon them from evaporation. The Baltic may be given as an instance of excessive, the Mediterranean of deficient, supply. The former basin discharges its redundancy into the German ocean, through the Sound; and hence it is very inferior in saltiness to most seas. In the north of the gulf of Bothnia, the water is nearly fresh, and the saltiness is very inconsiderable where it joins the Baltic. The Mediterranean, on the contrary, receives a supply from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar. It has been supposed that an equal quantity is discharged by a counter-current below; but this is an unnecessary and unwarranted hypothesis. The Mediterranean is, from this cause, saltier than the ocean; and as it receives constant accessions of salt from the Atlantic, as well as its own tributaries, and parts with none, what becomes of the excess? Mr. Lyell suggests, that in the enormous depths of the central parts of this sea, it is probably precipitated, 'on the grandest scale, in continuous masses of pure rock-salt, extending, perhaps, hundreds of miles in length.'

Where an inland basin is at a distance from the sea, and receives more water than it loses by evaporation, the surplus is discharged by a river, the water remaining fresh, as in the case of ordinary lakes. But, on the contrary, should the loss by evaporation be, under such circumstances, uncompensated by the supply from tributary streams, it is clear that the lake must

gradually shrink, and its area become contracted, until an equilibrium is attained between the loss and supply of water. This appears to have occurred to the Dead Sea in Syria, the Caspian, Aral, Van, Urmia, and many other lakes in central Asia, and not a few in the interior of Africa: bodies of water, which have no outlet, are equally salt, or still more so than the sea, and generally surrounded by flat plains containing numerous salt lakes, pools, and springs, saline incrustations, beds of shells, and other marks of the former extension of the inland sea. From the relations of Pallas and other travellers in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, it seems that there are distinct traces, not only of this sea and that of Aral having been united, and covering a surface perhaps four or five times their present area, but also of their communication with the sea of Azof, by a wide strait which still exists in the valley of the Manytsch, full of salt pools and bordered by waterworn cliffs. The great subsidence of the Caspian is further proved by the well-ascertained fact of its level being upwards of three hundred feet lower than the surface of the Azof. Since earth quakes are still not unfrequent in the district of the Caucasus, it is possible that the upheaving of part of the bed of these straits was the original cause of the separation of this great inland sea from the Mediterranean, and its consequent shrinking to its present dimensions, just as the Mediterranean itself would subside, if its communication with the Atlantic by the straits of Gibraltar were cut off.

The more probable explanation, however, is, the sudden lowering of the waters of the Euxine by the formation of the channel of the Dardanelles. The ancient tradition, preserved by Strabo, Strato, and Diodorus Siculus, of the production of the Ogygian deluge, by the bursting of this barrier, is strongly confirmed, in spite of the opposition it has met with from Andreossi and others, by the physical conformation of these straits, at their opening into the Black Sea. Both coasts are there formed of shattered and dislocated rocks of volcanic conglomerate, a formation which, from its incoherence, might be expected to give way readily before the rush of a debacle; while its volcanic origin points out the extreme probability of an earthquake having first opened a passage, which the outbursting waters subsequently enlarged. It is much to be regretted that none of the numerous tourists whom Europe, and especially England, has since the peace annually sent forth, to stare at the minarets of Constantinople, and swim across the Hellespont, should have contributed any information on the geology or physical geography of that country, which might help to determine this interesting problem. If the level of the Black Sea has ever been permanently higher than it is now, traces of its former level should be found in beds of shingle, shells, and the perforations of lithopagi, along the European or Asiatic coasts. That little or no such evidence has yet

* Description de l' Egypte, Memoires, tom., p. 33.

been collected, is much more probably owing to its never having been looked for, than to its non-existence. Whether this theory be true or not, it serves at least to show that prodigious alterations in physical geography, and apparent revolutions, affecting a large part of the surface of the globe, may be rationally accounted for, not only by existing causes, but by some so trifling, as at first sight to appear incapable of producing any but equally trifling effects, and should put us still more on our guard against the tendency to invent extraordinary causes for such revolutions.

'It follows,' says Mr. Lyell, 'from the observations we have made on the renovating power of marine currents, that in certain parts of the globe, continuous formations are now accumulated over immense spaces along the bottom of the ocean. The materials undoubtedly must vary in different regions, yet for thousands of miles they may often retain some common characters, and be simultaneously in progress throughout a space stretching 30 degrees of latitude from south-east to north-west, from the mouths of the Amazon for example, to those of the Mississippi—as far as from the Straits of Gibraltar to Iceland. At the same time, great coral reefs are growing around the West India islands; and in some parts, streams of lava are occasionally flowing into the sea, which become covered again, in the intervals between eruptions, with other beds of corals. The various rocks, therefore, stratified and unstratified, now forming in this part of the globe, may occupy, perhaps, far greater areas than any group of our ancient secondary series which has yet been traced through Europe.'—p. 310.

Having dwelt at some length on the aqueous agents of change now operating on the surface of the earth, Mr. Lyell proceeds to consider those of an *igneous* character, namely, volcanoes and earthquakes. These, indeed, though it may be advisable to divide them, for the sake of classification, are closely united in nature, earthquakes being usually followed by eruptions from either a new or some neighbouring volcano; and no volcanic eruption of any magnitude taking place without the accompaniment of earthquakes, which seem to be merely vibrations of the crust of the globe, when rent and upheaved by the expansion of the volcanic matter struggling to find a vent. After an issue has been formed, and so long as it keeps sufficiently open to allow of an easy habitual or occasional discharge, the convulsions of the neighbouring soil are of a mild and harmless character. But where a volcanic vent is wanting, or has been long obstructed by the accumulation and hardening of the ejected matters, the shocks, when they occur at last, are proportionately violent and destructive; so that it is not without justice that habitual volcanos have been called the *safety-valves* of those districts which are at present liable to subterranean convulsions. The geographical extent of such tracts is very great, but we must refer our readers for them to Mr. Lyell, and the work of Hoff, and others. All we can

afford space for on this interesting subject is a few remarks on the general laws which appear to determine the development of subterranean energy, and the effects produced by it on the surface of the globe.

The number of principal volcanos known to be occasionally in eruption is upwards of two hundred;—but thousands of mountains of similar form and structure, and bearing the marks of (geologically speaking) exceedingly recent activity, are scattered around and between them, the fires of which, though to all appearance slumbering, are likely in many instances to break forth again, since nothing can be more common than the renewal of eruptions from volcanic hills which had never been in activity within the range of tradition. The subterranean fire is observed to shift its outward development capriciously from one point to another, occasionally returning again to its earlier vents, according to circumstances, with some of which we are probably not yet acquainted, but which seem chiefly to consist in the accumulations both of congealed lava and ejected fragments, by which every habitual vent tends continually to block up its channels of discharge. One remarkable law characterises the geographical distribution of points of volcanic eruption; namely, that they almost invariably occur in *linear trains*, stretching in some cases *across a third of the globe*. Such, for instance, is that which beginning in the south of Chili, or rather at Cape Horn, if we believe the reports of burning mountains in Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, runs northwards in an uninterrupted chain through the Andes of Peru and Quito, and thence across the provinces of Pasto, Popayan, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and the plateau of Mexico, up to the northern extremity of the peninsula of California. If the west coast of North America were explored, we should probably find this linear series of volcanos prolonged in that direction to unite with the yet more remarkable train which commences in the vicinity of Cook's Harbour, threads the whole length of the Aleutian Isles in an easterly direction for the space of a thousand miles, then turns southwards, and pursues an uninterrupted course of between sixty and seventy degrees of latitude, through Kamtschatka, the Kurile, Japanese, Loochoo, Philippine isles, and the Moluccas, where it branches off in different directions towards the east and north-west. One line traverses Java and Sumatra, and turns northwards through the Andaman isles to the west coast of the kingdom of Ava; the other is prolonged across New Guinea into the Polynesian archipelago, which seems to be one vast theatre of igneous action, the greater number, if not all, of the islands being formed of coralline reefs, interstratified with or based upon volcanic rocks. Throughout the two great lines we have noticed, which, if they prove, as we suspect, to be continuous with each other, will be longer than the whole circumference of the globe,

not only are there a vast number of volcanic apertures, which within the last few years, have been in eruption, but the intervals are filled by strings of eminences evidently produced by similar phenomena, all of which have been, and many no doubt will again be, habitually active. Sometimes points of eruption are collected in groups, as those of Iceland, the Canaries, and the Azores; but as these are uniformly insular, and only, in fact, the summits of a group of submarine volcanic mountains, we cannot be certain that they do not form a part, the inoculations, probably, of one or more lengthened trains, continued in the depths of the ocean, and not yet raised above its surface.

The cause of the conical figure so characteristic of a volcanic mountain must be obvious to all who are acquainted with the circumstances of an ordinary eruption. When the expansion of a subterranean mass of lava has rent the overlying crust of rocks, the liquid matter boils up those parts of the fissure which offer least resistance: and, as it approaches the atmosphere, discharges enormous bubbles of elastic fluid, chiefly steam, which project into the air showers of red-hot lava and fragments torn from the sides of the crevice through which they escape. These ejected matters, on falling, accumulate round the opening into a circular bank, which, by the continuance of the process, becomes a truncated cone, with an internal funnel. This is the common form of a *volcanic cone*, thrown up by the explosions of a single eruption. If lava, flows from the same orifice, after the formation of the cone, it breaks down the side; if before, the cone is often raised upon the hardened surface of the lava-current, which flows underneath, in a sort of canal, without damaging the bank above. Should subsequent eruptions take place on the same point, the hillock becomes more complicated in its structure, but the conical form is still preserved with sufficient regularity, the ejected matters mantling around the outside of the hill, and the lava, which pours over the lips of the crater, or forces its way through crevices in the sides of the cone, hardening into massive ribs or coatings, by which its bulk is at the same time increased, and a durable skeleton supplied. After repeated eruptions from the same opening, the simple cone becomes in this way enlarged into the *volcanic mountain*.

Vague and incorrect ideas are often attached to what is called the *crater* of a volcano. Some have erroneously supposed that every volcano must at all times have a crater—confounding it with the vent of the erupted matter, which is often no more than a narrow crevice, and, being filled up by the products of the eruption, is not easily to be discovered afterwards. A crater is the cup-shaped hollow left by the repeated explosions of elastic fluids which usually, but not always, accompany the emission of lava from a crevice, and often occur without any overflow of lava. The crater of a simple

cone, formed of fragmentary matter alone, is, as we have seen, a hollow inverted cone, circumscribed by the talus of debris heaped up round the vent. But, in volcanic mountains, after explosions of paroxysmal violence, the whole solid centre of the mountain is often blown into the air, and its contents scattered over the outer slopes, or worn to powder by repeated ejection, and carried by winds vast distances. The crater left by such an eruption is a deep and often wide cavity, bordered by abrupt rocky precipices, in which sections are exposed of the successively-accumulated beds that form the substance of the mountain. Such a crater is wholly different in appearance from the smooth sided and regularly-sloping funnel of a simple cone. The former deserve the distinguishing appellation of craters of paroxysmal explosion. Nor are they broken through volcanic mountains alone, but not unfrequently through granite or stratified rocks, which may be seen surrounding them in steep escarpments, and supporting the fragments of those rocks and scorin thrown out. The width of a crater seems to depend on the bulk of the volumes of vapour discharged at once, and does not always correspond with the quantity of matter ejected, or the duration of the eruption. After the formation of a crater of great size, in the manner we have described, succeeding eruptions, from the same central vent, only throw up secondary cones and lava streams at the bottom of this gulph, which, accumulating on one another, by degrees fill it up entirely. At this time the volcanic mountain may exhibit no crater at all; and this is by no means an unfrequent condition of extinct or dormant volcanos. But the weight and coherence of these accumulations over the mouth of the volcano seem, by repressing, to increase its latent energy; and it often again bursts forth in a paroxysm of explosions, which blow off the whole summit of the mountain, and leave a fresh central cavity, of proportionate dimensions, sometimes several miles in diameter. Almost every volcanic mountain, habitually eruptive, is thus undergoing a succession of destructions and repairs; and none could better illustrate this general law than Vesuvius during the past century. Those who will take the trouble to consult Hamilton's plates and relations, will trace the process we have described several times repeated, up to the publication of his work. The last phenomenon, described by him, was the paroxysmal eruption of 1794, which gutted the cone, and left a vast crater, three miles in circumference. This cavity was gradually filled by the falling in of its sides, and the subsequent minor eruptions from that time to 1822, when a high convexity had replaced the hollow on the summit of the cone. In October of that year, an eruption occurred, accompanied by explosions of great violence, which lasted twenty days, and once more hollowed out the cone, leaving a crater a mile in diameter, and two thousand feet deep. Since that time, fresh

eruptions have been going on from the bottom of the crater: a secondary cone is thrown up there, and produces lava and scorim, which already have half filled the great crater.

The cliff-range of Somma, which half encircles the upper cone of Vesuvius, is, without doubt, the remaining segment of the walls of the vast crater produced by the explosions of 79, A. D., which entombed Herculaneum and Pompeii beneath the fragments of the shattered mountain. We have no room to dwell on the proofs of this fact, which may be seen in Mr. Lyell's work, and those to which he refers. Nothing is more common than such segments of ancient craters encircling the recent and smaller volcanic cones. We may instance the Peak of Teneriffe, which rises from the circular cliffs of Cahorra; Santorini, which surrounds the New and Little Kameni; Barren island; the volcano of Bourbon, which is environed on one side by two successive semicircular ranges of cliffs, one older than the other; Et-na, whose highest cone rises in the centre of the remains of a circular crater, several miles in diameter, known to have been produced in 1444—and many others might be added.

We must here advert to a strange notion brought forward by some continental geologists of high celebrity—we allude to the great names of Humboldt and Von Buch. They choose to attribute to such outer cone and crater a mode of formation altogether different from that of the internal cone and crater which these environ. They admit that in figure, composition, and structure, the two are identical; but, while they allow the alternate beds of lava and fragmentary matter, which compose the inner cone, and dip away on all sides from the central axis, at an angle of about 25° , to have assumed that disposition from the mode of formation we have described, the productions of one eruption after another moulding themselves on the outer slopes of the cone first thrown up, yet they insist on resorting to a different cause for the like disposition of the similar beds in the outer cone!—and this, though it often happens that the first contains, like Vesuvius at the present moment, a *third* cone, formed in the interior of its crater, of the same nature as the two outer ones; so that, if a difference of size is alone to warrant a different origin, the second cone ought, also, to be referred to a separate cause from that of the one it contains. It might as well be argued that the different pieces of a turner's nest of boxes could not have been produced from the same lathe, or by the same process. Smitten, however, as it would seem, with a love of variety, M. Von Buch and his followers consider the beds, composing the outer cones, to have been deposited horizontally at the bottom of the sea, and then raised, in a regular manner, all round the central volcano, by the force of its eruptions. Mr. Lyell, we are glad to see, rejects this most uncalculated theory. He asks, very pertinently, for an observed in-

stance of such upheaving in any of the numerous recorded eruptions: or for a single example of strata, *other than volcanic*, elevated in this symmetrical way round a volcano. The whole of our continents are now allowed by geologists, and by none more readily than Von Buch, to have been raised from the bottom of the sea by subterranean action: vast numbers of volcanos have burst through, and are still surrounded by, tertiary and secondary rocks; but where is there found any thing like a cone and internal crater, formed of limestones or sandstones with a quaquaversal dip? If, having observed the formation of a cone and crater, like that of Vesuvius, going on before our eyes, by a simple, intelligible, and obvious process, we are called on to believe that the precisely analogous cone and crater of Somma, merely because of its greater size (though this is a trifle to some recent cones and craters lately formed in the Indian Archipelago) must be accounted for by a different and wholly unexampled process—a pure effort of imagination, invented for the occasion—there is an end at once to all analogical reasoning on the *modus operandi* of nature. The theory is equally preposterous when examined in detail, for which we have no space, and scents its German extraction. We should be more surprised by the general acquiescence it has met with amongst the continental geologists, and, we believe, in this country likewise, had we not been taught, by the previous propagation of the *Wernerian* mania, that the contagion of a doctrine is often in exact proportion to its departure from the ordinary course of nature, the simplicity of common causes, and the rules of sound induction. We beg those who are converts to the theory of *Erhebungs-craters*, or *craters de soulèvement*, to read Mr. Lyell's statement of the question, while we take leave to substitute, for these phrases, that of 'craters of paroxysmal explosion,' which sufficiently explains the origin to which we have no hesitation in referring them. Humboldt's hypothesis, as to the plain of Jorullo having been raised by inflation from below, like a bladder, (four square miles in extent!) is a similar extravagance, long since refuted, the facts being in complete accordance with the ordinary course of volcanic agency; and, on this point likewise, we are pleased to find Mr. Lyell range himself on the side of existing analogies.

From what we have said, it will appear how incorrect is the popular notion that, in every eruption, the crater of a volcano is filled to the brim with lava, which pours thence over the outer slope. The violent explosions of a single eruption blow nearly the whole mountain into the air, leaving only its skirts as a low truncated cone, surrounding a basin, several miles in diameter. After such a paroxysm, hundreds of eruptions may take place within this vast crater before it is filled, and a new mountain reared in place of the old one. We may men-

tion here that we are very sceptical as to the accounts received, from popular report, of the *sinking in* of volcanic mountains during eruptions. We know the ordinary course to be that they are blown outwards, and their fragments scattered on all sides by the violence of the aeriform explosions, which sometimes continue for weeks, and reduce the wreck of the mountain to an impalpable powder, which the winds bear off to enormous distances. Nor do we recollect any relation of the disappearance of a mountain, and the substitution of a cavity, perhaps a lake (as the Peak of Timor, destroyed in 1637, Papandayang, in Java, 1772) without the accompaniment of tremendous discharges of fragmentary matter, which is described as covering the whole face of the country around, to a distance sometimes of hundreds of miles: from which circumstances we conclude that the bulk of the mountain was broken up and scattered to the winds by repeated explosions, not that it *fell in*; though it is natural that the inhabitants, finding on their return a deep cavity in place of a mountain, should imagine it the effect of subsidence rather than explosion. In fact, all the phenomena of volcanos tend to show their origin in a mass of matter, confined at an intense temperature, and struggling to *escape*; and, therefore, make it very improbable that any vast subterranean caverns can exist, into which the mountain could be precipitated. That the cliffs, surrounding a deep crater, occasionally fall inwards during earthquakes, so as to soften their declivity, and truncate the mountain at a lower point, is very true, and this has probably given rise to some of the stories as to the engulfing of mountains. The appearances of the volcano of Kirauea, in Owhyhee, described by Mr. Ellis, are very peculiar, but afford no countenance to the idea of subterranean cavities. It seems that some vast and ancient crater of this mountain has been nearly filled with a sort of bath, or pool, of liquid lava, on the surface of which a crust forms, but as fast as fresh lava wells up from below, the crust is broken through by minor eruptions. As this mass of lava rose in the crater, the weight of its increasing column has, at intervals, burst a lateral crevice in the side of the mountain, through which the reservoir of lava has been *tapped* of its excess, and circular subsidences been successively formed in the crust above—the broken edges of which form a series of terraced ledges, at different heights, surrounding the present hollow. This is a remarkable, but very intelligible, variation of the volcanic phenomena, perfectly in harmony with their known laws of operation.

Immense volumes of aqueous vapours are evolved from a crater during eruptions, and for a long time after the discharge of lava and scoriae has ceased. They are condensed in the cold atmosphere surrounding the volcanic peak, and heavy rains are often caused, even in countries where, under other circumstances, rain is un-

known. Falling on a surface which the eruption has thickly coated with fine ashes and loose fragments of all sizes, the rains sweep them along in a flood of mud and stones, which often does far more mischief than the ignited lava or earthquakes, and deposit at the foot of the mountain massive beds of conglomerate. If snow covers the cone, still more extensive deluges are produced through its sudden melting by contact with the red hot lava. Etna, as might be expected, presents many traces of such floods; but it is in Iceland that they are exhibited on the most powerful scale. Conglomerates of immense extent and thickness have been spread in this manner within a late period, over the plains at the base of Hecla. On Etna itself a thick bed of *solid ice* has lately been found under an ancient current of lava. It is very conceivable that a coating of sand and scoriae, the best possible nonconductors of heat, may enable snow to bear a stream of red-hot lava over it without being melted. It is probable that in Iceland the circumstance has been often repeated, and we may expect to find glaciers alternating there with beds of lava and volcanic conglomerate.

One continuous eruption will frequently throw up a number of simple cones. Every considerable eruption is described as commencing with the splitting of the solid ground, and the production of a crevice prolonged sometimes many miles. The explosions, as well as the lava streams, then break out from one, or from several points on this great crack. Thus, in the eruption of Etna in 1811, seven cones were successively thrown up in a line from the summit nearly to the foot of the mountain. In 1536, twelve mouths opened one below the other, and threw out lava and scoriae. In 1669, the whole flank of the mountain was split open, a wide fissure showing itself, twelve miles in length, from the top half way to the base. This crevice is figured in the old engravings of Etna, and is reported to have emitted a vivid light, showing it to be filled to some height with incandescent lava. Two cones were formed upon it. These circumstances are not confined to the flanks of a volcanic mountain, but take place equally when the eruption breaks through horizontal strata. In 1730, the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, was split by longitudinal fissures running the whole length of the island, from which so much matter was discharged during five successive years, as formed thirty cones, some of them six hundred feet high, and overwhelmed with a flood of lava nearly the entire island. The eruption of Jorullo, in 1759, threw up six cones upon one line in the middle of a flat plain. That of Skapta Jokul, in 1783, was accompanied by the outburst of three copious sources of lava in the plain, stretching from the foot of that mountain, about eight miles apart; while a fourth, on a continuation of the same line, but beneath the sea, created a new island, at a distance of thirty miles from the coast.

The lava produced by the three inland vents alone covered a space of *one thousand square miles*, with a thick mass of solid rock. It is probable that many of the volcanic cones of Auvergne and the Velay, some hundreds of which are arranged in a linear chain, were the product of continuous eruptions. Such lengthened subterranean fissures do not always show themselves on the surface, the loose earth sinking into, and concealing them; and hence partial subsidences are usually observed along the line of volcanic orifices. Nor are they in general opened at once throughout their whole length, but prolonged by degrees, the first orifices becoming obstructed by the ejections and the consolidation of lava, so as to cause others to be burst in succession along the line of the original cleft. Analogy leads us to conclude, that the linear arrangement of the principal vents in a volcanic train or system, even when they stretch across half the globe, is owing to the same general cause as that of the secondary apertures, the creation, namely, of a fissure through the crust of the globe. The law already noticed, that the neighbouring volcanoes of a train or group are found in activity by turns, the one serving for a time as a vent for the energy of the whole district, is as true on the small as on the large scale, and is shown from a great body of concurrent facts, to have prevailed in ages preceding any historical records of eruptions, as well as since.

Mr. Lyell very properly draws attention to the enormous quantity of new rock produced *at once* upon the surface of the globe by single eruptions. That of Skapta Jokul, for instance, already mentioned, discharged two streams of lava in opposite directions, one of *forty*, the other *fifty* miles in length, and averaging eleven miles in breadth, and perhaps fifty feet in thickness. The fragmentary matter ejected at the same time, and carried down the slopes of the volcano by deluges of rain, must have been of proportionate magnitude. This example alone invalidates the assumption that the igneous forces have been impaired and enfeebled in latter times. It would be most difficult to point out a mass of igneous origin of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which would rival in volume the matter poured out by Skapta Jokul in 1783.

Rocks produced by subaqueous volcanic orifices, apparently differ but little from such as are thrown out in the open air. Both the lavas and conglomerates will probably spread over flatter surfaces, through the weight of the incumbent fluid, and the constant levelling process going on below the sea by the action of tides and currents. They will also be interstratified occasionally with coral beds and calcareous sandstones; and infiltrations will frequently render the cellular parts of the lava amygdaloidal. Conglomerates, in particular, may be expected to take the form rather of flat beds, than of the conical hills produced in the open air, being broken down and dispersed by

the waves and currents as soon as they reach the vicinity of the surface. Many, indeed, of the volcanic islands, recorded as having been thrown up above the sea level, shortly after disappeared under the shock of the waves. Those that have resisted effectually are found to possess a solid frame-work of lava, supporting or defending the loose fragmentary materials. Nor is there any commoner feature in volcanic archipelagos, than rocks or islands composed of a massive bed of lava, having the inclination of twenty degrees or thirty degrees, usual in lava streams, that have flowed down the outer side of a cone, while every trace of the cone itself and its crater has vanished.

Next in order, our author discusses the changes effected by *earthquakes*. These are principally alterations in the superficial levels, and the production of crevices in solid strata. Unfortunately the relations of earthquakes are usually confined to the damage sustained by towns or villages, and little notice is taken of phenomena interesting only to the naturalist. Moreover, the extent of alterations in level can hardly be ascertained at all except along the shore of the sea, which supplies a stationary base from whence to measure the change. Mr. Lyell has, however, collected a sufficient number of well-authenticated facts to prove that both subsidence and elevation, on a very extensive scale, occasionally accompany earthquakes. The most remarkable, perhaps, is the well-known elevation, in 1821, of the whole coast of Chili, through a space of above one hundred miles, to a height of from three to four feet along the shore, and, according to all appearance, much more at some distance inland. Older terraces of shingle and shells range along the same coast to a height of fifty feet, showing the land to have been raised that much above the sea by preceding shocks at no very distant date. The earthquake of the Caraccas in 1812 is described as terrific. The surface undulated like a boiling liquid, producing all the effects of sea-sickness. Enormous rocks were detached from the mountains, one of which, Silla, lost three hundred feet of its height. The year before, the valley of the Mississippi was similarly convulsed. The inhabitants relate that the earth rose in great waves; and when they reached a certain fearful height, the surface burst; and volumes of water, sand, and coal, the materials of the soil, were discharged to the height of a hundred feet and more. The chasms were all parallel, and in direction from S. W. to N. E. (*the direction of the Alleghany chain which borders the basin of the Mississippi*), and many of the inhabitants saved themselves from being swallowed up by felling tall trees, laying them at right angles to the direction of the crevices, and stationing themselves upon them. The effects of the earthquakes of Calabria, from 1783 to 1786, have been related more in detail than those of any similar phenomena, and Mr. Lyell adds many observations of his own on the traces of

sudden and violent change still apparent on the surface of the country. The nature of the subsoil, of course, must greatly influence the effects of earthquakes. In this instance it was composed of marly and argillaceous strata of sub-Apennine formation, full of recent Mediterranean shells. The crevices which opened over the whole face of the country, admitting all the surface water to these beds, they became partially fluid, the consequence of which, coupled with the continued movement of the earth, was the slipping and sliding about of hills and rocks to an extraordinary degree. Vineyards, olive grounds, and even houses, were moved unharmed to distances in some instances measured in *miles*. Valleys were filled up by the falling in of their sides, above fifty lakes were formed, and innumerable fissures, ravines, and faults. In short, the whole surface of the country was so tossed about, as scarcely to be recognized by the surviving inhabitants.

‘It is impossible for the geologist to consider attentively the effect of this single earthquake of 1753, and to look forward to the alterations in the physical condition of the country to which a continued series of such movements will hereafter give rise, without perceiving that the formation of valleys by running water can never be understood, if we consider the question independently of the agency of earthquakes. Rivers do not begin to act, as some seem to imagine, when a country is already elevated far above the level of the sea, but while it is *rising* or *sinking* by successive movements. Some speculators, indeed, who are as prodigal of violence as they are thrifty of time, may suppose that Calabria “rose like an exhalation” from the deep, after the manner of Milton’s Pandemonium. But such an hypothesis will deprive them of that peculiar removing force required to form a regular system of deep and wide valleys, for time is essential to the operation. Landslips must be cleared away in the intervals between subterranean movements, otherwise fallen masses will serve as buttresses to the precipitous cliffs bordering a valley, so that the succeeding earthquake will be unable to exert its full power. Barriers must be worn through and swept away and steep or overhanging cliffs again left without support, before another shock can take effect in the same manner.’—p. 431.

The sea shares in the agitation of the solid earth. Ships feel every shock as if they had struck on a shoal, and loose articles lying on their decks are often thrown several feet into the air, showing the violence of the upward movement communicated to the water. The sea often deserts the coast, and returns immediately in a terrific wave (that of Lisbon and the coast of Spain in 1755 was fifty feet high,) which sweeps over the shore, and must leave lasting traces of its devastating power. It is probably caused by the sudden upheaving of a portion of the bed of the sea, the first effect of which would be to raise a body of water over the elevated part, its momentum carrying it

much above the level it would afterwards assume, and causing a draught or receding of the water from the neighbouring coasts, immediately followed by the return of the displaced water, which will be also impelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level. The undulatory shocks of the earthquake of 1755 travelled over sea and land at the rate of twenty miles in a minute, as appears from the interval between the time when the first shock was felt at Lisbon, and that of its occurrence at distant places, in the West Indies, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and North Africa. The earthquake felt at Conception in 1750 uplifted the bed of the sea to the height of twenty-four feet at the least, and it seems probable that the adjoining coast shared in the elevation, for an enormous bed of shells, of the same species as those now living in the bay, is seen raised above high-water-mark along the beach. These shells as well as others which cover the adjoining hills of mica-schist, to the height even of fifteen hundred feet, have been identified with some taken at the same time in a living state from the bay.* There is, therefore, every reason to conclude that the whole extent of this coast, so often visited by severe earthquakes, has suffered a very great amount of elevation within an exceedingly recent period.

Mr. Lyell discusses at length the much controverted question of the apparent changes of level in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, since the Roman era, and brings forward an overwhelming mass of evidence in proof of the fact that this part of the Campanian coast was lowered at least twenty feet some time between the third and the sixteenth century, and re-elevated about as much again at the epoch of the eruption which produced the Monte Nuovo.—The circumstances which demonstrate this are so clearly legible, that it would never perhaps have been disputed but for the natural repugnance to admit so remarkable a local coincidence of depression and elevation to nearly the same extent, as well as the strong prejudices existing in regard to the immobility of the land, by which we have probably been blinded to the force of many other similar facts. But it is time the geologist, at least, should overcome those first and natural impressions which induced the poets of old to select the rock as the emblem of stability, the sea of mutability. Paradoxical as it may appear, truth compels us to reverse the opinion; and, with respect to periods of long duration, to attribute invariability of level to the ocean, fluctuation and inconstancy to the land.

With regard to the exciting cause of earthquakes and eruptions, our author expresses no decided opinion; he admits, however, that the phenomena prove the existence of vast bodies of intensely heated rock, probably in a liquified state, like lava, beneath the solid crust of the earth, and also that there is a continual trans-

* Lyell, p. 441.

mission of heat from thence to the surface, more or less regular or interrupted, according to the obstacles it meets with, or creates, to its own development. Now, it does appear to us, that this undeniable evolution of heat from the interior of the globe towards its surface is alone fully sufficient to account for all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, which seem to follow necessarily from its action by the simple laws of mechanic and hydrostatic forces. It is evidently only by the formation of habitual vents or chimneys for the free passage of hot vapour, that the internal heat can be discharged through the imperfectly conducting superficial strata, in sufficient abundance to obviate the more violent outbursts or expansions of the matter confined immediately below them at an increasing temperature. But the circumstances which allow of a permanently eruptive vent, as Stromboli, are extremely rare. The rock into which lavas and beds of scorïe consolidate over the mouth of a vent is, from its cellular structure, such a peculiar nonconductor of caloric, and their weight over the orifice is usually so great, that we cannot be surprised if, after an eruption by which the subterranean focus has discharged its redundant heat, in combination with enormous volumes of vapour, and so weakened its force of expansion, while the external force of repression is augmented, the latter should re-acquire the predominance, and a period of tranquillity recur. The amount of the combined forces of repression and the ratio in which that of expansion increases, influenced by the proximity of other occasional vents belonging to the same system, will account, we think, for the varying duration of the intervals of tranquillity, and for the violence of the superficial vibrations when the crust is at length broken through, or of the eruption which may then take place from the ancient orifice or some new fissure.

Mr. Lyell inclines to adopt the very prevalent, but, we think, ungrounded, notion, that the access of sea-water to the volcanic focus is a primary cause of its eruption. It is true that the greater number of volcanos are either islands or in the vicinity of the sea. But this arrangement is accounted for naturally by the continents being those portions of the earth's surface in which the forces of elevation and outward eruption have been formerly most successfully developed, and where, therefore, the maximum of repression is now opposed to the minimum of subterranean expansive force; while, for the opposite reason, we should look for the actual development of this force to the intervening spaces, where new islands and continents are gradually forming in the bed of the ocean. It is exactly because the elevated portions of the earth's crust have, in remote ages, suffered most from the violence of subterranean energy, that they are the least exposed to it at present. It is in those quarters that subterranean heat has exhausted itself, and arrived at length at an equilibrium, or has

been driven to take another direction for its escape, by the predominance of the forces of repression. But neither are *all* volcanos in the vicinity of the sea, nor still less all districts agitated habitually by earthquakes; and it may be said, that even a single such instance is conclusive against a theory which makes the admission of sea-water a necessary cause of subterranean movements. The volcano of Jorullo is in the centre of the high Mexican platform, one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest sea. Two active, volcanic mountains have lately been observed in the Altai chain of Central Asia; Mount Elburus, the highest peak of the Caucasian range, has been, to no very distant period, in eruption; and certainly the midland districts of Persia and Hindostan suffer continually from earthquakes. But this theory, in truth, runs in a vicious circle, making a cause out of a consequence. If it were true, a volcanic eruption or earthquake should either never begin, or never cease. Supposing the earth in a state of complete tranquillity, how are fissures to be produced, by which the water of the sea may be admitted to the focus of earthquakes and eruptions? If the increase of subterranean heat, or the contraction of the superficial crust, or any other cause, is allowed to occasion the rending and splitting of the rocks overlying the reservoirs of lava, then is the earthquake and eruption accounted for without the introduction of sea-water. Mr. Lyell cannot be allowed to derive the steam, to whose expansive force he justly attributes the bursting of the earth's crust, from the sea-water *subsequently* admitted by these fissures. Nor can we, in fact, understand the effect ascribed to the penetration of sea-water to heated lava. It is true that explosions take place when water is poured upon melted metals or earths under the pressure of the atmosphere alone; but how different are the circumstances of a subterranean mass of similar matter, confined under an enormous pressure at an intense temperature. The formation of fissures in the overlying rocks by the increase of its temperature and expansive force, would be instantly followed, under such circumstances, not by the descent of water or other fluid from above, but by the rapid and violent intumescence and escape of the compressed matter from below upwards, just as the water confined in a high pressure boiler rushes with irresistible violence through any opening made for its escape. And all the phenomena of eruptions confirm this idea. The elastic vapour which issues with the lava, and explodes in enormous bubbles from it at the mouth of the vent, is evidently disseminated throughout its mass, and generated there upon the sudden diminution of pressure, as is proved by the cells and bubbles that remain throughout the lava even when cooled. The idea of a body of steam, formed from the admission of sea-water to a mass of subterranean lava, getting behind it, and driving it upwards through the

very fissures by which the water obtained admission, is not very intelligible, and certainly not in accordance with the phenomena of an eruption, which, on the contrary, are precisely such as might be expected to follow the sudden intumescence of a body of intensely heated lava on the giving way of the overlying crust of rocks.

With respect to the fact, that some of the products of volcanos, as the muriates of soda, &c., are such as are contained in sea-water, it is, to say the least, quite as probable that these ingredients of the ocean were originally derived from the interior of the globe through the agency of volcanos and mineral springs, which we know to be daily adding to them, as that volcanos derive them from the sea.

As for the chemical theory, which attributes volcanic fires to the penetration of water or air to a nucleus composed of the metallic bases of the earths, we need only remark, that its inventor, Sir H. Davy, by the authority of whose illustrious name it has been propagated, and even generally received, throughout Europe, was the first to renounce it as far-fetched and improbable, with a candour worthy of his genius, as well in a paper on the subject read to the Royal Society in 1828, as in his interesting and valuable posthumous work,* in both of which the hypothesis of an intensely heated and partially fluid nucleus is mentioned as the most satisfactory and simple solution of the volcanic energy.

Mr. Lyell quotes with approbation Mitchell's illustration of the cause of earthquakes, by the wave produced in a carpet when it is raised at one edge and then brought down again, so as to allow a body of air to pass along to the other side. But this gives, we think, an exaggerated and false idea of the nature and cause of the wave-like movement of the surface of the land during earthquakes. Such undulations, though violent, are on a very minute scale, compared to the extent of surface affected and the known thickness of its solid strata, as appears from the accounts of tall trees whipping their tops against the ground on either side, the waves of alluvial matter observed in the plains of the Mississippi in 1812, the opening and shutting of fissures, the sea-sickness experienced by spectators, &c., all indicating the small dimensions of the radius of each superficial curvature. The sudden fracture of solid strata by any disruptive force must necessarily produce a violent vibratory jar to a considerable distance along the continuation of these strata. Such vibrations would be propagated in undulations, which may be expected, when influencing a mass of rocks several thousand feet at least in thickness, to produce on the surface exactly the wave-like motion, the opening and shutting of crevices, the tumbling down of cliffs and walls, and other characteristic phenomena of earthquakes. We do not, therefore, consider that these in any way indicate the floating of the crust of the globe upon some fluid, whose

undulations are communicated to it. Were the globe entirely solid to its centre, we conceive similar undulatory vibrations would be perceived along its external surface whenever a sudden disruption was produced in it, either by the expansion of the nucleus within a shell of limited extension, or the converse, namely the contraction of the crust over a stationary nucleus. And to one or the other of these causes, which would be identical in their effects, we incline to refer all the circumstances of subterranean energy.

What proportion exists between the amount of elevation and subsidence in the surface of the globe—a question discussed by Mr. Lyell at the conclusion of his volume—depends, if the centre of the globe be taken as the fixed point from which to measure the rise or fall of the surface, upon the further question, hinted at above, whether the globe is undergoing a gradual enlargement or contraction, or maintains, on the whole, a mean uniformity in its dimensions. This is a problem which we have no data for solving. Mr. Lyell assumes, without argument, that the dimensions of the globe are invariable, and then concludes for an excess of subsidence over elevation, in order to compensate the continual production of fresh matter from the interior of the globe in the shape of lava, and the deposits of mineralized springs. But as we consider the assumption unwarranted, the inference is of course equally so. Nor is this a question of great geological importance. It is the elevation or depression of the solid parts of the globe, with reference not to the centre, but to the level of the ocean, which is the point of real interest in a geological view. The action of the aqueous forces tends, as we have shown, to reduce the solid parts of the earth to a level, and, consequently, the globe itself to the condition of a solid sphere enveloped by an ocean, of uniform depth. The disruptive force of subterranean energy is the antagonist power by which this tendency is continually counteracted, and inequalities maintained in the relief of the solid surface. Of course, with reference to the level of the ocean, the absolute elevation of any portion of its bottom, by submerging land now dry, would be tantamount in its effects to a subsidence of the latter; and in this respect the amount of elevation and subsidence must compensate each other. Whether the proportion of land and water remains always, on the whole, uniform, or varies in any great degree, is what we have no means for determining. But if it is supposed invariable in the long run, it will be necessarily liable to variations during periods of moderate duration.

And this brings us to the subject of those earlier chapters in the work under review, which we purposely passed over as premature, relative to the intricate question, whether the changes that take place on the surface of the globe are, in the comparison of lengthened periods, uniformly equal, or that sufficient indications exist to warrant the conclusion of a dimi-

* *Consolations of a Philosopher.*

nation or increase in the intensity of the forces which effect them? In the Huttonian theory there are two main propositions, which Mr. Lyell, in adopting them, has omitted to distinguish; namely, 1. That the production of the mineral masses composing the present surface of the earth, and the several changes which appear have occurred in them and in organic life, are to be attributed to the operation of existing causes which still continue to effect similar changes and produce similar mineral deposits. 2. That there are no traces of any beginning to this series of changes and productions, or of any variation in the ratio of its progress as regards the whole; but that, on the contrary, the existing causes of change have apparently operated with absolute uniformity from all eternity. To the first of these propositions we give with Mr. Lyell, and, we believe, the great body of European geologists, our unqualified concurrence; and when we have the opportunity of comparing the earlier formations and destructions with the important analogous changes which we have already described as going on at present, our opinion will, we think, be fully justified. With regard to the latter branch of the Huttonian theory, we must, with all deference to Mr. Lyell, withhold our assent to it, until it is supported by much more decisive proofs than any which we have hitherto met with.

The uniformity of the laws or order of nature is an assumption which every philosopher is bound to make before he can investigate the causes of any one natural phenomenon—before he can draw a single rational conclusion. That similar results follow similar preceding circumstances, is, perhaps, an intuitive feeling in the human mind; but, whether derived from this source, or from the influence of habit, it is plainly the one prevailing and universal belief which governs all our actions. But when we lay down this doctrine of constancy in the laws of nature as the great axiom on which all science is built, all reasoning proceeds, the question naturally arises—what are the laws of nature? We cannot, of course, imagine them limited to those processes with which we have become acquainted, and that nothing can have taken place in the past ages of creation, or can take place in future, but such events as we are witnesses to in the brief experience of our lives, or find recorded in the pages of human history. The general invariability of these laws is, therefore, in no way called in question by our supposing the condition of the whole globe to have varied gradually with respect to temperature or subterranean forces of expansion, or to have been once under wholly different circumstances—in a fluid or nebulous state, for instance—and to have passed through several progressive stages of existence previous to its acquiring the precise character in which we at present view it. For anything that we know to the contrary, such changes in the general condition of this and other planets may be as much in the regular

order of nature as the changes which Mr. Lyell traces in the condition of the terrestrial continents, and their successive races of inhabitants. Were we to observe the marks of any changes of the former class, it would be as philosophical to follow them up to their causes, and they would thenceforward enter as consistently into the recognised order of nature as the changes of the latter kind, which, before their occurrence was demonstrated, seemed, *a priori*, to the full as anomalous as those which Mr. Lyell ridicules as 'cosmological reveries.' The law of the successive creation, decay, and extinction of genera and species, as well as of individuals, was *not* in the order of nature, as known to the naturalists of a century ago; but it *was* *accordant with analogy*, and therefore might have been anticipated without any flagrant violation of the rules of philosophizing. And why may not the same liberty of speculation be conceded with regard to the globe itself? The discoveries of astronomy have exhibited the insignificance in space of our planet—a mere atom in creation. The eternal stability of this speck of matter in its present condition, appears to us as unreasonable an assumption as the eternal duration of its actual divisions of land and water, justly stigmatised by Mr. Lyell. We should no doubt be going too far, were we to assume, that the succession of events which we perceive on the surface of the earth has *not* been going on as now from all eternity. But what we do say is, that all analogy is in favour of such a supposition, and that the contrary assumption, that of the eternal permanency of the actual state of things on the globe, is decidedly more unphilosophical. Why are we to presume the planet itself to be exempted from that great law of change, to which all its parts are subject, and which we know from direct observation to influence other celestial bodies? Were our knowledge of creation confined to the earth, we might justly refuse to attribute a term to what we should in that case conceive to constitute the entire universe; we should not presume the whole to be liable to the same law of integration and disintegration as its parts. But since astronomy has revealed to us the pettiness of this ball on which we are brought into being—this minute particle of an infinite whole—the really philosophical induction from the law of analogy is, that our planet as a part of the solar system, that system as a portion of the department of the universe to which it belongs, and perhaps even this as a part only of some larger division of the universal creation, are severally subject to the same general law, and belong to the class of finite existences. If this reasoning should be supposed of too metaphysical a cast, this cannot be said at least of the direct fact, that the peculiar spheroidal form of the globe is precisely such as would be assumed by a fluid body possessing its actual rotatory motion; a strong and almost demonstrative argument, that its whole surface was once fluid to a very consi-

derable depth, and therefore under totally different circumstances from the present.

It is one thing to affirm that no traces can be observed of a beginning or of any variation present in agencies, and quite another to assume that there can be none, and that we are therefore not warranted in looking for or expecting to meet with them. When Mr. Lyell asserts the former proposition, we are willing to meet him, and require an explanation, on any other grounds, of numerous appearances in the surface of the globe which we think do indicate a progressive state and a limited existence. When he puts forward the latter, we conceive he falls into the very error with which, throughout his whole volume, he justly reproaches the successive inventors of geological theories, that of confining the existing powers of nature to the range of their experience. It was the same fallacy which led the early geologists to assume, that the mountains and plains, sea and land, with all their inhabitants, had remained unaltered from their creation, and which leads Mr. Lyell to argue, that the general condition of the planet itself is equally unsusceptible of change.

We have left ourselves no room for noticing the leading arguments which suggest themselves in favour of the progressive condition of the globe; one or two of which are combated by Mr. Lyell in a very ingenious manner, particularly the inference from geological data of a gradual decrease in the general temperature. Admitting, and even taking pains to establish the fact, our author accounts for it by a novel and beautiful theory, in which extreme variations of the general climate of the globe are shown to follow the varying distribution of land and water; a great preponderance of elevated land in the polar circles producing an extremity of cold sufficient perhaps to envelop the whole earth in permanent snow, while a similar preponderance of land in the torrid zone would banish frost from the earth, and bring on the summer of the 'annus magnus.' From the comparative excess of land north of the tropics in this hemisphere, and the probability of a great circumpolar continent in the southern, the earth is supposed to be at present in a course of transition from a warmer and moister general climate, and to be below its mean average temperature, under the supposition of constancy in the proportions of land and water.

Whatever may be thought of this very plausible argument, our author seems himself to have been startled by the difficulty of reconciling his endless succession of similar physical events on the surface of the globe, to the acknowledged novelty of the introduction of man. His reasoning on this subject is somewhat too wiredrawn, separating, as he does, the moral from the physical agency of mankind, and eliminating the former as irrelevant to the subject. We should say it is exactly the moral character of man which presents the greatest anomaly and novelty, and tends most

strongly to exhibit the progressive march of creation. But the physical influence of the human race is also underrated by Mr. Lyell, who makes no mention of the geological changes we are gradually accomplishing, by stripping the earth of its forests and vegetable coating, controlling the direction and force of rivers, quarrying mountains, draining lakes and marshes, subduing, in short, the whole surface of the land, and marshalling, the powers of nature to minister to our wants. There is truth in the well-known line, though not in its vulgar interpretation—

'Tellurem fecere Dei, sua littora Belgæ.'

If we look forward to the probable extension of civilization over the whole habitable surface of the globe, consequent on the growth of population, the progress of intellect, and institutional improvements; when every acre of soil, such even as appears, to our present agricultural skill, positively barren, shall be in a state of garden culture: when the land will be intersected with innumerable canals and railroads, and the ocean covered with the ships of all countries: when the superficial strata shall have been thoroughly ransacked for their valuable mineral contents, and all the principal classes of the animal and vegetable worlds either extinguished or permitted to develop themselves only in subordination to the convenience of the great human monopoly—does it not appear that the surface of the earth will then present itself under very different physical circumstances from any that can have preceded it in the lapse of ages, previous to the introduction of a moral and rational inhabitant?

We may expect, however, a fuller examination of this question in the succeeding volume, of which the changes in organic nature are to form a principal part; and must suspend our judgment until the author's great powers have been completely brought to bear upon the subject. Meantime we may hint that the early schistose rocks, gneiss and mica-slate, do not appear to be anywhere produced in the present circumstances of the globe; nor do we find, as we ought, if the course of events had always been the same as now, organic remains as frequent under these rocks as above them. A single instance, if such, as we have heard, has been very lately detected in the Alps, is an exception confirmatory of the general rule, rather than destructive of it. To account for the greater consolidation, more crystalline structure, and absence of animal impressions in the earlier sedimentary rocks, Dr. Hutton was driven to suppose them altered by central heat. Mr. Lyell, who rejects this as untenable—(many of these formations being interstratified with loose beds and soft shales, clearly unaffected by heat)—refers these general characters to the effects of time, infiltrations, and mysterious agencies, such as chemical affinities and electricity. But besides that the exceptions already noticed are almost as conclu-

sive against these causes as against that proposed by Hutton, Mr. Lyell is in this case deserting his leading principle of reference to existing modes of production. Are there not some sandstones and limestones now forming as solid and crystalline as the older rocks, and, if so, under what circumstances? Only in the neighbourhood of springs highly charged with carbonate of lime, silex, &c., in countries now or recently the theatre of volcanic action. The just inference, then, from the general similitude of the earlier rocks to those now formed in these rare cases, would seem to be, that volcanic agency and the emission of mineralized waters were circumstances more frequent and general to the surface of the globe in ancient times, and have since progressively diminished in energy.

We shall have an opportunity of saying more on this subject when our author has fully developed his views in a second volume. Meantime we cannot but express our obligations to him for the great addition he has made in the present to our knowledge of nature, and the beneficial influence it is likely to have in communicating a right direction and a philosophical spirit of induction to geological enquiry.

From the British Magazine.

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF THE
DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE OF CARACAS,
IN SOUTH AMERICA, IN 1812.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

To the Editor of the British Magazine.

Sir:—The repeated solicitations of individuals, whose opinions I cannot but respect, induce me to submit to you the following narrative of the fatal earthquake of Caracas in 1812, of which I was a witness, and of which a brief notice only was appended as a note of reference to a poem* published by me in 1815, and now out of print. Humboldt, the celebrated French traveller and geologist, to whom the subject was one of deep interest, had not the advantage of personal observation, and was therefore constrained to a mere notice of the occurrence of the disaster, and a statement of the number of individuals who perished; and I have not heard of any authentic and satisfactory account of it having hitherto been published. This consideration, together with the fatality of the earthquake, and the growing interest entertained for the country in which it took place, will, I trust, render the details acceptable to your readers, and I indulge a hope, may draw some philosophical writers to submit, through your pages, their opinions as to the causes of those dreadful convulsions of nature, that, from time to time, prostrate whole cities in ruins, and overwhelm thousands of human beings in destruction. Should that hope be realized, I shall probably adventure some speculations of my own on a subject which it is impossible to approach, without a humiliating sense of the inadequacy of human intellect to solve, with certainty, the grandest problem of the material world. The

introductory part of my communication comprises a topographical sketch of the two towns which suffered the most extensively by the calamity in question, and of the appearance of the adjacent country before the earthquake, in order that the reader may be better enabled to estimate the extent of the destruction which it involved.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES SCOTT WALKER.

Birkett street, Liverpool, 1830.

CHAPTER I.

Description of La Guayra,† a sea port of Colombia—Appearance of the Coast—Magnificence and sublimity of South American Scenery, &c.

LA GUAYRA, a small fortified town, on the coast of Terra Firma, in the province of Venezuela, is situated in longitude about 63 deg. 31 min. W. and latitude 10 deg. 16 min. N. To strangers, from Europe, or the neighbouring West India Islands, the coast, which runs east and west for many miles, presents a truly magnificent and interesting appearance. It is composed of a continuous chain of stupendous mountains, whose bases are washed by the waves of the Caribbean sea. The trade wind, which blows from about the E. N. E. prevails for the greater part of the year; and vessels bound to La Guayra, from the eastward, usually make the land a considerable distance to windward of the town, lest they should overrun their port, a circumstance of no unfrequent occurrence, so little conspicuous are the houses, and so insignificant appear the fortifications at the foot of the darkly wooded and lofty mountains that rise abruptly behind them. The coast is in some parts so bold, that a ship may run bowsprit on without touching the bottom. From a good offing the shore appears to be straight, but, upon a nearer approach, the voyager discovers pleasant bays, creeks, and indentures, in which may sometimes be seen small coasters or Spanish launches, rocking at anchor, near coffee or cocoa plantations, receiving their cargoes, or waiting for the night breeze to enable them to work to windward.

At La Guayra the land is of so stupendous an altitude, that it is frequently descried, in clear weather, at the distance of above sixty miles. Rising abruptly from the bay or roadstead, it is covered with dense variegated forests, of natural growth, to the very ridges, which are often seen peering sublimely above the clouds that hide the nether world from the eye of the beholder. This commanding tract has nothing in it of monotony. It is composed of an assemblage of mountains, forming, as it were, a wing or detachment of the giant army of the Andes. It presents occasional table lands, valleys, gentle slopes, and ravines, with, here and there, pieces of cultivated ground, which, though each hundreds of acres

† Both La Guayra and Caracas are rebuilt, and these descriptions will apply pretty nearly to their present state.

in extent, dwindle to mere patches in the surrounding immensity; and the eye frequently rests upon a distant waterfall, dashing down a giddy precipice, without apparent motion—like a strip of white ribbon glittering in the sun. In the hollows contiguous to the sea, the cocoa plantations are distinguishable by the tall and red-flowering trees planted to protect the fragile cocoa shrub below, from the breeze and the intensity of the sun's rays. But by far the greater portion of the soil, perhaps nineteen-twentieths, is yet in the rampant luxuriance of nature, and is clothed with the numerous trees, and shrubs, and flowers, that delight in a tropical region, and which here flourish in a perpetual spring.

From the seaward, La Guayra has the appearance of a merely military station, the greater part of the town being concealed by the fortifications which, washed by the sea, sweep round it in the form of a crescent. At different heights on the mountain behind there are some fine commanding forts, the erection of which must have cost much labour and expense. From one of these the vessels are signalled by a telegraph, when first observed making towards the port—a custom general in most of the West India colonies.

On my first visit to La Guayra, in 1811, we cast anchor in the bay after sunset, and, as the sea was running high, and the landing place inconvenient and difficult, the captain and passengers—myself among the latter—determined to remain on board for the night. The ship rolled and plunged heavily, though the breeze had nearly died away; for the trade wind, during the day, blows into the bay, and the ground-swell seldom subsides. There was no moon, and we listlessly paced the deck, anticipating the pleasure of our intended journey to the city of Caracas next day, and of satisfying the curiosity excited by a first visit to a strange and interesting land. The country was romantic and beautiful, and then but little known amongst Englishmen; and the people presented a claim to our regards of no small consideration. They were manfully struggling in the neighbouring provinces, after having endured three centuries of degrading bondage, to place their country amongst the free and independent nations of the earth.

As we were chatting together on the quarter deck, an incident, trivial in itself, served to illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the great height of the land. A few stars were seen to twinkle in the zenith of the deep blue sky; but the shore, from which we were about a mile distant, was not visible, except as forming a more sombre part of the hazy lower atmosphere. One of the passengers pointed out what he conceived to be a star of the first magnitude, at the apparent height of, at least thirty degrees from the horizon. The captain, who was well acquainted with the coast, endeavoured in vain to persuade him that it was only a light on the mountain. Another similar light soon

after appeared, at a still greater height, and nothing but their subsequent flickering, moving about, and occasional disappearance would have convinced a stranger; that they were the lights of the natives whose huts are thinly scattered over those sublime altitudes. It was now midnight: the town was silent, and nothing was heard but the hoarse breaking of the sea along the beach, and the dash of the distant waterfalls.

The scene in the morning, it is beyond the power of the most enthusiastic admirer of nature, who has contemplated her only in her European garb, to conceive. The first impression was of that indescribable character which can only be conveyed by an astonishing combination of the superlatively grand, beautiful, and luxuriant. The sun, which in those latitudes spurns the protracted tardiness of a northern dawn, sprang from his ocean bed in almost meridional splendour, burnishing the summits and prominencies of the mountains, the warmth and richness of which were delightfully contrasted with the dark verdure of the clefts, and hollows, and the sombre hue of the western declivities of those sublime regions. The sea was glassy smooth, though the swell still set in, and lazily broke in lengthened billows upon the shore. The ships were busy rolling and pitching at their anchors, and gave the whole bay an animated appearance. The world seemed to be warmed into life and activity. Flocks of noisy paroquets were heard in the distance, and the voracious pelican darted ever and anon from its airy height upon the waves, and gorged, with distending maw, the small fishes that sported on the surface. Numbers of fishermen, in small canoes, formed out of a single log, had already pushed off: some were intent on heaving their hand nets over shoals of fish; others came alongside to sell fruit and other edibles, and we were much struck by the shrewd observations and respectful demeanour of these unsophisticated children of the south. We landed in the government barge on a pier, formed by piles of lignumvitæ driven into the sand, and planked on the top with the same material. This quay runs out into the sea a considerable distance, and though the surf frequently washes over it, and renders the landing difficult, and sometimes impracticable, it seldom sustains any damage, as the waves expend their force amongst the piles.

The streets of La Guayra are narrow and crooked; and the fortifications that enclose it to the seaward, being above twenty feet in height, exclude, in a great degree, the refreshing sea breeze, and as calms are also frequent, the climate is oppressively sultry. There are, however, few towns in the colonies more exempt from fevers and other fatal diseases, which may probably be accounted for by the absence of stagnant waters or marshy grounds in the vicinity from which malaria may be exhaled. There are no public buildings worthy of remark, with the exception of a rather stately

pile appropriated as a custom house, which formerly belonged to the Philippine Company, a chartered body of merchants, who for many years, enjoyed, like our East India Company, a sort of monopoly of the trade of Terra Firma. The small river that waters the town takes its rise near the top of the adjacent mountains, and after a brief and rapid course, in which it forms a variety of cascades and pools, which are finely overshadowed with wood, it runs through a part of the town, and finally discharges itself into the sea from under the batteries. Though its course cannot be above five miles in length, after a heavy rain, it some years before—the arch through the walls being too small—overflowed the town to a great height, and did much damage, hurling down huge stones and rocks from its mountain bed. One of these stones, which it drove half through the wall of the church, is still to be seen where it was deposited; there is rudely carved upon it, “Hasta aquí me truxo el Río”—that is, “Thus far the river brought me.”

La Guayra may be called the principal haven of the province. Although the shipping has but an open roadstead to anchor in, and discharge and load, by means of large canoes, its commercial position gives it an advantage in trade over Puerto Cabello, which is only sixty-six miles to the westward, and which can boast of a natural land-locked harbour, which, probably, few ports in the world exceed in extent and security. Hence the name of the latter, Puerto Cabello, or Hair Port, implying that a ship may be secured in it by even a hair.

CHAPTER II.

Journey from La Guayra to Caracas—Remarkable road on the mountains—Face of the country—Extent and sublimity of the views as the traveller ascends—View of the Valley of Caracas—The city—The inhabitants—Structure of the buildings before the Earthquake—The Valley not unlike the Vale of Clwyd—Delightful temperature of the climate.

The city of Caracas, formerly called St. Juan de Leon, is situated in a valley about four miles to the south (in a direct line) from the sea, from which it is completely walled in by the mountains, the height of which (particularly that called the “Silla” or “Saddle” of Caracas) renders it necessary for travellers to work their way to it by a road sixteen miles in length. When the writer was last at Caracas, a Frenchman proposed cutting a tunnel through the heart of the Silla, between the two towns, which would probably have reduced the distance (by an inclined plane) to little more than three miles; but the government were not possessed of the funds requisite for the accomplishment of such an undertaking, had it been practicable. The writer has since learned from Mr. Stevenson, the talented and active engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Tunnel and Railway, that his (Mr. S’s) son, who was some time ago superintending the working of some mines in Colombia, had

had some communication with the authorities there on the subject of a tunnel; but that it was finally determined not to hazard the project, as the country was subject to earthquakes, which might destroy in a moment the subterranean labours of years.* As is customary, we hired mules for our journey to the city, and set off at a round pace, secured from the danger of falling by the convenient construction of the Spanish saddles. From La Guayra the road sweeps along the sandy shore of the Bay to the rural village of Maycatia, near Cape Blanco, whence it winds up the mountain in a zig-zag direction to counteract the acclivity. Some parts of it are, however, so steep that the traveller, unless he be well mounted, is frequently obliged to alight, and seek safety and expedition in pedestrian exertion.

It is impossible to convey to those who have been accustomed to English scenery only, (rich as that is during the summer,) any adequate idea of the beauty and grandeur of the views which, at every turn on this road, burst upon the enthusiastic admirer of nature. He mounts, in fact, a succession of inclined planes cut out in serpentine curves on the face of the mountain, and overshadowed by trees; excepting at the turns he finds himself continually, as it were, on the brink of a precipice.—There is a diversity of subsidiary hill and dale, even to the highest ridges of these elevated regions, the greater part of which is covered with gigantic trees, veiled in a rich and variegated green, and here and there are observed fields of maize and plantations of coffee. The Silla is said to be eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the traveller must ascend to nearly its full height before he reaches the pass. The views, through the glades of the country below, increase in interest and extent as he proceeds, and the curious frequently pause to mark parts of road which they have passed, and to which it appears they might, with facility, pitch down a stone, though they have ridden some miles to attain the elevated site on which they stand. Instances are reported

* If British skill cannot be prudently elicited in the New World, in the construction of tunnels, it is to be hoped that it may yet be employed there in works equally great and useful. A navigable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has long been a desideratum, and the writer has, for years, lamented that no engineer, such as Mr. Stevenson, has ever found sufficient inducement to take a trip to Darien to ascertain, with a practical eye, whether a ship canal could be cut across the Isthmus. The distance from a navigable part of the Rio Chagres is stated to be only about forty miles. If the soil or hills present obstacles to a canal, cannot a railroad be laid? Either plans would be of incalculable advantage to England, as it would bring the whole trade of Peru and Chili almost as near to us as that of the West Indies. There can be no doubt that if the British government offered to undertake a canal or railway, the Republic of Colombia would, for its own sake, grant or sell the requisite land. Such an undertaking would be wiser and more profitable than a thousand Northern Expeditions.

of travellers having fallen from the road down the precipitous declivity, mules and all—but without sustaining any injury, saving successive bumps against the trees, that broke their fall into portions, and thus saved them from destruction.

Before reaching the highest part of the road, the jaded rider and his mule are cheered by the welcome appearance of a *posada*, or inn, where may be had a glass of Catalonia wine, and the greater luxury in a tropical country, of water so cold that it casts a dim upon the glass. The air is here agreeably cool, but it is frequently obscured by mists. From a shrubbery in front of this humble place of entertainment, may be obtained, when the atmosphere permits, one of the most sublime and beautiful prospects it is possible for the most fertile imagination to conceive. The clouds and misty vapours frequently hang on the mountain, far below the eye of the spectator, and his continued gaze downward seems to be upon the impenetrable, yet still extending ocean of immensity. When the clouds are dispersed by the breeze, to look down from such an altitude upon the vast extent of hill, and dale, and ocean, and sky, which the eye can at once embrace, produces a momentary giddiness, which is succeeded by emotions of surprise and admiration, mingled with that blameless pride and feeling of independence, which is natural on attaining, with no little toil, an eminence whence we may look down like “monarchs of all we survey,” upon the world that is spread out beneath us, relieved, for a time at least, from all its trammels and turmoils. From this spot, the large ships in the ruffled bay of La Guayra appear no bigger than boats, or mere specks upon the placid surface of a lake. While the eye is thus gratified, the noise of waterfalls and gurgling brooks, the songs of wild birds that flit past in the richest plumage, the shouts of muleteers, far and near, the rustling of leaves in the wind, and the hum of innumerable insects, all betokening a world of life and activity, convey to the naturalist a specimen of the riches of a tropical landscape, which the pencil of fancy would in vain strive to portray.

At a short distance from the top of the mountain, on the south side, the traveller's attention is arrested by a bird's eye view of the city of Caracas, and the whole valley, nine miles in length, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and watered by innumerable rivulets that discharge themselves into a river that winds, with gentle current, down the meadows. As the valley is situated high, the descent on this side, though steep, is little more than half that on the eastern declivity of the mountain. The valley, indeed, is one of those elevated or table lands peculiar to South America, which a European, were he conveyed to it without observing the rise of the road, would conclude was nearly level with the sea.

The streets of Caracas we found to intersect each other at right angles, those running south-

ward sloping gently towards the river. The houses of the genteeler portion of the community were not without considerable outward elegance. The greater number were built of a composition of clay and gravel, a few only being of lime and stone. The walls of those built of the former material are cast a few feet high at a time, of any required thickness, within wood-work—the clay being in a diluted state. When this becomes dry, and is partially hardened, the wood-work, consisting of boards, fixed on each side, is shifted higher, and more of the material is thrown on. This operation is continued till the whole is of the required height. These houses are tastefully ornamented exteriorly with pilasters, mouldings, and other architectural ornaments in cement, and as they are coloured in imitation of stone, they have a pleasing and cheerful appearance. The material of which the walls are formed, acquires, in course of time, considerable hardness and consistency: but it is evident, that as the walls become like an entire piece of what in potteries is termed *biscuit ware*, they are liable to be easily rent or split in huge fragments; and having no elasticity from joint-work, they are not calculated to withstand the concussions of an earthquake. We saw few houses above two stories in height: indeed, the greater number were only of one story, but with lofty ceilings. The dwellings of the opulent (as now in that country) were designed with considerable taste. The entrance was by a wide gateway or passage in the centre, terminating in an open square, with light piazzas and a gallery above all round it, from which the doors of the upper apartments opened. The principal rooms occupied the part of the building that formed the front of the square. These houses were finished with more or less elegance according to the taste or wealth of the proprietors. The squares and passages of some were finely flagged—of others, fancifully paved with white and party-coloured small stones—or not uncommonly, with bones of sheep and other animals, the knuckle part up, which had a pleasing and novel effect. Owing to the moderate height of the houses, the width of the streets, and the detached system of building, the city covered a large extent of ground.

The climate of Caracas is temperate and delightful. Though but ten degrees from the equator, it enjoys, from its altitude, that temperature which a tropical latitude would otherwise deny. It is said to be about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and its height, together with the effect of the vapours that often hang on the adjacent mountains and absorb the fiercer rays of the sun, renders the air at once balmy and salubrious. The days are seldom much warmer than our finest midsummer weather, and as this temperature is pretty evenly maintained, the warmth is less oppressive. The evenings are of a placid mildness grateful to Europeans, and are considered by the natives of the country (particularly those

from the low lands, or "*tierras calientes*," as inclining to cold.

The principal public buildings were the churches, which were about twelve in number. The Cathedral was a brick edifice, with a square tower. The roof was supported by two rows of massy pillars, and we observed a superb altar, and some decayed paintings and ornaments that bespoke its former grandeur. Some of the pillars were covered with rich taffets, the gifts of the pious or the penitent. The other churches were smaller, but more elegant in outward appearance. The spires and towers were provided with numbers of bells, which were almost constantly tolling. There were likewise several nunneries, and a college; also barracks, in the outskirts, built in modern style.

The inhabitants of Caracas are principally whites, and of those mixed castes that partake but slightly of African or Indian complexion. Amongst the working classes, the proportion of which is smaller than in English towns, the blacks are, perhaps, the most numerous. The more respectable inhabitants are chiefly engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits. The produce of the country, which consists chiefly of cocoa, coffee, dyewoods, indigo, cotton, drugs, &c., is either sold to foreign houses on the spot, or carried to LaGuayra, or Puerto Cabello, whence British and other piece goods, flour, hardware, wine, brandy, &c. are received in return—for the cash purchasers may be said to resolve themselves chiefly into this sort of barter. The principal recreation of the males is billiards. The females are lively gaditanas; they are generally of low stature, with small and comely features, and brilliant black eyes. Few of them have a rosy complexion, but this deficiency is compensated by a paleness—that of delicacy, not of disease, which is equally agreeable, and perhaps more interesting. The Caracaneans are admirers of the fine arts, in which, however, they have made but moderate progress. They are passionately fond of music and dancing. The guitar is the common instrument. It is played by both sexes, and often as an accompaniment to the voice, with much taste and execution. The harp and flute are also played, and at their balls, the music (particularly the lively Spanish dances) is peculiarly pleasing. I am bound to add, that to many amiable domestic qualities, the inhabitants of Caracas add a hospitality and attention to foreigners not surpassed by any people I have ever met.

The valley of Caracas is not unlike that of the celebrated Vale of Clwyd: but the mountains are of a more imposing height, and the verdure is characterised by a richer luxuriance and variety. Caracas has, moreover, the scenic advantage of numerous streams, murmuring through romantic dingles scarcely ever trodden by the foot of man.—The chief produce of the valley is coffee, Indian corn, and Guinea corn, the last for the fod-

dering of mules, on whose backs all produce and other articles are transported from place to place, a wheeled carriage being seldom seen but as a curiosity.* To the productions named may be added fruits of every description, and a variety of market stuffs.

Caracas is esteemed one of the most enlightened towns in the Republic. Since the earthquake it has been rebuilt upon plans which may be called proof against a considerable concussion of the earth; and as it has resumed its former appearance and activity, these few remarks on the birth place of Bolivar may not be deemed irrelevant.

CHAPTER III.

The Earthquake.

This dreadful calamity occurred on the twenty-sixth of March, 1812, being in the Semana Santa, or holy week, when, as is customary in Catholic countries, the inhabitants devote themselves to religious ceremonies and festivity. The earlier portion of each day was occupied in a splendid procession from one or other of the principal churches; business was almost entirely suspended—the inhabitants appeared in their gayest attire—the females and children were loaded with jewellery—the streets were swept, and partially strewn with flowers; and in the evening the devotions of the day gave place to amusement and hilarity. The general festival continued without interruption until the Thursday afternoon, when the fatal and unexpected convulsion of nature took place. The weather was peculiarly fine; the sun shone brightly, but not oppressively, from the deep blue sky, on the wide expanse of which not a cloud was to be seen. The streets were gay with passengers, who sauntered along in careless groups: there was no sign of approaching calamity; and it is not without awe that the writer of this narrative can revert to the previous hour of happiness and fancied security, and contrast it with the desolation which a few seconds produced—the prostration of that city in the dust and the immolation of thousands of her inhabitants.

At about twenty minutes past four o'clock, the writer, in company with some friends, was standing at the outer door or gateway of a house in the city, expecting to be called to dinner, when the commencement of the concussion was marked by a rumbling, smothered, and extraordinary noise, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe, though its repetition would reach the ears of those who heard it like a familiar knell. It might be aptly called the *groaning of an agonized world*. This noise we heard before we were sensible of any tremulous motion of the earth; and one of my companions remarked that he heard a troop of cavalry (which had been employed during the

* The steepness of the roads on the mountains, and the badness of those generally through the country, which is too thinly peopled to bear a road assessment, may account for this. In Carthagena (also in Colombia) carriages are numerous but clumsy.

festivities) galloping down a neighbouring street. As the horses and mules in that country were seldom shod, we thought the conjecture probable, and awaited the approach of the supposed cavalcade. In a few seconds we were undeceived. The noise became more and more proximate, distinct, and continuous, not unlike internal thunder; and the earth began to tremble gently. A native of the town, who lived in the house, and had just joined us, now exclaimed, "Terramoto!" (an earthquake)—and the trembling of the earth became every second more violent. The house was a corner one, at the crossing of two streets. We heard the walls crack, and pieces of the plaster fall upon the floors. The trembling of the ground now amounted to sudden jerks, which soon became so long and violent, that we could with difficulty keep our feet. Our first impulse was to gain the centre of the crossing, so as to be as far distant as possible from the walls; and with some difficulty we gained that point; whence we perceived many of the inhabitants in the streets, some running about in confusion—others kneeling in prayer. Amongst the latter were a respectable old gentleman and his daughter, who had run out for safety from a house next to ours on the north. We beckoned and shouted to them to come to the spot where we stood; but they heard us not in their alarm. The corner house on the south-west angle fell with a tremendous crash—burying several of the inmates; and the tiles of another were dashed down in heaps at our feet. We instantly ascended the ruins for security. Other buildings fell throughout the town, keeping up, for a few moments, a continued crash of destruction. I observed the front wall of the house, opposite to which the old man and his daughter were kneeling, begin to totter. My heart throbbed with apprehension, and we again earnestly strove to induce them to join us. They were absorbed in prayer—their words were audible, but no human power could now avail them—no human speed could save. I saw the huge bulk of the wall loosened from its foundation, thrown outward from its balance. It hung a moment, as if reluctant to do its work of destruction; the next, unable longer to delay the sacrifice, it had, as if in mercy, with noiseless precipitancy nearly reached the heads of its victims. They did not appear to see it. I turned away with an involuntary groan. I heard its dead and ponderous fall. The old man and his daughter were that instant crushed to pieces!

The crashing of timber and tiles; the falling of roofs, and floors, and walls; mingled with the ejaculations of the affrighted—and the screams of women and children were now appalling. The earth moved more and more violently, in sudden and lengthened jerks, which did not feel as if oscillatory, but to and fro in a direct horizontal line. Thought, in such emergencies, rapid in its conclusions as the passage of light—anticipated some terrible,

yet undefined consummation. There was, however, a calmness depicted on the countenances of my friends. Sudden and imminent as was the danger, the mind had accommodated itself to wait with respectful awe and resignation, *not unmingled with curiosity*, what it was apprehended might be the final explosion of nature.* I observed several strangers near us; some of them appeared unconscious of their danger; others wrung their hands in distress, and called upon the names of their friends; many gazed upon the mountains that overlooked the town, as if they feared they would fall upon them; and not a few were fearful that the earth would open and swallow them up. At length the concussions having reached their height, the tottering town was shaken to pieces. There was one general and terrific crash of falling materials, preceded by shrieks and cries of distress. A brief silence ensued—and then the stifled groan, and frantic cry, smote the ears of the living:—the internal thunder gradually became less audible, and the throes of the earth subsided to a tremour which rapidly died away. When we found ourselves again, in a literal sense, upon *terra firma*,† we entertained no apprehension of a future shock; and our first impulse was to ascertain the extent of destruction, and to lend what assistance we could in extricating those who might be yet alive beneath the ruins. Nearly half of the city was thrown down, and the atmosphere was thickened with dust, which rose in every direction, and shrouded the afflictive scene from the view of the survivors; but a gentle breeze sprang up from the westward, and soon enabled us to behold the general devastation.

It may appear remarkable, that the whole of the fatalities and occurrences related, from the time of the first tremour of the earth until the subsiding of the concussions, were comprehended in the brief space of probably *less than one minute*! Those, however, who have witnessed similar calamities, will admit that the productions of ages of human industry may be destroyed in a moment; and those who have studied the operations of the human mind, in the hour of peril and destruction, will as readily admit, that worlds of thought, of dreadful agony, of awful suspense, may, on such occasions, be comprised within the space of a few fearful moments. Thus it is, that could the mind be stimulated to its fullest activity throughout the average duration of life, the moral existence of man would be, as it were, prolonged to comparative ages.

The part of the town in which we resided suffered less than the suburbs, in which whole streets were razed to the ground, and the ill-fated inhabitants buried in the ruins. Every house that did not fall lost the roof, or was

*The writer has witnessed a kindred feeling in cases of extreme danger at sea.

†The province is in Terra Firma, a name which the coast would not have obtained had Columbus known that it was subject to these awful convulsions.

otherwise so much shattered that the apartments could be seen through the rents made in the walls. The fronts of many that stood hung, in doubtful position towards the street, threatening to fall upon the unwary passengers; and the cautious passed them on tiptoe, lest the sound of their footsteps should bring them upon their heads. The house we had inhabited was rent in many places; the plaster strewed the floors, and it would no doubt have fallen, had it not been supported, in one of the principal apartments, by a number of bags of coffee piled up nearly to the roof. The cloth had been laid for dinner in one of the rooms, and an accidental circumstance gave us a pretty accurate idea of the length and direction of the concussions. The glasses had been inverted on the table: some of them were thrown upon the floor; others having in a manner maintained their position while the table moved under them during the shock, and the lime and earthy powder fell from the ceiling and walls, described circles at various distances in the dust; and, allowing for the probable *vis inertia* of both glasses and table, and comparing these with the effects upon ourselves, I conjecture that, at its extreme concussion, the earth moved in a north-east and south-west direction, in jerks of about eight inches in length.

It is worthy of remark, that though the earthquake was comparatively but slightly felt at Puerto Cabello, a distance of sixty miles, on the westward coast, from Caracas, no fissure, or rent of the earth, was ever discovered, so far as I could learn; and it becomes a curious speculation to account for the absence of all chasm or opening, on a continent a portion of which has undergone a violent horizontal concussion, while the surrounding land has remained in a state of comparative quiescence.

After examining our shattered dwelling, we sallied forth to explore the ruins of the town, and to lend our assistance where it might be available. The scenes of suffering and desolation were every where truly horrifying. Here, whole families were buried alive, at a great and hopeless depth beneath the ruins; there, were seen mangled bodies and limbs projecting from the ruins. Some of the sufferers, whose cries and groans were heard from beneath, were extricated alive; some expired on again beholding the light of day, and finding themselves probably the last of their kindred; but the greater number who did not escape, were crushed in a manner too dreadful to describe. Many of them were never recognized. Nearly all the churches had come to the ground. That of La Merce (whence a holy procession was that evening to have sallied) became the tomb of hundreds. Many of the inmates would have escaped, but the priests exhorted them to remain, in the belief that the sanctuary was under the immediate protection of the Almighty. The cries of the wounded, and the lamentations of the female survivors, excited the compassion and roused the exertions of all those who had

not, from fear, betaken themselves to the fields. The English, Americans, and other foreigners (of whom only one or two were killed) lent all the aid in their power, and succeeded in dragging numbers of the sufferers from the ruins.

It occurred to us that La Guayra might have experienced a similar fate; and as we were interested in the safety of a gentleman of our establishment who resided there, it was agreed that I should proceed thither, and obtain information respecting him. I started on a young and headstrong mule. A considerable time was spent in endeavours to find my way out of the town. So stupendous were the ruins in many places, where the streets might be said to be obliterated amongst the general wreck, that I was under the necessity of turning back from the site of one thoroughfare and trying another. Many of the front walls of the houses had fallen into the streets, leaving the floors, with the tables laid out for the repast, of which there were now no guests to partake. When I reached the brow of the mountain, a melancholy prospect of the city, with its bare and pointed fragments of the walls, and its confused heaps of ruins, lay stretched in awful silence before me. Immense masses of the mountain had tumbled into the road, and blocked it up; and in some places the road itself had slid down from its site, forming steep and dangerous breaks. These obstacles, however, sunk into insignificance when associated with the perils of the past; and with some difficulty and delay, I reached the summit of the ascent soon after sunset.

The cottagers, who lived in straggling hamlets on the east side of the mountain, had formed a religious procession on the road, carrying lanterns, and frequently on their knees offering their thanks for their preservation to the Author of the Universe. The moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky; and the stillness of the night, broken only by the hymns and prayers of these people, and the distant roar of the sea in the bay below, impressed more forcibly upon the mind the horrors of the late awful visitation. This feeling was in no degree alleviated when I reached the village of Maycatea. There, numbers of the dying and wounded, who had either suffered on the spot, or had been carried thither from La Guayra, lay on beds, in the open air, attended by their distressed relatives. The road between the village and the town was occupied by groups of the survivors, who persisted in stopping my mule to learn the fate of Caracas, but could furnish no information of my friend.

La Guayra, I found on passing the draw-bridge, had suffered severely from the shock. Few of the houses were left standing, or in a habitable state. The Custom-house (formerly the premises of the Philippine Company,) being a strong building, alone withstood the concussion without being much injured. I met with no one whom I recognised amongst the desolate ruins, until I reached the open space in

front of the church. The gentleman of whom I was in search, lived in an adjoining street, the whole of which had come to the ground in a manner that rendered it impossible to pass. A native merchant, however, informed me, that he had escaped, and had gone on board one of his vessels then in the bay. Having thus accomplished the object of my mission, I made the best of my way out of the town, on my return to Caracas, where my friends anxiously awaited my return—apprehensive of the worst, from the rumours they had already heard of the total destruction of La Guayra. My mule started and plunged at the sight of a number of dead bodies that had been extracted from the ruins, and were laid in rows in the area near the church; and before I could dismount to lead him, he tumbled, in his terror, upon some others. Several individuals who were watching these remains conceived that I might have avoided the accident, and I had some difficulty to persuade them that no indignity was intended. Fortunately for my safety, I was recognized by a bystander as "*bueno muchacho*"—and every one was assiduous to assist me in leading the mule through the intricate ruins to the highway.

My journey back to Caracas was slow and laborious. The moon had gone down before I reached the city, which was not till two in the morning. I made several attempts to get over the ruins in the dark, but without success, and I returned and awaited the dawn in a field to which the survivors of many of the most respectable families had retired to pass the night. At day-break I hastened to relieve the anxiety of my friends, who, I found, had been active during the night in assisting to extricate from the ruins many unfortunate beings who would otherwise have perished.

All business was, for some months after this calamity, entirely suspended. The inhabitants erected tents and booths in the meadows near the town, which soon assumed the appearance of a large encampment. Days elapsed before many of the timid would venture into the town for what furniture and effects they could recover from the ruins of their houses, yet few articles, though exposed, were stolen, the earthquake having impressed the whole mass of the people with a sort of religious awe. The supplies for the market were nearly stopped, and were so inadequate to the demand, and so dear, that individuals were, by some establishments, employed to scour the country on horseback for provisions; and one of these the writer remembers to have returned from a hard day's forage, with a solitary head of cabbage!

It would be impossible to ascertain, with certainty, the number of persons who perished in the two towns, on the 26th of March, as many who were missing afterwards made their appearance—and no census of the population had been taken for some years before. It was generally admitted that the deaths amounted to from thirteen to fifteen thousand—though

Humboldt (who, however, had his information from others) estimates them at some thousands more.

The bodies of the unfortunate sufferers in La Guayra were, for three successive days, carried in large canoes outside the bay, and committed to the deep. It was horrifying to see the negroes tossing the bodies of the promiscuous dead from the pier into the vessels—some of them dreadfully mangled, others without apparent bruise. None of them were stripped of their clothing, and I observed amongst them the bodies of beautiful and well dressed females, with the combs and ornaments still in their hair. On the fourth day the sea rose so high that no canoe or boat could approach the shore without being swamped, and the bodies afterwards dug out were consumed on the beach by fire, to prevent pestilence—which method, together with inhumation in large pits, was also adopted at Caracas. Few of the bodies, however, to which, owing to the height of the ruins, access could not easily be effected, were for many months extracted. The removal of such masses of rubbish, beams, and building materials was necessarily a work of much labour and no small expense, and where families were entirely buried alive, there was no one to take an immediate interest in digging them out. A sort of apathy succeeded to the first alarm of the surviving inhabitants, and twelve months elapsed before the streets of La Guayra and Caracas were effectually cleared—an operation to which they were roused by an opportune contrivance of the Bishop. That divine issued a sort of injunction that every one should aid in the good work, preparatory to a general festival or thanksgiving, to be observed throughout the country, with great solemnity, on the anniversary of the earthquake, which was then at hand. This measure had the desired effect: rich and poor gave their assistance, and the writer saw even young ladies busily employed in carrying off quantities of rubbish in their little baskets. The ruins had been so long in heaps and hills that they were intersected by regular foot walks; and it is remarkable that notwithstanding the heat, and the number of bodies below, there was no obnoxious smell, the absence of which is attributed to the earthy materials of the houses in which they were buried, generally at a considerable depth; and to the drugs and spirits here and there dispersed from the crushed vessels that contained them in shops and stores. The use of herbs is also very common in that country, and the odour of these was, for many months, perceptible among the ruins.

On the 4th of April following (nine days after the great earthquake) a shock almost as violent as the first was experienced throughout the province. This completed the destruction of La Guayra, leaving only a few houses standing, and all of them (except the Custom-house) so shattered as to be unsafe as habitations. When this happened the writer was

with some friends, sitting under an orange tree on a plantation in the valley of Caracas. The duration of the shock was probably more than a minute, and it seemed to subside partially and again become violent.

We were under the ridge of the mountains on the north, of which we had a full view, and there was something fearfully sublime in being sensibly rocked on so vast a bulk of matter. On this occasion few, if any, individuals perished—a general caution having been observed. The villages in the vicinity of Caracas were mostly levelled to the ground, but though the first earthquake was felt as far to the westward as Carthagena, Puerto Cabello (before mentioned) sustained little injury by either of the shocks. Frequent concussions of the earth, more or less severe, were experienced in the province for nine months afterwards, and many of these occurred about the same hour of the day. I could not, however, trace them to any lunar influence, or to any peculiar state of the atmosphere. The shocks were distinctly felt on board of the vessels in the bay, and by others at a distance of sixty or more miles from the land. When one severe shock took place, I was with some friends in the cabin of a vessel riding at anchor. We ran to the deck to witness its effects. Presently the dust rose in columns from the ruins of the town, and an immense mass of the mountain, with its superincumbent weight of trees, was loosened from its site, and, sliding down the declivity, it left a space, several acres in extent, of naked red soil behind it. In the same year a violent eruption of the volcano in the island of St. Vincent took place, and ashes from the crater were swept from the decks of vessels as far to *windward* of it as Barbadoes, having doubtless been carried in that direction by a stratum of wind at a greater altitude than the trade winds, which blow from the E. N. E. This volcano, probably, sometimes operates as a sort of safety valve for the escape of internal combustion, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it has a submarine communication, or sympathy, with the proximate high land of South America, and that its eruptions may sometimes tend to prevent earthquakes, or reduce their violence, in that quarter.

Without here endeavouring to attribute these awful convulsions of nature to the effects of internal combustion, the expansion of confined air or gas, electricity, or other conjectural causes, which geologists have hitherto failed, satisfactorily, to demonstrate—it is impossible to reflect on the immense bulk and weight of the stupendous mountains, and prodigious extent of land, in Venezuela, thus agitated, as it were but as a leaf of the aspen quivering in the wind, without a sublime idea of the incomprehensible power of the great God of Nature, and a humiliating sense of the pigmy efforts of man, with all his scientific appliances of the elements and matter placed under his control!

From the Athenæum.

A GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

A TRANSLATION.

HARK ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
TEN now strikes on the belfry bell;
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.

Human watch from harm can't guard ye,
God will watch, and God will guard ye.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
ELEVEN sounds on the belfry bell;
Eleven Apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
TWELVE resounds from the belfry bell;
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
ONE has pealed from the belfry bell;
One God above is Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in hour of need.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
Two resounds from the belfry bell;
Two paths before mankind are free—
Neighbour, choose the good for thee.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
THREE now tolls from the belfry bell;
Threefold reigns the heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch, and God will guard us;
He through his eternal might
Send us all a blessed night!

From the Juvenile Forget-me-not.

THE MORNING SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Oh, come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;

Oh, come! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:

The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;

The thrush pours its ditty.

Loud, varied, and sweet;

We will go where the twin-hares

Mid fragrance have been,

And with flowers I will weave thee,

A crown like a queen.

Oh, come! hear the thristle

Invites you aloud;

And soft comes the plover's cry

Down from the cloud;

The stream lifts its voice,

And yon lily's begun

To open its lips

And drink dew in the sun:

The sky laughs in light;

Earth rejoices in green—

Oh, come, and I'll crown thee

With flowers like a queen!

Oh, haste! for the shepherd
 Hath wakened his pipe,
 And led out his lambs
 Where the blackberry's ripe:
 The bright sun is tasting
 The dew on the thyme,
 The gay maiden's litting
 An old bridal rhyme:
 There is joy in the heaven
 And gladness on earth—
 So, come to the sunshine,
 And mix in the mirth.

From the Athenæum.

MACKLINIANA.

DEAR SIR:—You desire me to give you a conversation that passed between Mr. Macklin, the comedian, and me, at our first meeting, at the Globe in Fleet-street, in the general club-room there (not the weekly club, with Dr. Goldsmith and other literary gentlemen)—Dr. Goldsmith, the facetious Dr. Glover, and several literary characters, being present. Mr. Macklin came in and sat down opposite to me; and he no sooner heard my name, than the following dialogue commenced between us:—

Macklin. Sir, is your name really Ballantyne? If it is, I beg leave always to call you George.

Ballantyne. With all my heart, sir, you may, though my name is William. But why do you wish to call me George?

Macklin. Because, sir, when I came from Ireland a poor young dog, to find some way to gain a livelihood, I got acquainted with George Ballantyne, a fine young fellow, a captain of grenadiers, who had distinguished himself abroad by his bravery—a very elegant fellow, above six feet—ay, and a kind-hearted fellow, but put to his shifts, like myself. My name was then M'Laughlan; my father and his brother were both at Londonderry—one in the city, defending, the other besieging; so you see they were on opposite sides; and the *insides*, you know, made a gallant defence. Well sir, this Captain George and I were often put to our shifts, and were taken in by a set of gambling sharpers; and although we sometimes got a trifling advantage, were generally routed. One evening George came in, ran up to my bedside, crying "Charley! Charley! Oh, man, I have got guid luck among the scoundrels the day; take the haf: there's mair than ten pounds!" "How came that, George?" "Faith, Mack," says he, "I was coming through Temple Bar, when two o' them wheedled me into their d—d gambling hole. I had little to spare, but that I resolved to venture; they soon had it a', and I was coming away, when they were tossing up a guinea; it fell pat upon my hat; so I stood straught up (here Macklin stood up and imitated the captain's position) and never said a word; for I thought it was nae great sin to keep it, as they had choused us so often: so they called the drawers, and looked a' the room round; and

when the pursuit was o'er, I thought it fair to gie them a chance for their ain again; and I have wun a' this;" and here he threw down the half to me. It was about this time I changed my name to Macklin; in which name I took a lodging between Seven Dials and Soho; and there came a young gentleman from Ireland, who could not for a long time find me, till by chance one day he met me in the street; when I gave him my address, but forgot to tell him I had changed my name. He called a few days after, and asked for me by the name of M'Laughlan, and was told that no such person lived there. In a few days after, I met him again and took him home with me; and when my landlady heard him always calling me M'Laughlan, and I had passed to her as Mr. Macklin, she said I must quit her apartments, for she had no good opinion of a man that went by two names; so I was not a little plagued to get another lodging. From that time we became intimate friends; and his very sensible, virtuous, and amiable daughter accepted of my invitation to a little cheerful hop, where Dr. Goldsmith, the "facetious Dr. Glover," Fenton the accomplished Welsh bard, and the humane Tom King the comedian, were of the party. The hop was at my own apartments, where Dr. Goldsmith was so happy that he danced, and threw up his wig to the ceiling, saying, "Men were never so much like men as when they looked like boys." Soon after this time he constantly spoke to me of his comedy, which at one time he thought would be under rehearsal in a week, and often read parts of it to me; but he was always altering it, and never could satisfy himself. He frequently said, "People think I have a dislike to the Scots, by making my sycophant a Scotsman; but it is not so: I love the Scots, their peasantry are so sensible and civil, and so moral and intelligent: but I wished my play success; and as people like local accents, and as I could mimic the Scots, why, the Scots won the day. Besides, I preferred Scotch; and as it was the custom then to abuse them, it made the thing go off the better. But in my new play, my principal character is a Scots physician, and a brave character, and a true one." So, going on to describe the character, I said, "Are you acquainted with my friend Dr. Armstrong?" He exclaimed most loudly, "That's the very man; I am glad you know him; you'll see if I do him justice; I knew him when he first came to London, and that I believe, was before you was born;" so, whenever I called, the Doctor and the comedy were the subjects of our discourse. I have now, I think, given you enough of Macklin; and am dear sir, yours, &c.

WM. BALLANTYNE.

N. B. During the year, he finished his comedy, and got it ready for rehearsal. As far as I am a judge, I believe it would have pleased; but he became so very unsettled, that every time I called afterwards, he had made some alterations.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

It is not an unnatural remark for an Englishman, looking at the extraordinary events that have lately taken place in the Netherlands, to observe, that of the two countries placed under the same government and regulated by the same laws, Holland and Belgium, while the one has been a prey to discontent and confusion, the other has remained satisfied with its lot, and even proud of its privileges. This difference, however, has arisen from very natural causes, obvious enough to those acquainted with the late history of the United Countries. Not only have the advantages of the constitution of the Netherlands been partially dealt out, but the boon itself in the very first instance was essentially different in value to the two parties concerned.

Towards the fall of Napoleon, Holland, whose resources are almost wholly commercial, was nearly ruined by the long continuance of war, and by the gigantic project of the continental blockade. Luckily, his brother Louis did not second his views, or his kingdom must infallibly have been destroyed. As it was, the debt contracted by the Hollanders was enormous, and the terms on which the loans were procured were exceedingly unfavourable: after Napoleon, by a stroke of his pen, had incorporated the country with the French empire, and wiped off one-third of the capital of the national debt, the evil was greatly increased, so much the more, indeed, because not only were the entire fortunes of numerous families confined to the public funds, but the capital of all kinds of benevolent institutions was swallowed up in them, together with all the property (for such was the law which compelled it to be so applied) of orphans and others under the administration of executors and guardians. In short, confusion and exhaustion were predominant in every branch of administration, and the hatred of the French rule was at its height, when the year 1813 changed the face of Europe.

It was very different with the Belgians: though afflicted by the calls of the conscription, and exasperated by the *droits réunis*, a tax on tobacco, sugar and coffee so called, not so vexatious in itself as in its mode of collection—still by their proximity to France, by their common language, and by their share in its military glories, there was no little sympathy between the two countries. Moreover, the markets of France opened a ready *debouché* for the linens and the cattle of the Flemings, two branches of exchange of the first importance to them. So that though they were, in truth, ten the whole, weary of French domination, and had already been aroused from their dreams of military glory, still the constitution and the dynasty of Nassau come not to them, as they did to the Dutch. The Belgians were glad of them, but they were not snatched from ruin by them as were the Dutch.

The Dutch have always been famous for their skill in making bargains. On their union with the Belgians, it was stipulated by art. 6, of the treaty contracted between the plenipotentiaries of the great powers, June, 1814, that the debts of the two countries should be charged to the general treasury. Now, as we have said, the debt of Holland was immense: on the other hand that of Belgium was trifling—an injustice of a flagrant description unless compensated by some equivalent, and this equivalent the provinces of the South have not yet detected. The Hollanders had again the advantage of choosing a king from among themselves, and of the same religion, a protestant; so that it is not surprising if it appeared to the Belgians that their country, though containing double the population of Holland, was rather made over to, than united to it.

The Belgians, however, tired of war, and by no means in a state to make resistance, permitted the measure to pass without complaint. They had suffered from a military despotism, they were scarcely recovering from a species of anarchy, and now at least they had got a constitution of some sort. But it may well be supposed that the Lion's share which the Dutch had taken, did not tend to soften the animosities, which for some reason or other, in addition to the difference of religion, have so long subsisted between the Provinces of the South and those of the North.

By the treaty of London already alluded to, it was also stipulated that the constitution to be offered to the Belgians should be that already bestowed upon, or rather resumed by, Holland, with such modifications as should be agreed upon by both parties. The *loi fondamentale*, or constitution under which the Pays Bas are now governed, was first of all presented to the States General of Holland, convoked in double numbers: they accepted it unanimously. In the Southern Provinces, in the absence of any assembly which could be considered as representing the country, the King, of his own private authority, assembled in each *arrondissement* a number of notables proportionate to the population. Of the 1603 notables summoned, 1323 only appeared, of whom 796 voted against the reception of the constitution. In the *arrondissement* of Courtrai, composed of about 30,000 inhabitants, two only voted for it. This was an awkward situation for the King, and he, or his advisers, hit upon a singular scheme of escaping the difficulty. The manner in which it was contrived to make a ma-

* It amounted to within a trifle of thirteen hundred millions of florins, (about one hundred and thirty millions sterling,) one-third of which was struck off (*tierce*, as it is called) by the French Government; on the restoration of the Orange dynasty in 1814, the public expenses so far exceeded the revenues, that, to meet the deficit, recourse was had to a loan, one of the conditions of which, held out as a bait to subscribers, was a *renunciation* of two-thirds of that part of the debt struck off by the French, (called *dette morte*) by means of annual drawings.

jority would be comic, if the subject itself were not a very serious one. First, the government resolved upon considering the 280 notables absent as having giving their consent by their silence, and 126 of the votes in the negative, given on the ground of the religion of the prince, were struck out, as contrary to the dynasty.

By the aid of this arithmetic, the King managed to produce a majority of eleven votes, and on the 24th August, 1815, he proclaimed the acceptance of the *loi fondamentale*. It is singular, that after having arbitrarily chosen the voters, without regard to any rule, or without reference to property, (for numbers were individually without any stake in the country whatever,) the constitution should have been virtually rejected after all. It is very possible that the cause of rejection existed more in a feeling of repulsion against the Hollanders, than in any well-founded objection to the constitution. For though it had its defects, we do not consider them of that nature to have influenced in such times the population, which had just escaped from tyranny, and which could not be very nice in constitutional information, nor ardent in constitutional aspirations.

The spirit of the *loi fondamentale* is liberal: its provisions are generally wise: its faults are rather those of omission than of commission. The defects are obvious, and it will not take us long to show by a short analysis, the points where they exist.

The two first chapters relate simply to the division of the kingdom, and to matters which exclusively concern the King and his family, such as the succession to the throne, the revenues of the crown, the minority of the King, the royal prerogative, &c. &c.

The third treats of the States General, of their division into two chambers, the first representing the aristocracy, the second the people, and the powers attributed to them. The chambers do not, like our House of Commons, deliberate, in the first instance, together, on any proposed measure: but preliminarily, they are divided into sections of ten members by lot, and each section retires to make up its mind in its separate chamber. If the use of deliberating in numbers be, that each communicate his stock of information, and that one may possess information which another does not, nothing can be more futile than this division into sections.

All members of parliament are not Solons, and it may very easily happen that chance may put ten unenlightened men into one room, and ten men of wisdom and intelligence into another. Ten advocates may be deliberating on the game laws, ten country gentlemen on an amelioration of the law courts. The use of committees, as in the English House of Commons, or the French Chamber of Deputies, is not known in the States General. A defect, more deeply rooted, occurs in the origination of the bills or laws presented by the ministers. The States General cannot proceed by amend-

ment, or modification: they are obliged either to adopt entirely, or to reject entirely. The inconvenience of this plan is so greatly felt, that ministers have usually been complaisant enough to listen to objections privately made, and if they did not consider the changes of a vital nature, they have modified their bill accordingly. But this departure in practice from the regulation of the *loi fondamentale* only proves its impropriety the more strongly.

The fourth chapter relates to the States Provincial, an assembly which superintends every thing connected with the administration and interior economy of each province. Each province has its States Provincial: the number of its members was in each province fixed by the King. It is the States Provincial that elect the Members of the States General: the manner of their election consequently became a matter of the first importance. Every person in the province who pays 25 florins (about 2l. 10s.) of direct taxes is entitled to vote for an elector; an elector, to be eligible must pay 50 florins direct taxes: these electors choose the members of the States Provincial, who again select among themselves or elsewhere, the members of the States General. It is almost unnecessary to say that this system is complicated: it has also been seen in practice to be vicious. The election of the members of the States does in fact rest in the hands of a few individuals in each province: so that it is impossible to consider that body as truly representing the people. The States Provincial are elected every year: the States General are renewed by thirds: each member sits three years, but he is immediately re-eligible.

The fifth chapter regulates every thing concerning justice: out of the imperfections of this branch of the Fundamental law, have chiefly arisen the present state of confusion and discontent. The judges are removable at pleasure, though from the obscurity of the expressions in the charter, the ministers are not declared responsible by it; two defects which render a constitution worse than a nullity.

Then follow the regulations respecting forms of worship, all of which are equally protected: respecting finance; the formation of the army; and lastly, respecting the supreme superintendence attributed to the King over the canals, rivers, bridges and roads, that is to say, the general direction of these objects is committed to him, and he is at liberty to use it as he thinks best.

We now come to the tenth and last chapter, which relates to public instruction and the press, one of the principal causes of the dissensions which first broke out into violence, and subsequently into actual revolt.

The only two articles which speak of these important subjects are extremely vague: the first does not declare the right of instruction to be free, but contents itself with saying that education shall be the constant object of the cares of government. It is impossible to use

a more jesuitical form of expression in a charter where every thing ought to be clear, precise, and definite. The article which declares the press free, is not a jot more explicit, but the *ordonnances*, of which we will speak afterwards, have made changes in this part of the law that it may be considered altogether obliterated.

The imperfections of this constitution are obvious enough to us, among whom constitutional privileges are a subject of discussion. It is only within the last two or three years, however, that the Belgians have opened their eyes to the vast abuses it admitted. In its early years the main objection urged against it arose out of the shackles imposed upon the freedom of education, a clause which principally struck at the Catholic clergy. The liberals of Belgium, perceiving the government acting with respect both to education and to toleration in the spirit of the nineteenth century, were content, and the opposition in the States was but feeble. Gradually, however, the unequal distribution of the imposts, the partial appointment of Hollanders to the places in the Belgian administration, for which the adoption of their language in all public acts afforded a fensible excuse; and, in short, a too eager attempt at producing a perfect uniformity between the two countries, embittered the temper of the people, and set the more enlightened classes of the Belgians upon detecting the very imperfect guarantees afforded them by the *loi fondamentale*, as modified and interpreted by the *ordonnances*. Some arbitrary acts against the press having at length showed the entire dependence upon the government, in which the liberties of the people were placed, the Belgians became alarmed; and the natural consequence was, that the liberals formed a union with the Catholics, and an opposition was produced of the most formidable description.

As the press became the organ of the party in opposition, and the interpreter of the different grievances under which the country laboured, it was natural that the government should first turn its attention to it. It has proved a very dangerous antagonist here as well as elsewhere. Besides the clause of the *loi fondamentale*, the sole law affecting the press was that of the 20th April, 1815, the object of which was temporary, and which had fallen into disuse after the circumstances out of which it arose had passed away.

The first step taken in the prosecution for offences of the press was the condemnation of two Frenchmen, Bellet and Jador, for some satirical expressions on the tax of the *mouture*. Not content with that, they were ordered to quit the country, without law, sentence, or even reason assigned, in the most despotic manner possible, in express violation of Article IV. of the Constitution. Dupetiaux and De Potter exposed this tyrannical measure to the public, and they themselves soon became victims to the law of 1815. After having

used the instrument, however, the government broke it: feeling they could not withstand the force of public opinion, immediately after the condemnation of De Potter, they abolished the law by which he had been tried.

The 16th May, 1829, a new law on the press was discussed and adopted. The deputies of the two countries have always had great difficulty in coming to an understanding on the subject of the press, the cause of which we do not remember to have seen pointed out. The Belgians, so long accustomed to the laws of the French, to watch their proceedings, and to study their parliamentary debates, were, and are, still, in the habit of considering the law of the press a part of the *civil* code, which protected the rights, and prescribed the limits of authors, printers, and publishers. The Dutch, on the contrary, never having had many newspapers, nor yet many public writers, and scarcely any private individuals who occupied themselves with general politics, unless some measure which related directly to commerce, considered the law of the press a simple and necessary addition to the *criminal* code; so that in this law of the press they always inserted clauses respecting mobs, seditious cries, and other topics which evidently only regarded the laws of the police. Thus the Dutch and the Belgian members of the States proceeding on entirely different grounds, we can understand the reason of the perpetual difference which has marked their debates on this subject.

The spirit in which the law of the 16th of May was conceived was of the most liberal description, and nothing more satisfactory or more explicit could be desired. If it were not that a jury would have been an additional protection, it would have been a difficult task for a judge to misinterpret this law. Nevertheless, the judges of the Pays Bas are ingenious at that task; they are in the habit of taking every accused person for a culprit: when an individual is brought up for trial, the only object seems to be to prove him guilty in a manner more or less complete. This is the general character of the judges of the Pays Bas, whenever there is a question of a political offence.

As may be supposed, the law of May 16th produced the happiest effects upon the disposition of the middle classes towards the government. But in pursuance of a system followed up with an extraordinary regularity, the government since it began has never made one step in advance that it did not take the earliest opportunity of retreating two, to advance again when the season of temporizing arrived. The 11th of December, 1829, a royal message was delivered to the chambers. It complained of the abuses that had arisen from the liberty which had been accorded to the press, and submitted to their approbation a new bill, conceived in terms which may be made to mean any thing that the government choose. The phrases are

studied with this view, and the deepest cunning seems to have presided at their formation. We know nothing, even in the decrees of the Roman emperors, better adapted to serve the purposes of despotism. This bill was rejected, and at last, on the 26th of June, 1830, a new law passed, which, without being so absurd as that just spoken of, and not so liberal as the preceding one, afforded some securities, but remained still faulty from the generality of its expressions, and by its omissions rather than by its insertions.

In the mean time, to show up to what point the arbitrary spirit of Van Maanen, the minister of justice, was prepared to push the government: he despatched a circular letter to all the *procureurs du roi*, enjoining them in the exercise of their functions to support the principles of government with the utmost vigour and severity, and not, by too much moderation in the discharge of their duty, to permit the liberals to gain any advantage over them. Some individuals who valued their self-respect above their places, answered the circular in a spirit of manliness and liberty, observing that they should pursue the course pointed out by the law.

While on one hand the justice of the country was thus trifled with, the administration of the finances was managed in a manner, to say the least, calculated to produce vexation and ill blood. Imposts and taxes were multiplied in every direction; a mass of sumptuary laws were passed on horses, carriages, servants, female as well as male, dogs, furniture, in addition to those which exist in every European state. Besides, no proportion was preserved in the manner in which the different provinces were mulcted; a most unequal division oppressed many of them; the deputies of these provinces struggled in vain for a revision—the infallible Dutch majority silenced every effort. After the union of the Catholics and the liberals, and the consequent increased power of the opposition, the abolition of the *mouture* was demanded; an equitable division of the public offices between the two countries was insisted upon, as well as liberty of language, of instruction, of the press, the jury, and the responsibility of ministers.

The reasonableness of these demands, will not be denied by Englishmen, where at least they understand them. With regard to the taxes and the liberty of language, it may be necessary to say a few words for the better comprehension of the nature of these grievances, as felt by the Belgians. One great evil in the Belgian taxation was the multiplication and variety of the objects taxed; an individual never knew when he had done. Some were levied in so tyrannical a manner, that in reading the explanation of them the reader may fancy he is perusing the history of some barbarous exaction of feudal times. The *mouture*, for instance, and the *abattage*. The first was a tax on meal; it was forbidden to grind

corn at home, and it could only be sent to the mill during certain hours of the day, besides which, the bearer of it was obliged to provide himself with a *passercart*, or a kind of meal passport: and it was forbidden to mix different kinds of grain, except in a certain proportion fixed by law. A whole army of clerks and collectors, charged with the duty of preventing fraud, hung about the country like wolves, these were entitled to a part of all the corn they caught mixed up, or proceeding to be ground, or ground in contravention of the law. The *abattage* is a term of a more simple kind at first view, but equally vexatious and base in its execution. In the country, as well as in town, every ox, cow, heifer, calf, sheep, pig, &c., before it was killed, was obliged to be shown to the receiver of taxes, in order to procure a permission to be killed, and to fix the hour of slaughter. The rural communes are often more than a league in extent; the peasant was consequently forced, in good or bad weather, to leave his work, and to go and make a declaration of the kind of animal, of its weight, and the hour he intended to kill it. And then he had not done. He was not entitled to kill his own pig! He must go and secure the services of the "sworn butcher," who must be present. Even this was not all. If the tax-receiver thought that the estimate of the animal made by the owner is below its real value, he has the right of *pre-emption*, that is to say, of paying, without further ceremony, the estimated sum, taking the beast, and sending the owner about his business.

These grievances chiefly affected the country; but the towns had their own vexations. The inhabitants no longer desired to possess furniture of beauty or value; they stopped up their windows, their fire places, and sent away their servants, not only because all these objects were heavily taxed, but because they opened the door to the taxgatherers, who were entitled to pay domiciliary visits, in order to ascertain whether you had made a return of all you possessed.

The municipal taxes, that is to say, those levied at the entrances of the towns and for their profit, had been also greatly augmented. Not an egg, not a morsel of butter, or a loaf of bread could be consumed in a town without paying its tax. Every person, though this was not peculiar to Belgium, on entering a town, was liable to be visited by the clerks stationed at the gates. The fault of all these taxes was not so much the amount, for that might be a matter of question, but that they were exceedingly vexatious, and above all most expensive in their mode of collection.

Among the grievances always dwelt upon by a Belgian, and which may have been imperfectly understood at home, was the imposition of the Dutch language upon them. Now the Flemish and the Dutch are so very nearly similar, that one grammar suffices for both;

and a Fleming, even of the uneducated classes, understands a Hollander without difficulty, and vice versa. This is an objection which will forcibly strike a foreigner in passing through the country; but a foreigner only. Propose the difficulty to any one employed in the business of the country, or an advocate, or in short to any of the educated classes, who has been able to form his opinion by his own experience, or long communication with his fellow citizens, he will answer that, putting aside the grammatical difference between the two languages, which is certainly very slight, it ought to be understood that Flemish, in the southern provinces (of Liege, Namur, Brabant, Hainault, Flanders, &c.) has never been anything else than the language of the people; in two or three of these provinces every body understood it more or less; but all business, all transactions were carried on in French, as a consequence of a domination of twenty years, during which a new generation had arisen; and previously, even under Maria Theresa, it was the language of diplomacy and the higher branches of the administration. So that when the union of Holland and Belgium took place, entire towns, arrondissements, even entire provinces, understood no other tongue than the French; and in other instances, where Flemish was spoken by the mass, it was a dialect nearly unintelligible in the next district, the spoken dialects varying not only greatly from each other, but differing as widely from the written Flemish, as the provincial from the Parisian French.

At the present day, it is true that, in most of the Belgian towns, Flemish is spoken habitually; the higher classes seem to talk it without effort, as if it had always been their own. This is but the effect of the despotic will of a Dutch king, exacted during a reign of fourteen or fifteen years. In every state there is a mass of individuals whose means of existence the government could destroy whenever it chose; such as ministerial *employes*, and placeholders of every description. In Belgium, notaries, advocates, agents d'affaires, *employes* of the provincial governments, almost without number, have seen the bread snatched from their families, before they had the time to learn Dutch with all the inclination in the world.

Every transaction was stamped in Belgium; all of a sudden it was ordered that no writing should receive a stamp which was not in Dutch or Flemish, which is certainly constantly spoken, but of which it would be very difficult to write two lines. Many individuals were turned out of the places they held on this very ground, and thus utterly deprived of their livelihood and reduced to beggary. It is within our knowledge, that an advocate in extensive practice at Brussels, who supported his family in a most respectable manner on the proceeds of his labour, died in prison for debt, solely in consequence of this arbitrary mea-

sure, by which his entire means of existence were taken from him.

With so much reason on its side, and with the voice of all Belgium at its back, it may be supposed that the opposition, with its united force, began to make itself felt in the States. The government found itself obliged to yield several points. The repeated refusal of the budget induced them to renounce the tax of the *mouture*, to accord the liberty of language, and to promise a more equal division of the public appointments. The rest of its power the ministry defended with vigour and obstinacy, under the direction and influence of M. Van Maanen, who is a man of great talents and great information, but of great wilfulness, and with a decided turn for arbitrary measures. He is supposed universally to have usurped great influence over the mind of the king, and to him are attributed all the offensive and restrictive measures complained of. He was a minister under the empire, and has just retired, or rather been forced by the voice of the people to do so, after thirty-five years spent in office.

The monopoly of instruction is still preserved by the ministry; neither would it yield in the matter of a jury, without which, in political trials and offences of the press, it is impossible to expect justice, or to possess any real controul over the operations of government; neither would it cede ministerial responsibility, a necessary principle in every representative government. The right which should have been above all accorded to the country is a representation based upon the population of the provinces, that is to say, a legislative chamber composed of sixty-six Belgian members and forty-four Dutch, and not of fifty-five Belgians and fifty-five Dutch. This obvious inequality in the representation is the source of almost all the injustice which has been committed. The Dutch king, Dutch ministers, and their fifty-five Dutch members, have sadly outmatched the fifty-five Belgians, amongst whom many natural causes of disunion or desertion would arise.

Much of the blame of the late disturbances has been thrown upon the Belgian character, which has so often been called *turbulent*, that it is universally believed to be such. It is a common-place to consider them as eternally dissatisfied with their governors. Their annals, it is said, present nothing but armed opposition, dissension, intestine war; that successively they have shaken off the domination of Spain, Austria, France, and are again in revolt at this moment. This word *turbulent* is one of the epithets invented by tyrants to deceive mankind; it has been adopted with many similar ones by historians, who have, until lately, only written in the interest of the great and powerful. If the meaning of the word *turbulent*, as applied to a nation, be analyzed, it can only mean an impatience in supporting some oppression, which energy resists, and apa-

thy sinks under. Let any one run over with an impartial eye the different revolutions of Belgium, and weigh the causes which have produced them, and he will be convinced that they had good reason to complain. Who can blame them for wishing to escape from the bloody persecutions of Spain, to have repelled the feeble and oppressive dominations of Austria, to have driven out the tyrannical agents of the Emperor of France, during the latter years of his reign? Belgium, a country of no great extent, but consisting of a brave population, has for a long time been handed about from power to power, as a kind of make-weight in the political balance. Its fertility has always rendered it an object of desire to the surrounding powers, and just as it suited their convenience, they have disposed of it without consulting the subject of the bargain. Because the Belgians have not been content to be thus hustled about, they are called *turbulent*. The French government had, however, succeeded in attaching the affections of the people; manners, interests, language, all had become common: but the *droits réunis*, and the dreadful conscription, the two disastrous inventions of Bonaparte, and in part the cause of his ruin, alienated the hearts of the Belgians; it was generally with satisfaction that they witnessed his fall. It is something to set against the charge of turbulence, that all the great men who have had to deal with them, have left a high testimony in their favor; we may begin with Cæsar and end with Napoleon. The authority of Charles V. has been strikingly laid down: he is said to have spoken of them to his son in terms of eulogy like the following:—"Moderate in his prosperity, and equally calm in adversity, without pride, without ostentation, sober, naturally frank, the Belgian is at the same time prudent and circumspect, patient to obstinacy, and industrious to an excess; faithful to his religion and affectionate to his chiefs, as long as they respect justice and the laws; but so soon as his rights are touched, his patience ceases, and he becomes untameable. Whenever tyranny has sought to oppress him, he has resisted, yielded, and died, but it has always been with a free spirit."

If this character be true of the present as well as past ages, certainly the Dutch ministry were unfortunate in the subjects on which they wished to impose arbitrary measures. But there is good reason to think that M. Van Maanen was disposed to run the whole lengths of absolutism. He has publicly maintained the principles of a monarchy after the fashion of Louis XIV., and in writings to which his name is not affixed, but which are attributed to him by common fame, he has gone even further. The *loi fondamentale* was in his way; nevertheless it is sufficiently vague in its terms to admit of a great deal of practical tyranny. The king himself, whether from some similarity of character which is said to exist, permitted him to exert an influence over him that has greatly

diminished the loyal affection with which the Belgians were animated towards him: he himself was, and even is, universally considered of a kind and benevolent disposition, with the foible, perhaps, of wishing to be thought by all Europe a prince of great political capacity, and the fault, if it be a fault, of being—like all his ancestors—so fixed in any purpose or plan that he may have adopted, that no consideration can drive him from it.

The Dutch government has doubtless been greatly influenced by its attachment to Holland and Hollanders, but not a little also by a strong apprehension that Belgium was an uncertain and unsound part of its dominions; and that its attachment to the French would show itself on the very first occasion. Hence many arbitrary measures have been taken as measures of security; hence the objection to the French language, and a determination to produce uniformity between the two countries; as if the love of the French language, which they had used from childhood, were the same thing as a love of the French, or as if a violent attempt to force another tongue upon them were likely to decrease their attachment to the people who spoke the language they loved. But it is not true that the Belgians desired or do desire to return under French rule. A small number of this way of thinking, especially on the frontier, may be met with, but the bulk of the population would see such a transfer with pain. Fifteen years of a government, possessing at least all the exterior of a constitutional one, have taught the people to set a high value upon liberty, and awakened the ancient passion for independence, which under the empire had been stifled by the passion of military glory. Since the last fifteen years the face of things in Europe is completely changed, the era of constitutional governments has commenced, and the Belgians, as well as other nations, have seen a new future open before them; they have set their hearts upon constitutional prospects, and we confidently trust that, by the valour of their right hands, they have now attained them. The people of Belgium apprehended, moreover, that their junction with France would be the signal of a bloody war, in which they would be the principal sufferers; Belgium, becoming a simple province of France, could no longer pretend to a national government, and, in place of being in the first rank of secondary powers, to which by her industry, her commerce, her economy, and the energy of her inhabitants, she may fairly expect to attain, she would simply take place as an obscure and disregarded satellite of a powerful kingdom, whose splendour would throw her completely into the shade, an idea which at the present day would be repelled with disgust.

If further proof were wanting that this idea had possession of the mind of the king, and at the same time was not entertained by the people, it would be found in the animated scene which took place at the Hotel de Ville on oc-

casation of the late entry of the Prince of Orange into Brussels. When the Prince had consented to bear the wishes of the people to the King, and had promised to second them to the extent of his power, being somewhat alarmed at the tenor of the principal one, the separation of Holland and Belgium, he solemnly asked the assembly—and all the notables of the place were about him—*whether, in case of invasion by the French, they would follow him to repulse them?* It was a time when truth was likely to be spoken; but they all unanimously cried out *No. Will you swear it?* he continued, and the universal exclamation was, *We swear it.*

Feelings of hostility, having all the grounds to proceed upon that we have stated, were not a little inflamed by the tone of the *Hague* and other newspapers of Holland. For them at least there has been complete license of the press, when their subject was Belgium, and the opposers of ministry. No language, no names were considered too bad for a Belgian who took a part in the cause of the Southern provinces; even the personalities—and it was a long way for personalities to travel—became insupportable; and not the less so, that the parties who were attacked believe, and had reason for believing, that these paragraphs were from the pen of M. Van Maanen himself. These violences on the one side naturally begot violence on the other,* and the war of the journals was even

* In these disputes the reader of the Belgian papers will have had frequent occasion to observe the name of Libry Baguano; it was his house to which the mob at Brussels first resorted; it was immediately sacked and plundered. At this moment nothing but the bare walls are standing. It was an ornamented house in one of the principal thoroughfares. The gilding remains over the sculpture, but the windows it adorned gape glassless. Of the house of M. Van Maanen, a very extensive hotel, but few even of the walls stand. With regard to Libry Baguano, in order to show that the people will make idols to themselves as well to abhor as to worship, it may be as well to say what is known of him in Belgium.

Comte Libry Baguano is a Piedmontese by birth, and only sought refuge in the Pays Bas after being found guilty and punished for the crime of forgery in France. He set up as a bookseller in Brussels, and after a while took a part in the management of a ministerial newspaper, called the *National*. The minister, pleased with the thoroughgoing tone of his articles, took him up and patronized him. A million is set aside in the budget for the encouragement of national industry, for the disposal of which the ministers were not accountable; and it is well known, that to Libry Baguano has been assigned considerable sums out of it, as much as one hundred to one hundred and sixty thousand florins. In some instances the money has been given openly. This caused a great scandal, and when the war of the journals ran high, the act of his condemnation was procured from Lyons, and we believe published. He was then discovered to be marked; afterwards, in the newspapers, he was always spoken of under the name of the *convict*, the *Galerien*, the *forger*. He does not, however, appear to have lost favour with the government. He has now been driven from Brussels, and is caricatured in every window.

carried into the States-General, and mingled a bitterness and asperity in parliamentary discussion by no means calculated to advance the objects of a deliberative assembly. So far from attempting to appease the discord, whether by cession or conciliation, at a time when men's feelings were greatly excited, the government took the step of beginning a kind of crusade against the Belgian opposition papers. Under the law of the 26th June 1830, no less than thirty different articles, published in seven different newspapers at Brussels, Ghent, Liege, &c., were prosecuted in as many days. The second trial and banishment of De Potter, Tielmans, and their associates, will go down in history as one of the most scandalous perversions of justice ever perpetrated by ministerial vengeance. The head and front of their offending was their proposal of a national subscription to indemnify the deputies and official persons who had been dismissed from their stations for their conscientious votes against the arbitrary projects of the government. After a diligent perusal of the whole of this remarkable proceeding, we were wholly unable to discover any law that had been violated, and we venture to affirm that no candid reader, learned or unlearned, could have come to any other conclusion. Judges, however, holding their places at the nod of the crown, were not slow with their constructive treasons, and M. de Potter and his friends were banished their country, and after being dragged about the neighbouring territories for a considerable time, vainly seeking an asylum from those to whom the name of patriot is a hateful sound, finally found a refuge under the tri-coloured banner of regenerated France.

When the French Revolution took place, the noble attitude there taken by the people was of the most imposing description, and above all it was successful. It may in some sense be said to have been the immediate cause of the outbreaks at Brussels, in two ways; first, because it exceedingly excited men's minds, and next, because it relieved the Belgians from all fear of foreign intervention. It was the impression in Belgium, when the result of the French Revolution was known, that now they might settle their differences among themselves. The citizens of Brussels, of Liege, and other places, began to organize measures to place Belgium in an attitude of remonstrance, if not of resistance. The first spark of the blaze we have seen, was, indeed, struck by the mob of Brussels, than which, perhaps, no city in Europe contains a more villainous *canaille*; but the Burgess-guard quickly took the power into their own firm and steady hands, and throughout the whole of the contest succeeded in keeping down the rabble better than the best friends of order could ever have hoped for.

After the insurrection both the king and the people at first appeared to behave well. The citizens demanded their rights with zeal and steadiness: the king listened, and in fact did

all he constitutionally could. He sent away his obnoxious minister, too late, indeed, to produce the effect of immediately allaying the storm, but not too late to show that he was willing to do his part towards a settlement of grievances. With regard to the other demands, rightfully and justly made at his hands, he had not the power of assenting to them *mero motu*. He therefore called the States together, and referred the complaints to them. Although the States were no adequate representation of the people, and might come to a wrong determination, still they were men, and generally rational men, and it might be hoped, would not plunge the country into a civil war. The citizens waited under arms, and subject to all those inconveniences that arise from a suspension of commerce, and an apprehension of the evil consequences of a civil war, with some degree of confidence that the reasonable demands of reasonable men would, in the nineteenth century, be granted by those at the head of governments: for if not, the precedents to the latter certainly were not favourable; and the signs of the times, even to those who do not read Moore's Almanack, might be read as unpropitious to obstinate crowned heads. Great indeed, therefore, was the general consternation, when, in defiance of the dictates of reason, and in the face of the solemn promise of the King not to resort to force during the deliberations of the States, the royal forces under Prince Frederick attempted to enter Brussels. By that fatal march the Orange dynasty has lost Belgium forever. The struggle of the four memorable days of September left the brave Belgians in possession of a victory, of which their freedom cannot fail to be the first fruits. God grant that the patriot blood which has washed the streets of Brussels may not have been poured forth in vain!

Whilst the Belgians were yet the liege subjects of William of Nassau, various speculations were entertained as to the probable effects of the federal separation which the States-General were considering at the Hague, whilst the Dutch troops were carrying fire and sword into Brussels. The policy of such a separation was a question of some complexity; and, however strong in its favour were the more weighty arguments of the popular wish and of public justice, there were many considerations of a commercial nature which threatened Belgium with important losses in the event of the change. The agricultural produce, the manufactures, and the coal, of Belgium, have hitherto been introduced into Holland for consumption and exportation to her colonies under the protection of heavy duties. These colonies have opened markets to the Belgian manufactures to a very great extent, and the consumption has, of late, greatly increased. The admission of Baltic grain into Holland would completely ruin the distilleries of Belgium, which have long been far from flourishing; but in this and other instances, the ports of Hol-

land would necessarily have been made free, since there are other countries that excel Belgium in the cheapness and excellence of their manufactures. These were a few of the objections to the federal separation, and they certainly weighed strongly among the commercial men at Antwerp and Ghent, where there was at first much hostility to the measure. How far they might have influenced the decision of the States-General, it is useless now to speculate. The knot which required so much skill to untie has been forcibly cut asunder, and Belgium presents herself to our view under an entirely new aspect—an aspect which, while it rivets our attention, demands also our warmest sympathy in her behalf.

What form of government will be now adopted by the Belgians as the best security for their liberties, it would be vain in us to attempt to predict, and would be, moreover, useless to our readers, inasmuch as on the 3d of November next, the National Congress, to be elected on the 27th of October for the express purpose of determining the question, will be in deliberation. Whether we shall actually see a republic within six hours' sail of our coast, or the House of Orange will succeed in obtaining for its most popular member, or his infant son, the throne of a constitutional monarchy in the country which has utterly rejected the authority of the head of that House, the lapse of a few days will now decide. On both sides there are difficulties for the Congress to overcome—difficulties of which a perusal of the various opinions of the Belgic and French journals is alone sufficient to shew the importance. In the meantime, the department of the provisional government appears highly becoming and satisfactory. They have, by words and actions, all along manifested the most perfect acquiescence—the most ready subservience—to the will of the nation, whatsoever it may be pronounced to be. M. de Potter, whilst at Paris, was, indeed, guilty of some indiscretion, in publicly expressing a desire for an union with France, inasmuch as any such desire is repudiated by the leading French politicians no less strongly than by the most influential persons in Belgium. The nobility and clergy of Belgium are, as they always have been, averse to a connection which would at once deprive them of the rank and respect they now enjoy, and would threaten not only their station in society but possibly, at no distant period, the utter annihilation of their orders. With feelings of resentment, however, such as those which M. de Potter most justly felt, we can well excuse his entering into any views which he believed would further the deliverance of his country. We can easily understand how to such men as De Potter and Van de Weyer, who possess minds of the highest order, and whose learning and discernment place them far above the scope of popular prejudices, a junction with France would appear matter of indifference, provided it could secure the happiness of their country—

men. The provisional government has, notwithstanding, manifested no such disposition, but has contented itself with taking measures to provide for the free exercise by the people of the rights which, always inalienable, have, by the late crisis, reverted to them immediately. It seems to have fulfilled with fidelity the duty to which it was called in a crisis full of difficulty, and requiring leaders whose capacity and integrity should be alike above all suspicion.

The folly of such a scheme as that of Prince Frederick's attempted entry into Brussels is self-evident. It requires no skill in military tactics to perceive, that the only modes of reducing that city to subjection were, either by a blockade, or by wearing out by delay the citizens, who were already severely tried by their laborious duties of defence, and by the suspension of all trade and business. But even if the army had succeeded in occupying Brussels, it was absurd to suppose that the men of Liege, of Mons, of Tournay, the Walloons, and the rest of the Belgians, would thereupon have quietly laid down their arms. The King of the Netherlands appears to have acted as if it was a conspiracy of a few individuals, or a small band of local insurgents, that was required to be put down, and wholly to have lost sight of the fact, that it was the grievances of an entire nation that were crying out for redress. The people of different countries are, however, not so incapable of receiving instruction from their neighbours, as their rulers, of whom it is a proverb that they never learn from experience; and the conduct of William of the Netherlands, in suffering himself to be deprived of two-thirds of his dominions, has been equally sagacious with that of Charles Capet, who entrusted his crown to the keeping of his confessor, or of James Stuart, who lost three kingdoms for a mass.

Though the future destinies of Belgium are yet uncertain, her deliverance out of the hands of Dutch oppression must be a matter of sincere joy to all the friends of freedom. It is the second signal proof, within two short months, of the increasing impotence of tyranny, of the growing strength of the cause of liberty throughout Europe. That cause, varying only in local circumstances, is virtually the same in all countries. The struggle is universally a struggle of principles—a conflict of ideas—a war of opinions. The time is at hand when we shall hear no more of treaties among sovereigns, disposing of nations like flocks of sheep. In vain had the treaty of Vienna confirmed to the Bourbons the throne of France, and to the Nassaus that of Belgium, when the people resolved to cast from them the obnoxious dynasties. In vain do the military monarchies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, regard with fear and trembling these striking events;—they dare not interfere, however strong may be their wishes. From foreign molestation the Belgians are secure, and we trust they will not be disturbed by domestic disunion. They have

already turned their swords into ploughshares; may Freedom and Peace be their household Gods!—for, as a free nation, they will henceforth be the natural and firm ally of Great Britain.

From the United Service Journal.

MOB VICTORIES.

We live in an age that has modestly assumed to itself the appellation of "the age of intellect," and is yet less guided in its actions and in the formation of its opinions by rational and deliberate reflection, than any period of human history to which reference can possibly be made. It should, in fact, be termed the age of phrases, that seldom admit of distinct definition or practical application; and pretended reasoners arrive at general and sweeping conclusions, before the premises from which they affect to draw them have been either established or investigated. Because the troops engaged against the populaces of Paris and of Brussels failed in their object, it is immediately concluded, and loudly proclaimed, that soldiers cannot master the unorganized mob of a town; the people are loudly called upon to avail themselves of this important discovery, to enlist under the banners of liberalism, and, sword in hand, to establish such an order of things as shallow and ignorant theorists, designing individuals, or the heated imagination of drunken mobs, may suggest. Because a few regiments, at the cheering of the ferocious and disgusting bands of *Federes*, who issued from the Faubourg St. Antoine, forsook the Sovereign whom they had sworn to defend, it is immediately assumed that soldiers are not to fight against their countrymen, and so rapidly does the *mania* spread, that entire armies send in their submission to self-elected governments, whose existence is hardly known to half the country they pretend to rule; and the garrisons of important fortresses lay down their arms on the first rising of mobs ignorant even of the object of their own rebellion.

A delusion so dangerous, and principles so pernicious, must be exposed and put down without loss of time.

And first, a word as to the act that binds all ranks of soldiers to their duty. It consists of a solemn engagement, contracted before God and their country, to uphold the government of that country at every personal risk and sacrifice, life itself not excepted; and on the faith of the pledge thus solemnly made, the order, security, and independence of countries has in all times of danger and difficulty been intrusted to military keeping. In the present state of society, the peace and general confidence of the community must in a great measure rest upon the trust thus reposed in their honour; nor can either Popes, priests, or councils, any more than self-elected governments, free them from that high and honourable responsibility: nothing but an act as solemn as

their engagement, emanating from a power sanctioned and authorised by their entire country, can discharge them; and any previous abandonment of their trust, is perjury before Heaven, a breach of faith towards man, and a base and infamous desertion from the cause of honour, loyalty, and order.

" Their names, their coward names—to every eye

The climax of all scorn—should hang on high,
Exalted over less abhor'd compeers
To fester in the infamy of years."

Sophists may, perhaps, devise situations in which the principles here laid down can be no longer applicable;—we shall not question their ingenuity, for we are addressing ourselves to the plain and honest understanding of the reader only, and are not disposed to enter into an idle investigation of possibilities, that, in the present state of society, and under the enlightened governments of central Europe, must be placed far beyond the reach of ordinary probability.

And now as to the late contest—The only advantage that infantry soldiers, who can alone be effectively employed in towns, possess over an unorganized population, is their power of simultaneous action and movement; but so decisive is this advantage that no numerical superiority, even with equal courage and arms, can possibly make up for it; because the former can easily bring all their exertions to bear successively against the weak points of the latter, who have no means of combining their efforts for mutual defence and assistance, and are besides without the confidence naturally resulting from the certainty of ready and prompt support: the main reason for which mobs, however fierce they may be at times, are never steadily brave. The steam-engine of a hundred horse power, that could strike to the ground thousands that should approach in the direction in which its blows were dealt, might nevertheless be easily destroyed by a single individual, striking successively with an ordinary sledge-hammer at the weak parts of the machinery. The case, then, is completely changed as soon as the unorganized combatants are so posted as to be beyond the reach of their organized adversaries, and the latter exposed, without the power of retaliation, to the arms and the missiles of the former; under such circumstances, neither skill nor courage can avail the soldier, and the bravest and the best may be forced to succumb to those who hate merely sufficient resolution to throw stones from the roof of a house, or, under the protection of good stout walls, to fire a musket or pistol from a garret-window. It was by being thus placed, that the British troops, whose bravery and conduct it is no longer the fashion to question, were defeated, without a chance of success, in the streets of Rosetta and Buenos Ayres, by a contemptible rabble, ten thousand of whom would not have dared to face in the field a single battalion. At Buenos Ayres, indeed, seven hundred men fled in terror

and dismay before the grenadier company of the 36th regiment alone. Every person who has ever walked through a street, particularly on the continent, where the houses are in general high, the lower windows barred, and the doors of the texture of castle-gates, must see how impossible it is for troops to contend successfully in the streets of a hostile town against a population determined on resistance. Exposed to fire from every window, and to missiles thrown from the roofs, what are soldiers, armed only with muskets and bayonets, to do? to fire at invisible foes is of course useless; to halt is certain destruction; to push on, for what object and whither? it is only going, under constant fire, from one street to another, in pursuit of those whose object is not to make a stand, but to issue by twos, threes, or twenties, as opportunities offer, from every dark lane or recess, fire upon their assailants, and again seek shelter in their hiding-places, where the soldiers, ignorant of the localities, and liable to be struck down, or if in small parties over-matched, cannot follow them. To break into houses, such as we have described, is at the best no easy matter, under the fire of all the surrounding buildings, and when achieved, leads only to the occupation of the one, two, or ten houses, captured at a heavy loss, without tending materially to diminish the general means of defence. The most ordinary barricade becomes almost impregnable, for whilst the head of the column is engaged in its assault, the rear remains defencelessly exposed to certain destruction, and is rendered incapable of following up any success the advance may be so fortunate as to gain. To bring artillery into the streets is out of the question, as the horses would, of course, be immediately brought down, nor could guns be worked under so close a fire of musketry; besides, the occupation of the streets and houses of a hostile town ought not to enter into the contemplation of a leader of even ordinary judgment, for it can answer no real object; but there are posts, in and near all towns, that command the town themselves; and the principal avenues to a town once seized and secured, (as may be done in a few hours against all the efforts of mob assaults,) its early and unconditional submission is insured. With the forces brought against Paris and Brussels, there were at least ten modes of attack that must have proved successful; the one adopted was, perhaps, the only one that rendered failure possible, and where the only chance of success was made to rest on the misconduct of the defenders. But it is a dangerous experiment to calculate on the weakness or incapacity of our enemies; in war it has led to more disasters than any other cause that ever influenced military operations.

It must be added, however, that neither the French nor the Dutch troops appear to have done their duty on the late occasions, for at Paris, one day's skirmishing, (to drill and en-

courage the mob,) and two days of what, for form's sake, we shall call the fighting, of thirty or forty thousand men on one side, against ten to twelve thousand on the other, occasioned a general loss, when correctly stated, of only seventeen hundred wounded, that would give a total of two thousand killed and wounded; and so slight were most of the wounds, that three hundred men were discharged from one hospital on the very day after their admission. We all know that on occasion of popular tumults, men are much more liable to be seriously frightened than seriously hurt; and a good meeting at Donnybrook Fair would at any time show nearly as formidable a list of wounded—the wounds inflicted with arms less formidable, indeed, but requiring in the handling far more skill and courage than appear to have been displayed by either of the parties during the late contest in Paris.

At Brussels things were, if possible, still worse managed; for with the events in Paris fresh in their recollection, the same ill-judged mode of attack was followed: and with the conviction staring them full in the face, that the loss of the Belgian provinces would be the almost certain, and a war in Europe, the probable consequence of defeat, a Dutch army of eight thousand men retired from a contest on which so much depended, after a loss of only seven hundred men, the greater number of whom, exclusive of deserters, so slightly injured, as to have been capable of almost immediately rejoining their ranks! With a full belief in the extensive range and power of human folly and human cowardice, we yet doubt whether either the one or other could singly have brought about such a result, and are, therefore, bound to believe, that the agency of both must have been actively at work on this lamentable and evil-boding occasion.

If the atrocities said to have been committed by the Dutch troops during their partial occupation of Brussels, have really been perpetrated by them, they more than deserve the chastisement they have received. But the chances are, that these excesses, if committed at all, were so principally by the populace; for allowing Dutch soldiers to be just as bad as the individuals of a mob, they are held, at least, under some restraint by their officers, who should be men of honour and of character; whereas a mob are under no restraint whatever. The story of a servant having been crucified, burned by a slow fire, transfixed with bayonets, and pierced with balls, places the folly, falsehood, and exaggeration of the liberals in so glaring a light, that we may fairly indulge the hope that all the other tales of horror circulated by them, are equally destitute of foundation.

Gen. Whitelock stated on his defence, that it was with a view to spare the people of Buenos Ayres, which had been strongly impressed upon him by the Ministry then at the head of English affairs, that he was led to adopt the

ill-judged mode of attack that he followed, and of which he himself wholly disapproved. It is more than probable that similar motives influenced on the late occasions both the French and the Dutch leaders, though they should have known that half measures, at all times pernicious, are doubly so in war; that to dally with a mob is, not only to encourage them to resistance, but to give them dangerous time for preparation, when, as was the case at Paris, so large a portion consisted of old and experienced soldiers; and that the most merciful mode of proceeding, when the sword is once drawn, either in foreign or in civil war, is to set mercy aside as long as resistance is continued.

How, then, it may be asked, are disciplined troops to proceed against unorganized bands? To answer the question at length would be to write half a treatise on the art of war, for it must of course depend on local situation, and on an endless variety of other circumstances. But we may briefly state that, as the combined action of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, can be resisted by active force only, which mobs do not possess, the action of these three arms should never, if possible, be separated. The only way, for instance, of escaping from the effects of artillery is, either to bring a superior fire to bear upon it, or to capture the guns; but mobs in general are not provided with artillery, and all the mobs in the world could not take a brigade of guns, properly posted, if supported by a single battalion of infantry and one squadron of horse. Under the unopposed cover of artillery, again, infantry can do what they like; they may successively occupy, without loss or danger, whatever posts, building, or position may suit them; so that without recourse being had to a bombardment or investment, the insurgents may be driven like game in a *battu*, within the reach of their adversaries, and forced to submit or fight it out where military arms and action can tell; and where they can tell, a superiority only with those arms and in that mode of action, or some greater yet undiscovered power, can be expected to conquer. Disciplined troops, in short, even infantry alone, possess active strength; unorganized multitudes, the power of resistance only; and no power of mere resistance can ultimately withstand the exertions of active power. As the mountain of sand—composed of millions of unconnected particles, destitute of all links capable of binding them together for mutual support—is scattered by the whirlwind of the desert, even so must all unorganized bands, however numerous, give way before the onset of soldiers trained to a just knowledge and performance of their duty.

The proper time of acting against mobs is also a matter of consequence. Where they cannot be crushed before they gather head, the best plan is, perhaps, to allow the first ebullition of excitement to evaporate; the lower orders, who alone fight on such occasions,

must either return to their usual occupations, or be supported by the higher classes; and it is wonderful to see how soon liberalism cools whenever its doctrines are to be supported—cash in hand. Let the King of Holland prevent the egress of Belgian manufactures through Holland, (owing to the French and Prussian custom-houses, they have no other outlet;) let him proclaim a distinct and unreserved amnesty; hold an army ready to take advantage of circumstances; and in less than a month, the town of Brussels will be illuminated to celebrate the return of the best of Kings. And no wonder, for those who compare, as we can from personal observation, what Belgium was in 1814, when grass was growing in the streets of the largest towns, and the finest houses and palaces were falling rapidly into decay, with the flourishing condition of the country just before the breaking out of the late revolution, will find it difficult to believe that any just cause of complaint against the Government could exist. On the other hand, it is well known that the Belgians were always the most fickle and turbulent people in Europe, though never, in modern times, renowned for their bravery, as the Liberals, with their usual ignorance of history, now pretend.

From the Amulet.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

THAT particular district of the Lesser Asia included within the river Cayster and the Cæcus, the Ægean Sea, and the lower declivities of the Tauric chain of mountains behind Philadelphia, had early and great claims to the attention and admiration of mankind. Here was the mild Ionia, with her arts and her elegancies—her countless temples, still beautiful in their desolation—her crowded cities, the birth-places of poets and philosophers whose names survive the firm-set wall and the column of marble or of bronze, and *now* can never die. Here was Lydia and her riches—her gold-flowing Pactolus and Gygean lake—her Tumuli, those lofty and enduring records of the dead, reckoned among the world's wonders; nor could Lydia's monarch be forgotten and the name of Cræsus cease "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Here too was the Pergamenan kingdom, and the splendid capital of Pergamus, and its library, inferior only to that of Alexandria; and Caria, Mysia, and Æolis, all contained within our narrow limits, and combining to form a region peculiarly enlightened and interesting—a federation of little states, characterised and perpetuated by the genius and taste inherent to the colonies of Greece—an oasis of civilization, and at times of freedom, on the edge of the barbarity and slavery of Asia.

To the ancient Gentiles, moreover, this was a holy land; the polytheists here revered spots consecrated by mythology as being the scenes of the loves and deeds of their divinities, and

of the earliest intercourse of the gods with the sons of men. To them, Niobe still mourned in stone on the lofty Sipylus, and the irate Latona still spoke her anger in the thunders of that mountain; the "regions of fire" which modern science may partially explain, and reduce to a volcanic district, were to them replete with omens of awful import, and in a special manner the regions of mystery and awe.

The disciple of a sounder philosophy—though unimpressed with the Pagan creed that has passed so utterly away from the earth (which it was not calculated to improve) that not even a Julian would hope to re-illuminate its altars—cannot travel through this part of Asia Minor, without having his heart touched at each step of his lonely pilgrimage, and disposed to melancholy, by the sight of the utter desolation into which the long, prosperous and most abundantly-peopled regions have fallen. He cannot hear the jackal's cry in the loneliness of Ephesus, without asking, where are the thousands and tens of thousands that thronged its streets and issued from its gates? He cannot see the storks and the wild doves, the only occupants of Philadelphia's crumbling walls—he cannot watch the Turcoman driving his cattle among the fallen columns and desecrated walls of Sardes—he cannot see the relics of ancient art, the very perfection of sculpture and architecture, levelled with the earth, torn away, mutilated, to honour a barbarian's grave—without a sad thrilling of the heart, and an ardent wish that it were possible for the civilized portion of mankind to interfere, and stay the annihilating hand of the Turk.

But to the inheritor of a purer faith, to a Christian, and one penetrated with the full value and spirit of Christianity, how immeasurably must this interest be increased! He views in these regions the early arena of the undying church of Christ; as he toils over the lofty mountains, and traverses the desolate plains, he remembers the ground was trod by the blessed feet of the immediate disciples of the Lord; from city to city (or rather, as in most cases, from site to site) he traces the outlines or the station of the primitive churches—the first to echo with the blessed word, the "glad tidings of salvation;" and to his eyes the Christian walls of Pergamus and Sardes, Philadelphia and Thyatira, are not rude, unintelligible masses, but endeared and consecrated objects, that, though now mute, were once "vocal with their Maker's praise," and echoed with the voices of those who received their mission and their instruction from the voice of the Son of God himself. Nor is this all—he may seat himself in the shade of those ruins, and recurring to his book—the legacy of his Saviour—he may read the instruction and discipline addressed by the Apostles to the first Christians who congregated here; and, moreover, immeasurably increase the interest and the awe he must feel, by tracing in his volume, and in the

dread prediction of eighteen centuries ago, the very picture of the present desolation of the "Seven Churches of Asia." The lapse of time, and all the sorrow and the sin that has filled up the long space, may disappear to his eyes; but here is the prophecy and here its fulfilment!—a fulfilment to the very letter of the holy text. With convictions like these, the stones that strew the ground, the rent fragments that still rise in air, though "trembling to their fall," are not in his eyes merely the melancholy ruins of human industry and ingenuity; they are records of his God, and of the will of that Providence whose ways, inscrutable as they may be, he is taught to consider as ever just, with a tendency to mercy.

It has been my fortune to visit, and in a quiet, lonely manner, adapted to impress the sad scenes on my mind, several of these cradles of Christian faith, and I will endeavour to give concisely a description of those I saw, completing the picture of the "Seven" from other Eastern travellers.

The first of the churches to which my journeying led me, and which *had* been one of the most important of the seven, was SMYRNA.* The peculiar felicity of the situation of this place still retains, and seems always to have retained, a certain degree of commerce and its natural consequences—population and prosperity. But these are merely comparative, and to exalt Smyrna she must be compared with the present depopulated, wretched condition of the districts that surround her, and not to herself, or to the cities of her neighbourhood at the period preceding the date of the awful prediction of her ruin. At the more ancient epoch referred to, Smyrna was the admiration of a most ingenious people, who possessed the fine arts in a perfection we have still to see equalled; her lofty Acropolis bore whole quarries of marble on its proud brow; temples and stoas, theatres and a library, covered the bold sides of the hill, facing the clear, deep bay—a fitting mirror for so much grace and beauty; her crowded but elegant houses descended in gentle parapets from the heights of Mount Pagus, and stretched to the banks of the sacred Meles; whilst, far beyond, an avenue of temples and tombs, villas, and baths, extended in the direction of a modern village, called Bour-nabat: in short, ancient description, the glorious site of the place as we now see it, and the beauty of the remains of sculpture and building occasionally discovered, combine to justify the high titles with which she was honoured, and to prove that Smyrna was indeed "the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia." Now, compared to this, what I saw certainly did not seem of a character to stand, as some have made it to do, in the teeth of a prophecy. Her Acropolis was bare, or only marked by the

walls, with many a yawning fissure between them; of the ancient fortifications, of temples, or other edifices of taste and grandeur, were there none; the Turkish houses, that seemed sliding down the hill, were mean, filthy, and tasteless; and every here and there an open space, with smoked and blackened walls around it, gave evidence of recent conflagration; narrow and dirty streets led me to the Meles—the sacred and Homer's own river according to Smyrnan tradition—and I found the stream foul, and wholly insignificant; the avenue beyond it could be merely traced by the occasional obtrusion of a block of marble, or the base of a wall, which, indifferent to their ancient destination, the indolent Turks used as stepping-stones to mount their horses. The only buildings, and they could not pretend to much importance, that rose above the general insignificance, were the Mahometan mosques; and the voices of the Muezzins from their minarets seemed to proclaim the triumph of the crescent over the cross, and to boast of the abasement of the church of Christ in one of its "high places." The Christians, divided by heresies and feuds, were merely tolerated on the spot where the church had been all-triumphant, and the Greek, the Catholic, and the Armenian offered up their devotions in narrow temples, that were fain to hide "their diminished heads." It required the skill of an antiquary to trace the walls of the church on the side of Mount Pagus, where Saint Polycarp and others had suffered martyrdom. Nobody attempted to shew me even the site of the original metropolitan temple, but every step I took offered me evidences of that destruction and humiliation foretold by the inspired writer. An infidel and barbarous race, the Turks, whose existence was not even known in the days of the prophecy, were masters or tyrants of the fair country; and the wealth and prosperity of Smyrna, or the small portion of them that remained, had passed into the hands of foreign traders; some of them from countries considered in a state of unimprovable barbarity, or altogether unknown, when the prediction was uttered—for English, Dutch, and Americans were the most influential of the number. The red hand of the Osmanlis had very lately waved over the devoted city; and if slaughter had ceased, a pestilential fever, engendered by the putrid waters and filth about the town, daily thinned its inhabitants. The productions of art, of the pencil or the chisel, were looked for in vain in Smyrna, that had been art's emporium—in Smyrna, whose ancient coins and medals, and other exquisite fragments, have partially furnished half of the numerous cabinets of Europe. The voice of music was mute, the converse of philosophy was no more heard, and, of a certainty, Smyrna was in the days of tribulation with which she had been threatened.

A journey through a desolate country, whose natural fertility and picturesque loveliness (all

* "Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

unnoticed by the few barbarians that traverse it) only added to the melancholy of my impressions, brought me to another of the seven churches—to PERGAMUS* which is situated on the right bank of the river Caicus, about sixty miles to the N. of Smyrna. The approach to this ancient and decayed city was as impressive as it well might be; after crossing the Caicus, I saw, looking over three vast tumuli or sepulchral barrows, similar to those of the plains of Troy, the Turkish city of Pergamus, with its tall minarets and taller cypresses, situated on the lower acclivities and at the foot of the Acropolis, whose bold, grey brow was crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, the usurper of the site of a magnificent Greek temple. But on coming still nearer, the lofty, massy walls of early Christian churches offered themselves to my eye, frowning in their ruin; and after having made my ingress into the once splendid city of Pergamus, the capital of a flourishing kingdom, through a street flanked by hovels and occupied in the midst by a pool of mud, I rode under the stupendous walls of these degraded edifices with silent awe. I would not take upon myself to determine that either of these ruins belonged to the primitive Christian temple; indeed, from their magnificent dimensions, the style and durability of the architecture, and other circumstances, I should rather conclude that they arose several centuries after the immediate ministry of the apostles, and when Christianity was not a humble and oppressed creed, but the adopted religion of a vast empire. Yet I felt a pleasure in lending my faith to a poor Greek, who assured me that one of the ruins, an immense hall, with long windows, a niche at each end, and an entrance or door of gigantic dimensions, occupied the very spot where had stood the first church of Christ in Pergamus; nor is it at all improbable, but rather in accordance to the general habits of men, that the Greek Christians should have revered and preserved the locality, until enabled to erect a splendid temple, on what had been originally a humble tabernacle. Though these ecclesiastical buildings, which are principally in the Roman style, and formed of admirably strong brick-work, mixed sparingly with stone and *traversi* of marble, cannot pretend to any great beauty as works of art, but rather denote periods of the lower empire, when taste had disappeared, "and the science of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the bricklayer," still they do not cease to be impressive, picturesque objects, and present themselves to the eye whichever way you turn. In looking from the plain towards the Acropolis they stand boldly out in the picture, and offer greater breadth and mass of ruin than any thing on that hill; and on gazing from the summit of the Acropolis downward,

* "Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth."

they show like vast fortresses amidst barracks of wood—like "skeletons of Titanic forms," raising their heads reproachingly, but proudly, above the pigmy wooden houses of the present inhabitants of the dishonoured city of Pergamus. But if in this it differ from the other cities of the seven churches, if the Christian remains and the Christian style predominate here, as they do not elsewhere, and the objects first to meet and last to retain the melancholy regard of the traveller are these essentially connected with his religion, still he must mourn over the desecration of these edifices dedicated to the faith of Jesus—must mourn over the present darkness of Pergamus, once "so rich in gospel light"—so crowded with temples to echo that gospel's words. One of the churches serves as a work-shop for coarse pottery, another I saw converted into a cow-stall; "and the poor Greeks, with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could be easily repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a little church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous." This mean edifice is the only one which now echoes the name of Christ; and, alas! the hymn of praise is subdued and whispered, for fear of offending the fanatic Turks; and moral intelligence and spiritual illumination are not to be looked for in the long oppressed and barbarized Greek priests. It is probable that the primitive church was not materially, or in brick or stone, extent or elevation, much superior to this lowly temple; but how immeasurably different the light that beamed—the spirit that animated it! It was not without deep interest that I saw in this church of Pergamus some copies of the New Testament in Romain, edited by Englishmen, and printed at London. The sight suggested a compression of chronological space, and of historical facts, almost astounding. When the gospel was proclaimed in these fair regions, what was Britain? Whence, and through the medium of what language, had we, with all Europe, derived our knowledge of the words and the acts of the Son of God and his disciples? From the Greek, which was not merely to instruct us in all that was sublime and beautiful in poetry, and the other branches of human literature, but to lead us to the knowledge of our eternal salvation, and to form the broad basis of our religious instruction and belief. Since the dissemination of the Scriptures in that all but perfect language, the degraded Greeks had lost the idiom of their ancestors; and the schools of remote Britain had a key to their ancient treasures which themselves did not possess. About a century since a Greek priest of Gallipolis, on the Propontis, had rendered the Scriptures from the ancient Hellenic, which they did not understand, into the Romain, or modified dialect spoken by the people in his day. An inconsiderable edition was printed and circulated, but poverty and oppres-

sion precluded the adequate supply; and, in the process of years, the dialect had so much changed, that in many instances the Romaic of the Gallipolitan papas was no longer intelligible. Then it was that England, who, in the centuries that had intervened, had kept on in a steady course of improvement, found herself in a condition to assist her ancient instructress, and to come forward and pay in part a long-standing debt of gratitude. It was under the care of Englishmen that the New Testament was again revised, compared with the ancient, and corrected, and adapted in its modern idiom; and the presses of England—the press, a miraculous engine of good or evil unknown to the Greeks of old, England, a barbarous island then scarcely noted on the world's horizon—had supplied thousands of copies of the book of life, to those regions from which she had originally derived the inestimable treasure. This is indeed a glorious restitution, and one, I hope, that will be persevered in, until we have effectually contributed to raise the civilization, morality, and religion of those, to whose predecessors we owe so much.

The Pagan temples—those structures too beautiful for the worship of divinities with human passions and human vices—were more completely subverted than the Christian churches in Pergamus. The fanes of Jupiter and Diana, of *Æsculapius* and Venus, were prostrate in the dust; and where they had not been carried away by the Turks to cut up into tomb-stones, or to pound down into mortar, the Corinthian columns and the Ionic, the splendid capitals, the cornices and pediments, “all in the highest ornament,” were thrown in unsightly heaps. Some lay in the stony bed of the *Selinus*, a mountain-stream that washes the *Acropolis*’ base; and others, mangled and defaced, were strewn on the sides and brow of the *Acropolis* itself. “As I looked thence, (may I be permitted to quote my own words?) down from the walls of the upper castle, I was filled with melancholy reflections. Before me was a suite of ruins; the city of *Lysimachus* had disappeared—it had been in part destroyed by Roman conquest; but the perhaps equally magnificent Roman city had disappeared too; the rich provincial city of the Greek empire had fallen after it; the walls erected by the Christians, to defend themselves against the Saracens and Turks, were all prostrate, and even the walls of the barbarous *Donjon*, which reigned the lord of all those stately edifices, the survivor of so many superiors, were themselves fast crumbling to the common ruin! The scenery from the *Acropolis* is grand but sad. The fine plain before Pergamus, which (to use an expression of Professor Carlyle, when describing this part of Asia) ‘seems ready to start into fertility at a touch,’ is sparingly cultivated; except on the very edges of the town; and as I may well add, as he did with a sigh, ‘but alas! that touch is wanting!’ On looking from the castle, I could trace the ra-

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vages made by the unrestrained flood-courses of the *Caicus* and its tributary streams, which have cut the plain into broad, bare, sandy veins.”

I have remarked at Smyrna the depression of the Christian religion, and that even there, where the Turks, by the frequent contact with Franks, and from the effects of commerce, are comparatively tolerant, still, the Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics, are fain to perform their church ceremonies in a quiet, retiring manner. But as you remove from that short line of coast, fanaticism increases; and the more barbarous Turk of the interior grudgingly allows to the Greek, or the Armenian, the exercise of his own worship, and the use of his own lowly temple. I could never attend service in the church of Pergamus, as it was always hurried over by early morning dawn. All the wearers of the black turban, when abroad, or exposed to the observation of the Turks, struck me as being timid and faltering; but besides the inferiority they are habitually made to feel as Christians, their spirits may have been still more broken by the recollection of recent massacres committed on their race, within the town of Pergamus—and to an extent, considering their relative populations, far exceeding those perpetrated in Smyrna.

The overflowing population of the ancient and magnificent Pergamus had sunk, at the time of my visit, (1828,) to about fourteen thousand, of which there were about three thousand Greeks, three hundred Armenians, not quite three hundred Jews; the rest were Turks. A collection in a Greek school of about fifty volumes in Romaic was called “the library,” and represented the ancient store of two hundred thousand volumes, formed here by the munificent monarchs of Pergamus; and a dirty little Italian quack, ignorant and insolent, was head practitioner of medicine in the city which gave birth to Galen, and of which *Æsculapius* was the tutelary divinity! The town was as dull as the grave, except during the night, when, as it happened to be the *Ramazan* of the Turks, there was some stir and revelry among the Mahometan portion of it. The animal creation delighted me more than the human world: I have dwelt elsewhere with enthusiasm on the storks and turtle-doves that I used to see from my apartment, covering the lofty, castle-like walls of the Greek church of *Agios Theologos*, or sailing or flitting across the blue twilight sky, the doves “forming an amorous choir which never ceased by day or by night;” and I have recorded the vernal voices of the cuckoos that contributed to make the air and the voice of Pergamus redolent with languor and tender feeling, to a degree I have never experienced in any other spot on earth. But I neglected, which I should not have done, to mention in those pages, the occurrence of a little scriptural picture. The Psalmist says, “As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house;” and at a humble village in the neighbourhood

No. 104.—N

of Pergamus, screened by a dark wood of mountain fir, I observed in one of my solitary rides the vast procreant cradle, "and the broad white wing, of the stork, on nearly every other tree."

From Pergamus I went on to SARDES, by rather a circuitous route, taking Kirkagatch and Magnesia on my way. The country I traversed, the luxuriant vales of the Caicus and the Hermus—two noble rivers!—was almost as deserted and melancholy as the regions between Smyrna and Pergamus; but nothing that I had yet seen equalled the desolation of the city of Sardes.* I saw from afar the lofty Acropolis fringed with crumbling ruins; and when I crossed a branch of the Golden Pactolus which once flowed through the Agora, or market place—and when I stood there at eleven o'clock, the very hour in which, in its ancient days, the place would be crowded—I saw not a soul, nor an object of any sort to remind me that this solitude had been a vast and splendid city, save here and there a patch of ruin—a dismantled wall, or a heap of stone and brick-work mixed with brambles and creeping weeds. Where palaces and temples, theatres and crowded habitations had stood, a green and flowery carpet or smooth sward met the eye; and the tall, stately asphodel, or day-lily, gleamed in its beauty and pallidness, where the marble column had risen in other days. The brook—for the Pactolus is now nothing more than a brook, and a choaked and insignificant one—gently "babbled by;" a cool breeze blew from the snow-covered Mount Tmolus, which, if I may be permitted to use the poetical language of the Sicilians, as applied to Etna, stood like "*L'Arciprete de' monti, che in cotta bianca, al ciel porge gl' incensi*," facing me far across the plain. This breeze murmured along the steep, rough sides of the Acropolis, and sighed among the underwood that grew thickly at its foot. Other sounds were there none, save now and then the neighing of my horse, who crushed the flowers and the scented turf beneath his hoof, and gave utterance to the contentment and joy suggested by such fair pasture. This utter solitude, and in such a place, in the Agora of the populous Sardes, became oppressive: I would have summoned the countless thousands of ancient Lydians, that for long centuries had slept the sleep of death beneath that gay green sward: spirits might have walked in broad noon-day—so silent, void, awful was the spot! Here the hand of destruction had spared nothing, but a few rent walls, which remained to tell all that had been done; were they not there, the eye might pass over the plain and the hill as a scene of a common desert, and never dream that here was the site of Sardes! The Pagan temple and the Christian church had alike been desolated; the architectural beauty of the one, and the pure

* "If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come upon thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee."

destination of the other, having been all inefficient for their preservation. Four rugged, dark, low walls, by the side of a little mill, represented the church; and two columns erect, and a few mutilated fragments of other columns, scattered on the sward or sunk in, were all that remained of that "beautiful and glorious edifice," the temple of Cybele at Sardes! At the mill by the church I met two Greeks, and these, I believe, formed the resident Christian population of this once distinguished city of the Lord. From the mill I could see a group of mud huts on the acclivity under the southern cliffs of the Acropolis—there might have been half a dozen of these permanent habitations, and they were flanked by about as many black tents. A pastoral and wandering tribe of Turcomans dwelt here at the moment, and the place almost retained the ancient name of the city—they called it *Sart*. Well might the Christian traveller exclaim here—and what is Sardes now? "Her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down." "She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms." "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!"

I have described in my book of travels, and at some length, the state of the ruins of Sardes; this detailed description need not be repeated here, but perhaps I may be excused for quoting from that volume the impressions, as they were noted down at the time, made upon me by the melancholy prospect from the Acropolis. "The view from the rugged brow was vast and sublime; the broad plain of the Hermus, through which wound the stately and classical river, was at my feet; at the extremity of the plain, in a direction nearly due north, I could discern the tranquil bosom of the Gygan lake; the lofty tumuli, the sepulchres of Alyattes, and of Lydia's royal race; beyond which the view was terminated by a ridge of mountains. To the west was a chain of jagged, rocky hills; to the east were the high, broad cones of Tmolus, deeply covered with snow, whose white hues, tinged by the reflected purple of the setting sun, shone like an accumulated mound of brilliant rose leaves. Behind the Acropolis, to the south, the long, deep valley of the Pactolus, plunged within the blackening sides of the majestic mountains, and cast itself in shade, seemed strikingly solemn and mysterious; its famed stream was at intervals hidden by, and at others seen rushing through, dark trees and thick underwood, whilst at the more open parts of the valley, beneath where I stood, it was burnished with gold and crimson, by the farewell rays of the god of day. Of living beings there were none visible, save a small herd of lowing cattle, driven by two mounted Turcomans in the direction of the concealed village; but historical recollections and imagination could people the spot with Cimmerians, Lydians, Persians, Medes, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, Greeks of a declining empire, and Turks of a rising one—

aces that have in turns flourished or played an active part on this theatre, and have in turn disappeared. By such aids, the ancient warrior, with his helmet and breast-plate of shining steel, might be seen again to climb the castellated heights; the conqueror of the world to lay his victorious sword on the altars of Polytheism; and, passing over the lapse of centuries, the fanatic Unitarian, the Moslem Emir, to lift up the voice of praise to Allah and to destiny, that had awarded him such fair conquests."

The troubled state of the country, and other circumstances of a more private nature, prevented me from extending my journey in Asia Minor as I had intended, and I turned back from Mount Tmolus, not without a sigh of regret. I passed a night at Sardes, in a mode quite accordant with the desolation of the place. My lodging was one of the mud-built huts of the Turcomans; my meal, boiled wheat, and a little lamb roasted whole, and in the most primitive manner; and my bed, some sheep-skins spread on the floor. But before I retired to supper and repose, I took a walk in the direction of the ruined temple. It was a short walk, for there was no moonlight to guide my steps, or disclose the objects that interested me, and the large sheep-dogs whom I disturbed set up a tremendous chorus of barking! yet I shall not soon forget the feelings of awe and melancholy that invaded me, as thus, in the gloom of night, and alone, I traversed the deserted site of the splendid, the wealthy capital of Lydia, where Cræsus had counted his treasures, and Alexander triumphed.

The next morning I left Sardes, and keeping to the northward, passed the river Hermus, at rather a bad ford; and then, turning a little to the west, rode on to the tumuli or sepulchral mounds, which were covered with luxuriant grass, green and gay. "Sitting on the gigantic barrow, the greatest work of the ancient Lydians, held as one of the world's wonders, and esteemed by the father of history as inferior only to the works of the Egyptians and Babylonians;" and gazing over the plain, and the course of the Hermus for many miles, or "on the placid Gygan lake, with sedge borders, and waves reflecting the clear blue sky, and solitary as the recesses of an undiscovered world," I enjoyed moments of exquisite happiness; yet the reflections that occupied those moments, though perhaps hallowing to the heart, were emphatically sad. I sat among the dead. Those numerous sepulchral barrows, forming a gigantic *champ des morts*, covered thousands and thousands who had lived and felt, suffered and enjoyed, even like myself. Here around me, "the princes" of Lydia, her wise men, her captains, and "her rulers, and her mighty men, slept a perpetual sleep; and the name of one of them, (of Alyattes) and the nature and use of the extraordinary mounds, had been preserved only by the pages of Herodotus.

From the banks of the Gygan lake, I reluctantly re-crossed the Hermus, and took my way back to Smyrna, by Casabar, and Nymph; but, by the aid of Mr. Arundell and other travellers, I will endeavour to convey my readers whither I did not go, and to complete a picture of the Seven Churches.

THYATIRA,* called by the Turks, Ak-hissar, or the white castle, is situated about twenty-five miles to the north of Sardes, to which place it must offer an agreeable contrast, as, though inferior to Pergamus, and infinitely so to Smyrna, it is superior to any other of the cities of the churches, and is still a large place, abounding with shops of every description. "The appearance of Thyatira," says Mr. Arundell, "as we approached it, was that of a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amidst which appeared the minarets of several mosques, and the roofs of a few houses at the right. On the left, a view of distant hills, the line of which continued over the town; and at the right, adjoining the town, was a low hill with two ruined wind-mills." The disproportion of Christians to Mahometans is great, as there are but two churches to nine mosques in the town. One of the churches is Armenian, the other Greek: the latter was visited by Mr. Arundell. "It was a wretchedly poor place, and so much under the level of the churchyard, as to require five steps to descend to it. The priest told us that the bishop of Ephesus is the Chief Priest of Thyatira. We intended to give him a Testament, but he seemed so insensible of its worth that we reserved it." If, however, Thyatira retain a population and the material of a considerable city, it has been less retentive than others of the seven of its ancient edifices and ruins.

"Very few of the ancient buildings," says Dr. Smith,† "remain here; one we saw, which seems to have been a market-place, having six pillars sunk very low in the ground, about only four spans left above. We could not find any ruins of churches; and inquiring of the Turks about it, they told us there were several great buildings of stone under ground, which we were very apt to believe from what we had observed in other places, where, digging somewhat deep, they met with strong founda-

* See Rev. chap. ii. v. 18.

† Dr. Smith, chaplain to the embassy at Constantinople, to whom we are indebted for the first account of the Seven Churches in modern times, was almost the first to visit them. He performed his journey in 1671, and his work rendered the tour popular among all the Europeans who, as traders or travellers, visited the Levant. His introduction contains a touching passage. "The curious surveys every where extant of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, places so famous for the birth, education, and suffering of our blessed Saviour, suffer us not to be unacquainted with their situation and state."

* * * But a sadder fate seemed to hang over the Seven Churches of Asia, founded by the Apostles, and to which the eternal Son of God vouchsafed to send those Epistles recorded in the Book of the Revelations of St. John."

tions, that, without all question, have formerly supported great buildings."

The same traveller remarks that, in the days of heathenism, Thyatira, like Ephesus, was much devoted to the worship of the goddess Diana; and he thus accounts for the comparative affluence of the former of the two cities. "The inhabitants are maintained chiefly by the trade of cotton wool, which they send to Smyrna."

Another traveller, Rycant, says, "It is this trade, with the crystalline waters, cool and sweet to the taste and light on the stomach, the wholesome air, the rich and delightful country around, which cause this city so to flourish in our days, and to be more happy than her other desolate and comfortless sisters." Many years, however, have passed since Rycant travelled this route, and the decline that seems every where incidental to Turkish misrule has not wholly respected Thyatira. It is not so populous as it was, and a good portion of its trade in cotton has been removed to Kirka-gatch, and to districts nearer to Smyrna.

PHILADELPHIA,* according to the Antonine itinerary, is distant twenty-eight miles from Sardes, E. by S. It stands in the plain of the Hermus, about midway between that river and the termination of Mount Tmolus. Besides the stately Hermus, which divides the plain, numerous brooks and rills give beauty, and verdure, and fertility to the neighbourhood, which is, however, but little cultivated.

When Dr. Chandler crossed it, eighty years ago, he found it possessed by the wandering Turcomans, whose booths and cattle were innumerable. The city the same able traveller describes as mean, but considerable in extent, spreading up the slope of three or four hills. "Of the wall which encompassed it, many remnants are standing, but with large gaps: it is thick and lofty, and has round towers. On the top, at regular distances, were a great number of nests, each as big as a bushel, with the storks, their owners, by them, single or in pairs." This garrison has not been changed, for Mr. Arundell remarks, in 1826, "The storks still retain possession of the walls of the city, as well as the roofs of many of the houses." The same gentleman describes the streets as filthy, and the houses mean in the extreme; but he was deeply penetrated with the beauty of the country, as seen from the hills. "The view from these elevated situations is magnificent in the extreme; gardens and vineyards lie at the back and sides of the town: and before it, one of the most extensive and richest plains in Asia. The Turkish name for Philadelphia, Allah Sher, 'the City of God,' reminded me of the Psalmist: 'beautiful for situation is Mount Zion,' &c. There is an affecting resemblance in the present condition of both these once highly favoured cities of God; the glory of the temple is departed from both; and though the candlestick has never been removed from Philadelphia, yet it emits but a

glimmering light, for it has long ceased to be trimmed with the pure oil of the sanctuary. We returned through the town, and though objects of much curiosity, were treated with civility, confirming Chandler's observation, that the Philadelphians are a civil people. It was extremely pleasing to see a number of turtle doves on the roofs of the houses; they were well associated with the name of Philadelphia."

Dr. Chandler and his companions were received at the Greek episcopal palace—"a title given to a very indifferent house, or rather cottage of clay." The proto-papas, or chief priest, who did the honours in the absence of the bishop, was ignorant of the Greek tongue; and the Christians conversed together, by means of an interpreter, in the Turkish language. The rest of the clergy, and the laity in general, were supposed to know as little Greek as the proto-papas; but the liturgy and offices of the church continued to be read in old Greek, which is sufficiently unintelligible, even to those who speak Romaic or modern Greek.

This disuse of their own language, and the adoption of that of their masters, is not now found to prevail, except among the Greeks far removed from the coast and communication with their brethren, and shut up in the interior of Asia Minor, in some parts of which, I have been told, their church service is in Turkish, written in Greek characters. The bishop who entertained Mr. Arundell was kind, hospitable, communicative, and intelligent, and conversed long and freely with Mr. A.'s fellow traveller, in Romaic; yet the protestant "could not help shedding tears, at contrasting this unmeaning mummery, (the long Greek service on Palm Sunday which he attended,) with the pure worship of primitive times, that probably had been offered on the very site of the present church."

A single pillar, of greater antiquity, and which had evidently appertained to another structure than the present church, forcibly recalls the reward of victory, promised to the faithful member of the church of Philadelphia. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God."

Of five and twenty churches, only five remained, and were used as places of Christian worship. Mr. Arundell had heard of some ancient manuscripts of the Gospels existing at Philadelphia; but when he enquired for them there, and search was made, a priest told him that he did recollect "to have formerly seen some very old pieces of parchment, but that he had learned to-day the children had torn them all up." The enquiry, however, elicited the information, that there exists in the neighbourhood of Cesarea a MS. of the Gospel, all in capital letters, a beautiful work, and held in such "high veneration, that the Turks always

* See Rev. chap. iii. 7, &c.

send for it when they put a Greek upon his oath."

The whole of these regions have been subject to earthquakes, and ancient history records the almost total destruction of Magnesia, Sardes, and other cities, and their reconstruction under Tiberius; yet Philadelphia, though she still survives, has suffered more severely and more frequently than any of them, except Laodicea.

The testimony of Gibbon to the truth of a prophecy, "I will keep thee in the hour of need," might hardly be expected, yet we have it, in these eloquent words. "At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the Emperor, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans in 1390. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins."

Part of the "Catace-caumene" plain, and the ridges of Mount Messogis, intervene between Philadelphia, and her sister LAODICEA, pleasantly situated in the valley of the Mæander, on six or seven hills. The Turks call it Eski-hissar, or the old castle, and Dr. Smith thus describes it. "To the north and northeast of Laodicea, runs the river Lycus, at about a mile and a half distance, but more nearly watered by two little rivers, Asopus and Caper; whereof the one is to the west, the other to the southeast; both which pass into the Lycus, and that into the Mæander. It is now utterly desolated, and without any inhabitants, except wolves, and jackals, and foxes; but the ruins show sufficiently what it has been formerly, three theatres and a circus adding much to the stateliness of it, and arguing its greatness."

More recent travellers have confirmed this picture of desolation, and it is melancholy to trace their steps as, conducted by the camel-driver, or the goat-herd, they pass from ruin to ruin, and find, in excavations made by the Turks of the neighbourhood, for the sake of the stones that have been buried beneath the earth's surface by successive earthquakes, the finest sculptured fragments, the most beautiful remains of the ancient city. But it is to Dr. Chandler's tour we must refer for a description of the peculiar volcanic nature of the country, in which are to be found the direct causes of the effects that meet our eye.

"The hill of Laodicea," says that correct traveller, "consists of dry, impalpable soil, porous, with many cavities resembling the bore of a pipe, as may be seen on the sides which are bare. It resounded beneath our horses' feet. The stones are mostly masses of pebbles, or of gravel consolidated, and as light as pumice stone. We had occasion to dig, and found the earth as hard as any cement. It is an old observation that the country about the Mæander, the soil being light and friable, and full of

salts generating inflammable matter, was undermined by fire and water. Hence, it abounded in hot springs, which, after passing under-ground from the reservoirs, appeared on the mountain, or were found bubbling up in the plain, or in the mud of the river: and hence, it was subject to frequent earthquakes; the nitrous vapour, compressed in the cavities, and sublimed by heat or fermentation, bursting its prison with loud explosions, agitating the atmosphere, and shaking the earth and waters with a violence as extensive as destructive; and hence, moreover, the pestilential grottoes, which had subterraneous communications with each other, derived their noisome effluvia; and serving as smaller vents to these furnaces or hollows, were regarded as apertures of hell—as passages for deadly fumes rising up from the realms of Pluto. One or more of the mountains, perhaps, has burned. It may be suspected that the surface of the country has, in some places, been formed from its own bowels; and in particular, it seems probable, that the hill of Laodicea was originally in eruption." On this head, Mr. Arundell says, "To a country such as this, how awfully appropriate is the message of the Apocalypse! 'I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.'"

The utter solitude of Laodicea is relieved by a Turkish village in the neighbourhood. The view, from the ridge of a hill behind the flat-roofed houses and trees of the village, must be very impressive, as, beside the scattered ruins of Laodicea, the eye embraces those of Hierapolis, another splendid city, fallen from its high estate, situated in a recess of Mount Messogis, and "appearing like a large semicircular excavation of white marble." The river and the plain of the Lycus, are between the two cities; and, turning to the left, there are other ancient remains—ruins!—still ruins! and every where ruins! Higher up the hill is a long line of arches, in large masses, much decayed, once an aqueduct; before which were Turcoman black tents, and thousands of goats and sheep of the same colour."

I now conclude the tour of the Seven Churches with *EPHESUS*, which, though last in my mention, was, perhaps, in reality, the first, the grandest of the seven. From the days of our childhood, the name of the city of Diana and her marvellous temple has rung in our ears, and filled our imaginations with images of surpassing vastness and splendour. If the primitive Christian world acknowledged only seven churches, the ancient world owned only seven wonders, and the temple of the Ephesian Diana was one of the seven. I can still recall the immeasurable proportions and the gorgeousness I attributed to that edifice when I read of it, in a child's book containing descriptions of the prodigies of human art.

St. Paul's or the Abbey of Westminster, or that of York, was a mere nut-shell in my comparison : and though I may have since learned to estimate it more correctly, though I have since seen the "dome, the vast, the wondrous dome" of St. Peter's, "compared to which, Diana's temple was a cell;" and though, in common with all men, the vastness of my young conceptions have been diminished and pared down by time and experience, still, the mere mention of Ephesus suggests notions of essential grandeur—of sublimity. Mr. Arundell, cautious and correct, seldom gives way to the inspirations of enthusiasm; but this is his language when he crosses the sluggish stream of the Cayster, and reaches the forlorn city.—"What would have been the astonishment and grief of the beloved Apostle and Timothy, if they could have foreseen that a time would come when there would be in Ephesus neither angel, nor church, nor city—when the great city would become 'heaps, a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness; a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby!' Once it had an idolatrous temple, celebrated for its magnificence, as one of the wonders of the world; and the mountains of Corissus and Prion re-echoed the shouts of ten thousand, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Once it had Christian temples, almost rivalling the Pagan in splendour; wherein the image that fell from Jupiter lay prostrate before the cross, and as many tongues, moved by the Holy Ghost, made public avowal that 'Great is the Lord Jesus!' Once it had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy; the disciple of St. John; and tradition reports that it was honoured with the last days of both these great men and of the mother of our Lord. Some centuries passed on, and the altars of Jesus were again thrown down to make way for the delusions of Mahomet; the cross is removed from the dome of the church, and the crescent glitters in its stead, while within, the Keble is substituted for the altar. A few years more, and all may be silence in the mosque and the church. A few unintelligible heaps of stones, with some mud cottages untenanted, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians. The busy hum of a mighty population is silent in death. 'Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandize, thy mariners and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandize, and all thy men of war, are fallen.' Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation, and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandize from every country."

All the industry and ingenuity of Tournefort, who visited Ephesus at the beginning of the last century, and of Dr. Chandler, who was there about sixty years after him, were unavailingly employed to trace the site of that ancient temple, or to discover the remains of the Christian churches—except the walls of

one of the latter, or the church of St. John, that were preserved, as Tournefort thought, in a Turkish mosque which then existed; yet those travellers found considerably more than now meets the eye; for the progress of destruction, gradual for centuries in these regions, seems of late years to have moved with increased rapidity.

Of the population Chandler thus speaks: "The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness, dependence, and insensibility; the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some, the substructions of the glorious edifices which they raised; some, beneath the vaults of Stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some, by the abrupt precipice in the sepulchres which received their ashes. We employed a couple of them to pile stones, to serve instead of a ladder, at the arch of the Stadium, and to clear a pedestal of the portico by the theatre from rubbish. We had occasion for another to dig at the Corinthian temple; and sending to the Stadium, the whole tribe, ten or twelve, followed; one playing all the time on a rude lyre, and at times striking the sounding-board with the fingers of his left hand in concert with the strings. One of them had on a pair of sandals of goat-skin, laced with thongs, and not uncommon. After gratifying their curiosity, they returned back as they came, with their musician in front. Such are the present citizens of Ephesus, and such is the condition to which that renowned city has been gradually reduced. It was a ruinous place when the Emperor Justinian filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns. Since then it has been almost quite exhausted. A herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon; and a noisy flight of crows from its marble quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge-call in the area of the theatre and of the Stadium. The glorious pomp of its Heathen worship is no longer remembered; and Christianity, which was here nursed by apostles, and fostered by general councils, until it increased to fulness of stature, barely lingers on in an existence hardly visible."

Little can be added to the solemnity and impressiveness of this passage; *nothing* more is required to establish the fulfilment of the prophecy; for the candlestick is indeed removed out of its place, and night hangs over Ephesus. But we may add shades, deeper and deeper still; for the travellers of our day, Dallaway, Linzay, Arundell, &c., have found that the slight and melancholy record of a Christian people has entirely disappeared—the sound of the rude lyre is hushed—the cry of the beasts of prey and the fowls of the air is increased, and the mal-aria to such a degree that Ephesus is hardly to be approached with safety during six months of the year.

From the Iris.

THE PROTESTANT'S 'KYRIE ELEESON.'

God! whose throne of living light
Burns beyond the starry sky,
Where the hosts of Seraphs bright
Avert the dazzled eye;—
By a Father's tender name,
By thine own unchanging Word;
By the Saviour's holiest claim—
'HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

Thou, in equal Majesty,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Far withdrawn from human eye,
Yet still th' Incarnate Son;—
By the scourge, the shame, the scorn,
By the blood of ransom poured,
By the curse for sinners borne—
'HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

Thou who shar'st the Father's throne,
Spirit holy, pure, divine,
Thou, who with th' Incarnate Son,
Once dwelt in mortal shrine!—
By the strength to sinners given!
By the Book, thy victor-sword!
By the panoply of Heaven—
'HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

Holy, holy, holy Three!
Pure and undivided One!
God in perfect Trinity,
We pray to THEE alone!
Saviour! by the Father given!
Father, by the Son restored!
Spirit! guide from earth to Heaven,
'HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

From the Monthly Review.

THE DEATH OF UGOLINO. By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq. 3ea. pp. 116. Philadelphia: Carey and Lea, 1830.

WE but share with every man of right feeling in this empire, a deep interest in the social improvement of our trans-atlantic brethren. Neither the laws of nature, nor the regulations of men, can interrupt that fraternity of mind which binds the inhabitants of the remotest corners of the earth in one bond of sympathy, and which engages, in still more endearing ties, the dispersed adherents of one common language. In letters, therefore, we no longer regard the Americans as a distinct people. The intellectual republic, to which we all belong, acknowledges neither a William nor a Jackson, neither a parliament nor a congress. If, then, we watch, with tender vigilance, the growth of any branch of literature in the newly-cultivated soil of the United States, it is, we must confess, very much with the view that no detriment shall come to our own.

We are not aware that America has, as yet, produced a poet who has raised any sure foundation of immortality for himself. The feverish days of revolution have passed by in that country, without producing any of those extraordinary intellectual achievements, which usually accompany seasons of great mental excite-

ment. But if, in originality and energy of passion, the American bards cannot cope even with cotemporary poets of Great Britain, they must still be allowed to have vindicated the integrity, purity, and beauty of the language in which they wrote. They sought not to strike and confound, by novelty in their measures; or by recalling the obsolete manner, and restoring the phrases of ancient times. Neither did they propose to remedy, by the choice of a harrowing plot, the deficiencies which they might have allowed to exist in the execution of their performances. But in all their poetical undertakings, they adhered to legitimate expressions, and developed their ideas with a degree of simplicity and order, that required neither trouble nor acuteness in the reader to cause them to be understood. Hence, then, in reading the effusions of the American poets, we are struck with the absence of many of those—we should call them—faults, to which we are so much accustomed in perusing even the best of our own poets. We encounter no ambiguous relations between the different parts of speech which are connected with each other; no labyrinths in which the mind is called on to fatigue itself, to find out a clue to the syntax. In their descriptive poetry, the Americans observe a great fidelity; they do not allow their fancies to mystify or confuse their pictures; and they seem rather to desire to be intelligibly minute, than to aim at imaginative splendour which conveys no definite impression.

Of the justice of these remarks we have, in the well-printed Tragedy before us, a very fair example. We do not think that it would be serving any useful purpose, to examine this drama according to the general rules which apply to such compositions. We propose only to regard it as a specimen of American poetry, the merits of which are to be considered solely in reference to the state of literary cultivation in the country to which the author belongs. It matters little what were the accidents or inducements, in which this Tragedy originated; but finding from Mr. Featherstonhaugh's own explanation how much of his time and thoughts have been devoted to the study of Dante, we cannot but augur favourably, at least, of his judgment and taste; and we need scarcely say, that old and beaten as the story of *Ugolino* is, yet, borrowed so immediately from the poetical fountain where it has lived in immortal freshness, it is impossible for us to object to the subject, though it should be even the thousandth version that called for our attention. As, however, the foundation of a tragedy, the dreadful tale of *Ugolino* is, by no means, a happy selection. The interest exists in the catastrophe alone, and the mind, constantly looking forward to that event, becomes impatient of delay and is only fatigued with the intermediate action. We may say, too, that the powers of a poet must be very much oppressed indeed, who, having involved himself in such a task as this, must, in conformity

to dramatic necessity, prepare a long, gradual introduction to the denouement; and, perhaps, it would be unfair in this instance to cite any passage from those parts of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's tragedy, composed under such adverse circumstances, as a criterion of his poetical abilities. We shall, therefore, pass over the early acts of the piece, and proceed at once to that stage of the business of the drama, in which we find Ugolino a prisoner, with his children, in the Gualandi tower in Pisa. The reader will remember that Ugolino had some time before his imprisonment, joined the Archbishop Ruggieri, then the head of the Ghibbine faction. By this coalition, the Guelphs were so disheartened that they fled, leaving the Ghibbelines in quiet possession of Pisa. Ugolino, taking advantage of the triumphant state of his party, resolved to secure the ascendancy to himself alone; and, in a fit of passion, slew the Archbishop's nephew. Apprehending the consequences of his violence, he renounced the Ghibbine party, and attached himself to the Guelphs. The former took alarm: Ugolino retired to his castle, from which he was forcibly taken by the Archbishop's officers, and placed with his children in the Gualandi tower. It is under such circumstances that we are first introduced to Ugolino.

SCENE III.

Evening. A chamber in the Gualandi Tower.
Count UGOLINO and his children manacled.
The children sleeping on the floor. UGOLINO
looking to the small grated window.

UGOLINO.

Night falls again! Thou peaceful sunset hour,
 That erst upon the desolated hearts
 Of our first parents stole, closing on them
 The wondrous spectacle as if their God,
 Plunging with his spent glories from on high,
 Was bearing them and nature too along,
 Into the irrecoverable tomb
 Of night and death. Thou melancholy hour!
 That dost suspend the influence of life,
 Announcing sleep—Image of longer death.
 All nature seems to shrink at thy approach—
 E'en now yon distant convent bell, that
 twangs

Amid the evening shades, and strikes mine ear,
 Seems to feel sorrow for the dying day.
 Ye soft embrowning shades, that fading light
 Subdue; and to the wearied passengers
 Of life's long journey, bring a rest from toil—
 Fall gently on my senses. Me alone
 Except not from the general blessing. Let
 Your grateful influence wrap my wearied sense,
 My ever waking dream of hope deferred,
 My ever present, restless misery,
 In your oblivious shrouds And when sleep
 falls,

And gently lifts the bonds from these poor babes,
 Then be it so with me. Let not my dreams
 Press these accursed chains deeper within
 My wounded soul. Put not within my grasp
 That phantom of revenge, that mockery
 Of liberty. That when my brooding day
 Is done, my soul may know some rest—not
 wake,

To curse the day, that I was born, to bear
 This bondage. They sleep. The world's affec-
 tions

Are now dead to me—for me no passion lives
 But hatred, rancorous hatred, both to me
 And mine. I can hate—truly I can hate
 An arrogant, deceitful world as well.
 And my affections, they are compassed
 In the brief space this prison doth afford.
 Yet they are strong and more my father's heart,
 Is wrung for them, than for my wretched self,
 This artful tyrant, this Ruggieri,
 Who in my path hath ever stood; he knows
 No kindlier movements of our nature. He
 Is a priest, and has no children. His mind
 Is bent on garnering for himself alone—
 He has not the excuse, if insufficient,
 That ambition lends to those, whose name
 Must be held up, and in some honour given
 To their fair sons. He has no name—no sons.
 His is one thought—how by hypocrisy
 He best may veil his lust of power. And I,
 Fool that I was to trust this faithless priest,
 And called him with his Ghibbelines to my aid,
 Against my kinsman who but thwarted me,
 With whom I should have dealt with gentleness;
 But 'tis ambition's way. We rashly stake
 Realities, for things, which, when attained,
 We can't preserve; and so lose all. E'en so
 Have I done. I have lost all—more than all,
 My own—my children's liberty to boot. [*A noise.*
 What noise is that? 'tis an unwanted hour!
 They have unbarred the prison door below.
 Gualandi, may be—with some food. 'Twas
 strange

They brought no food to-day, and since the morn
 Of yesterday we fast. I deemed him galled
 Last night; the silent scorn he got, might well
 Ruffle my haughty jailor—and I thought
 He kept it back perhaps to harass me,
 And try my patience more. Once indeed,
 thoughts

Flashed o'er my mind—too horrid—They are
 passed—

I did not dare to think on them. And now,
 I wot, he sends us food when day and spite
 Lie down together. Arise, my sons, shake
 Off your sleep—here's food for ye at last." p. 64.

The high poetical beauty of this passage will
 not fail to fix the admiration of the reader.

A visit from the Archbishop and Count Gualandi is the cause of this disturbance, and they come to offer terms of compromise to the prisoner, which, however, the latter scornfully rejects, as he avows the most decided distrust in the good faith of the Archbishop. The latter having resolved to starve his prisoners, the effects of the first cravings of hunger on Ugolino's children are thus developed:—

SCENE III.

Chamber of the Gualandi Tower.

UGOLINO; GADDO, UGUCCIONE, NINO, ANSEL-
 MUCCIO, his sons; all pale and weak. ANSEL-
 MUCCIO lying on the ground. NINO leaning
 against the wall. UGOLINO on one side—
 his hands clasped in agony, looking to hea-
 ven.

UGUCCIONE.

Gaddo, sweet Gaddo—patience, patience! see
 How those most pitying tears fall from his eyes.

Let us not move him further—'tis for us
He weeps.

GADDO.

Ay, and those precious little ones,
Those jewels of the centre of his heart,
That fraudulent famine now would steal from him,
Oh! I will be patient—Oh yes, I will.
For your sake, Guccio, for my noble sire,
I will restrain me—he is insensible
To all the horrors of this dreadful place,
If I could be alive and dead at once.

NINO [*faintly*].

Gaddo—see, my father cries—he's hungry—
Won't they bring us something soon to eat—say?
And Anselmuccio's crying too—But I
Have not been hungry since I dreamed last night.
I wish I were though, for I feel quite strange.

GADDO.

Hush, dearest Nino, and come here to me;
It is for us he weeps.

NINO [*advancing to Gaddo*].

Oh Gaddo, help! [*Falls down.*]

GADDO.

What, sweet one, art'st thou so weak; my then look up,
And lean thyself on dearest Gaddo's breast.
See there's our father looking at us [*Raises him.*]

UGOLINO [*looking at them; clasping his hands.*]

God!

Are thy just eyes then turned away from us,
Or, in the depths of thine own counsel, thus
Dost preparation make for some great good,
Beyond the scope and view of our weak minds?
I dare not speak to them! 'tis the fourth day
Since we have looked on food. All hope is fled.
Excuse and consolation—all alike
Exhausted. One short word can comprehend
All that the tyrant priest will send us now—
And that is death—death, that I have looked
upon

Too oft perhaps, and dealt too largely in—
With him too—and the turn is come, when he
And fate may think to square accounts with
me.

But here I die ten thousand deaths each day.
There's not a pang of these dear innocents,
But stretches me upon the rack. My soul,
And body too, are tortured by this fiend.
This is not retribution.—Oh, my God,
Let fall thy wrath on me, but spare my babes!
I am not heard! Famine alone reigns here.
I am grown hoarse with bellowing aloud
For help. I am forsaken—God and man
Have barred the doors of mercy on me. What!
Shall this most foul, most horrible of deaths
Pass, without gracing of a dear revenge?
Thou monstrous, murderous priest!

[*Grasps his hand in a rage. Children run to him.*]

ANSELMUCCIO.

Oh father, dear,
I pray thee do not this—thou clothedst us
With this most miserable flesh—and
Do thou, to stay thy hunger, eat of this.
[*Acerts his head, and offers his arm.*]

UGOLINO [*hides his face in his hands.*]

Come near to me, beloved ones, and dry
A father's tears. It is for ye I feel,
Not for my miserable self. My grief
Was rash. Our God hath not abandoned us.
The cruel tyrant that has mewed us up,
Hath left me rich in my dear children's love.
Cheer up, my Nino. Gaddo thou art more
Than son to me—dear Anselmuccio too,

And sweetest Guccio. Come, come to my arms,
Not even famine can divide us now.

[*Embraces them.*]

NINO.

Sweet father, now I love to look on thee—
I was afraid before. But now thou smilest,
And kissest us so tenderly—indeed
I could be well content to die at once.
I had a dream last night akin to death,
And in that dream I was right happy too.

UGOLINO.

Come tell it, my brave son.

[*They sit on the floor, he in the midst.*]*—pp. 78.*

Perhaps it may be considered as inconsistent
with the circumstances of the boy Nino, to re-
late a long account of a dream to his father.
But we have only to do with the poetry of the
piece, and, in that view, we do not hesitate to
offer some passages of this vision as very
charming poetry:—

NINO.

I was oppressed
With hunger's fiercest pains, when the sun set.
The rivulets too, from Casentin's green hills,
That gently trickle down to Arno's bed—
Cooling their channels as they murmur on—
Were ever present to my longing eyes.
Much weeping, I suppose, brought me to sleep.
When I awoke, somehow as if I'd fled,
I seemed from out this Tower. My spirit felt
An airy lightness in it, as I've thought
The butterflies must feel, when they rove on
From flower to flower. It seemed as if I flew;
And though I had no wings, I felt as gay,
And happy, as a butterfly could do.
In what fair land I was, I knew not then,
The mild and beauteous orient sapphire hue,
Which the serene expanse disclosed around,
Far as the pure ethereal spreads to heaven,
Struck my delighted eyes. The golden sun
Within the glorious expanse was not;
But in his place four brilliant stars I saw.
Joyous the heaven appeared with these fair
lights.

Wondering I gazed, like to a new born thing,
Unconscious and incredulous alike.
Sudden a noble voice broke on my ear;
And turning round I saw a gracious form,
Announcing dignity and high command.
His silvery beard was long, and white his hair,
Mixed, they together venerably flowed
Adown his breast, in full and ample folds.
The rays of those four sacred lights of heaven,
Fell with such wondrous splendour on his face,
That even his aspect dazzled like the sun.
Moving his venerable locks, "Fair child,"
He said, "the precincts of thy earthly home,
By thee are past for ever, and to me
I given, to guide thee in a fairer land,
Where death can make no spoils."

UGOLINO.

The child's inspired!

NINO.

Now, with my guide, most reverently I bent
My steps, along a pleasant mountain's side,
Laved by a tranquil and a boundless sea.
And as I mused where such an ocean went,
Lo now a light, quick moving o'er the wave,
Come on, outstripping the most rapid flight.
Scarcely was my eye an instant turned from
thence,
To speak my guide, when suddenly it seemed

Larger and still more brilliant than before.
Something of white at length I could discern,
And then methought 'twas one had wings
within.

My guide, who hitherto had silence kept,
Knew well the galliot which now approached,
And cried, "Haste, bend down thy knees to the
ground,
And clasp thy hands. Lo! here an angel comes,
God's minister thine eyes shall now behold.
See how of him are human means disdained:
His bark he urges not with oars or sails,
But with his outstretched pinions gains the
shore.

See how they're firmly fixed, erect towards
heaven,
Catching the air with his eternal plumes,
That like material wings, are never changed."
As he approached, downwards I cast my eyes,
Unable to sustain the extreme of light.
The seraph reached the shore. His nimble bark
Was light, and sank not on the wave's soft
breast.

The heavenly pilot stood upon the poop;
His front was radiant with beatitude.
More than an hundred spirits sat within.
"When Israel out of Egypt fled," they sang,
With one full swelling melody, and poured
That soul inspiring anthem to the skies.
Then did the angel sign the holy cross,
Whereat they instant leaped upon the shore,
And he returned, like lightning, as he came.

UGOLINO.

'Tis inspiration, rather than a dream!

NINO.

Sweet father, but the best of it's to come.

UGOLINO.

Speak on, my eloquent beloved one.

NINO.

The gentle spirits that were thus arrived,
Seemed timid as young fawns, ere they have
dared,
In coppice ground, to crop the rustling leaves.
They looked around, and when they saw my
guide,

They shrank as if they feared to give offence.
Nor till they heard his mild and gracious voice,
Were they assured; but when he beckoned
them,

They came to where we stood. As they ap-
proached,

A strange, ungovernable, yet most sweet
And happy feeling thrilled my inmost soul.
A longing and a keen desire; a new
Anticipation of a thing, both good
And welcome, though unknown, came o'er me.
Often I'd heard men speak of happiness,
And I believed that I should know it now.
I felt a love unto these gentle shades,
Not like to mortal love; and as I smiled,
And looked on them, wondering, I first per-
ceived

They breathed not, neither bore their mortal
flesh:

And, stranger still, I found 'twas so with me.
Then I began to think that I was dead,
And that I ne'er again should hear or see
My dearest father, and my brothers here.
Whilst I was musing on this wondrous change,
One of the fairest spirits rushed i' the front,
Where I was with our guide, and, in his arms,
Clasped me with such affectionate desire,
That I was moved to fold him too in mine.

'Twas Anselmuccio, our dear brother here.
Thrice with my arms I clasped the spirit
round,
And to my breast thrice vacant they returned:
An airy phantom, but in aspect true.

Along the brink, a gentle winding path
Led us unto the border of the place
Where died the slope mid-way into the vale.
There on the verdant earth, reclined, I saw
The shades our guide had spoken of anon—
"Salve Regina," pouring to the skies.
And as I gazed intent, the sainted host
Of grave and reverend persons seemed com-
posed.

And then my thoughts, dear father, turned to
you:
But not in sorrow; sorrow is unknown
Beyond the grave—save where 'tis nought but
woe.

This from our guide I learnt, who said, "Be-
hold

The vale of penitents, and this the mount
Of Purgatory, where are cleansed the souls
Of those, who, deeply stained with mortal guilt,
Yet died, invoking blessed Jesu's name.
Amongst the pilgrim penitents ye see,
Is one, who, when you've gained the moun-
tain's top,

Shall enter with you into endless joy—
But not till then. The parent and the child,
Where they forever meet, is Paradise,
And at its gates you'll meet your noble sire.

UGOLINO.

Nay, then, man's wrath is harmless, let it fall—
And welcome death, since it's the door of life
To be with you, my lovely ones, in realms
Where sin, and guilt, and mortal pain's un-
known;

Living like little children, in the smiles
Of one approving, common parent, God—
Can I look forward to such bliss? Alas!
Sweet Nino, much thy dream doth move me—
Still

'Tis but a dream. And did it end here, child?

NINO.

And now the solemn strain at length was hush-
ed:

When of the shades, I one observed arise
And wave his hand, for silence, to the rest.
Both palms he closed, and raised towards the
east,

And both his eyes intently fixed that way.
"Te lucis ante," it devoutly sang,
With such transporting tones, my soul was thrill-
led—

The rest devoutly raised their eyes to heaven,
And with soft voices and with pious warmth,
Did follow it throughout the sacred hymn.
The chant being done, the saintly host still
kept

Their eyes, in silence fixed, intent on heaven,
As if by reverent expectation filled.

When, issuing from the skies and darting down,
Two angels I beheld, bearing along
Two flaming swords. Most radiant were their
brows—

Green were their garments, like to budding
leaves,
Borne up by wings of verdant plumes, that
fanned,

And trained their vestments in the air behind.
Adown their heads bright golden tresses fell;

But on the splendour of each glorious face,
Vain 'twere to look. In a defenceless part
Of this small vale, an evil serpent came,
Gliding along, amidst the herbs and flowers,
Of that fair lawn. But though I saw them not,
The bright celestial falcons darted off;
For well I knew that they were sudden gone,
Feeling the air cleft by their verdant wings.
The serpent fled, and soon in rapid flight,
The guardians both returned, and took their
post.

And now the deepest shades of night came on;
When the dead silence that prevailed was broke,
By sounds, that gently crept upon the ear,
Of a celestial music. Soon it rose
To harmonies so blissful, and so keen,
My raptured senses could no longer hold,
And as I struggled with them, I awoke.—p. 81.

In the mean time, the Archbishop is assassinated at the council, through the contrivance of a Guelphic chief; and the keys of the Guelphic tower being surrendered, a party proceeds to the apartment of the prisoners, where they arrive only to behold the reality of that agonizing scene, in which Ugolino is gazing, in a paroxysm of insanity, over the dead bodies of his children. Ugolino, who is startled at the approach of strangers, thus endeavours to account for the noise.

UGOLINO.

Stop—I hear a noise. Why then, shame
To make such noises, when an old man dies.
But still they make it. Oh! I have it now—
They're barring up the outward gate of the
Tower.

Now we shall have him fast—the prelate's
caught—

He wanted gold [laughs], and gets an old man's
bones.

He said they should be blanched—that takes
some time.

He must be paid for that! How they all love
This gold! as if it were a child—and then
It must be watched too, else it runs away.

You've got more gold than you can carry, sir—
Are you going home with some, to make you
glad,

And your fair friends—or do you spend your life,
Here in the wilderness to watch it all?

There were some thrift in that! Pray, sir, take
mine,

And watch it too! I am provided for!
But you must never sleep—not even wink—

You must be jealous of your charge—nor let
Your nerves be touched with charity. My word
She'll put you off your guard—and you may
lose

A ducat. You will want no sleep—for gold
is all a dream itself—and oft men wake
From it, to wish their souls asleep for aye.

[Skiere] I'd think a thousand ducats poorly paid
For a good garment, sir—it is so cold—

So cold—so—where is my cloak? [feeling his
sons]—ah, they're here,

I know them—This is Nino [laughing,] I know
him—

How the black flies are gathering round him!
[Tenderly] Every thing hath loved him! and
now the flies

Will kiss him up, if I don't brush them off.

[Mutter] Well, well, and what of that—they
died so quick—

I had not time to bury them, in sooth.
He was the dreamer—When will this dream
end?

I sometimes think that I am in my sleep,
And I were proner still to think it so,
Could I but waken up one blessed hour,
To know all this was but a mockery—
Nay, dreaming, could I but dream it but a dream.

GUIDO.

There—gently [they lift him up]. Now the
food—his strength is gone.

Alas! he cannot swallow it. Some wine—
He swallows that: give him some more—he
faints—

Give him some air—fan him—thus—gently—so.

MONZANO.

My Lord, he dies—Heaven rest his soul.

GUIDO.

Not so—

It is the unwonted food hath overcome,
For some few moments, that most slender thread,
His life is held by. Bear those bodies hence—
Stop—he revives.

UGOLINO [gazing].

I am lost in wonder—

Is this a dream, or do I wake from dreams?

GUIDO.

This is reality, most noble Count!

We are your friends—we bring you food, fair sir,
And honourable liberty. The wretch

That gave you to these bonds, is now in chains
Himself—Ruggieri's tyranny is o'er—
Come, gentle sir, now take some food.

UGOLINO.

And to whose courtesy, are my poor thanks,
Kind sir, now due?

GUIDO.

Guido of Montefeltro, noble sir,
Now stands before you.—pp. 113—115.

In conformity with the universal notion, that
the death of insane persons is preceded by a
few moments of intellectual light, our author
artfully throws more consciousness and reason
into Ugolino's words as he approaches the time
of his dissolution.

“This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's light, than years before,”

says the dying Blanch, in the “Lady of the
Lake;” and Ugolino, under the power of a similar
supposed restoration to sense, thus addresses
the friends who had come, but too late, to suc-
cour him:

UGOLINO.

Then do I think that I am waking. Count,
Your generous nature doth assure me. Well
Do honour and humanity combine
In you.—Deal with my enemy I pray,
In mercy, as I trust God will with me.
Nor let the manner of my death be cast
Upon him altogether. It was pride,
Ungovernable pride—and haughtiness,
And rage in me, that partly drew me to it.
Deal with them then, I say, in mercy, sirs.
My generations die with me! So let
My wealth go back unto my country—thence
We had it. Ransom the poor captives, now
In bonds in Genoa. Ah, there they lie

[seeing his sons!]

Often I called on them that here lay dead—
And, being blind, did grope and feel them o'er.
But I shall join them; for I know I am called.
A lightness grows on me—a thrilling sound
Of distant heavenly music fills my ears—
'Tis Nino—my loved Nino speaks to me.
Famine at length does that which grief could
not.

Farewell kind sirs, and lay me by my sons.
Now till the dread angelic trumpet sounds,
When I shall see the great avenging Judge,
I wake no more. [Dies]—p. 115.

We can answer for the encouragement which the simple and natural poetical spirit, so eminent in this poem, will meet in Great Britain, where, we are happy to say, a taste for artificial and meretricious attractions in poetry, too long indulged, is fast declining. We trust that the young bards of America, having discovered the source of their strength, will not neglect or misapply it.

From the United Service Journal.

BUNKER'S HILL.

(EXTRACTED FROM A PRIVATE LETTER WRITTEN
BY GEN. BURGOYNE.)

Boston is a peninsula, joined to the main land only by a narrow neck, which, in the first of the troubles, Gage fortified: arms of the sea and harbour surround the rest. On the other side of one of these arms, to the north, is Charles Town, or rather was, for it is now rubbish, and over it a large hill, which is also, like Boston, a peninsula. To the south of the town is a still larger scope of ground, containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land, and called Dorchester Neck. The heights, as above described, both to north and south, in the soldier's phrase, command the town, i.e. give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any you can make against them, and consequently they are much more advantageous.

It was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we proposed to begin with Dorchester; because, from particular situations of batteries and shipping, (too long to describe, and unintelligible to you if I did,) it could evidently be effected without any considerable loss. Every thing was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself, (who, by the by, have never differed in an iota of military sentiment,) had, in concert with Gen. Gage, formed the plan. Howe was to land from transports on one point, Clinton on the centre, and I was to cannonade from the causeway on the neck; each to take advantage from circumstances. The operation must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the 18th. On the 17th,* at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed entrenchments with great diligence during the night on the heights of Charles Town, were there in force and we evidently saw that every hour gave them new strength. It therefore became necessary to alter our plan, and attack

* June, 1775.

on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about two thousand men, and landed on the outward side of the peninsula, covered by shipping, without any opposition. He was to advance from thence up the hill, which was over Charles Town, where the strength of the enemy lay. He had under him Brigadier Gen. Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand, (for we had not a fixed post,) in a large battery directly opposite to Charles Town, and commanding it, and also reaching to the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack. Howe's disposition was extremely soldier-like; in my opinion it was perfect. As his first line advanced up the hill, they met with a thousand impediments from strong fences, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from the town of Charles Town, though Clinton and I did not perceive it till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town. No sooner said than done. We threw in a parcel of shells, and the whole was instantly in flames. Our battery afterwards kept an incessant fire upon the height. It was seconded by a number of frigates and floating batteries, and one ship of the line.

And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived. If we looked to the right, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of entrenchments, and in very disadvantageous ground, warmly engaged; to the left, the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land; and in the arm of the sea, our ships and floating batteries cannonading them. Straight before us, a large and noble town in one great blaze; the church steeples, being all of timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest: behind us, the church steeples, and heights, and our own camp, covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was disengaged; the hills all around the country crowded with spectators of the enemy, all in anxious suspense. The roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together in ruin, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubt, with the objects above described, to fill the eye; and the reflection, that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the British empire in America, to fill the mind, made the whole a picture and complication of horror and importance beyond any it ever came to my lot to be witness of. I much lament Tom's absence; it was a sight for a young soldier, that the longest service may never furnish again; and had he been with me, he would likewise have been out of danger; for except two cannon-balls that went a hundred yards over our heads, we were not in any part of the direction of the enemy's fire. A moment of the day was critical. Howe's left was staggered. Two battalions had been sent to reinforce them, but we perceived them on the beach, seeming in embarrassment which way to march. Clinton, then next for business, took

the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them. He arrived in time to be of service. The day ended with glory, and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gives the regular troops. But the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged. Howe was untouched, but his aid-de-camp, Capt. Sherwin, killed. Jordain, a friend of Howe's who came in *gaiete de cœur* to see the campaign, a shipmate of ours on board the *Cerberus*, and who acted as aid-de-camp, badly wounded. Pigot was unhurt, but behaved like a hero. You will see the list of the loss. Poor Col. Abercromby, who commanded the Grenadiers, died yesterday of his wounds. Capt. Addison, our poor old friend, who arrived but the day before, and was to have dined with me on the day of the action, was also killed; his son was upon the field at the time. Major Mitchell is slightly wounded. Young Chetwynd's wound is also slight. Lord Percy's regiment! has suffered the most, and behaved the best; his Lordship was not in the action. Lord Rawdon behaved to a charm; his name is established for life.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE ALDINE POETS.—Henry Kirke White. London, 1830.

FROM Robert Burns, James Thomson and William Collins, to Henry Kirke White, there is a pretty perceptible descent: we leave the table-land of poetry and step down into the vale. Not but that we hold the poet of Nottingham to be a very pretty poet—to be sweet, flowing, and tender—to be full of gentle feeling and elegant sensibilities, with many of those lesser charms which are captivating to a large class of readers. To us he appears to be deficient in nerve and manliness, and to want those grander poetic energies of intellect which distinguished the three poets we have named—and named only because they are coupled with him in the present publication. He is ever smooth and ever sweet—has a tear to shed over every flower of the field, and a verse for every casualty;—he sings continually of his woes in verse, nor is he forgetful of himself in prose: and looks as if the first sharp criticism which he met had skinned him, and rendered him fearful of the gentlest touch of this rude, rough world. A man formed with all these lady-like sensibilities about him, was not well fitted for the commerce of this earth—for that give-and-take system which prevails in a land where literature keeps an open 'Change, and criticism, a sort of Custom-house, in which fine commodities are sometimes torn and stained by vulgar and unhallowed hands. A soul of the true temper and energy would not have been doubled up as Kirke White was by the weak contemptible assault of the *Monthly Review*—he would, like Byron, have stricken the whale

* The 5th, with which Lord Rawdon, the late Marquis of Hastings, served during the action.

Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

that spouted upon him, with a harpoon which no alacrity in sinking could extricate—

Leviathan is not so tamed.

But the bard of Nottingham was made of feeble stuff, and shrunk before the chilling wind which touched the first flowers of his muse.

He was lucky in two things—in dying early, and in finding a biographer in one of the noblest beings of the age. By dying in his youth he not only avoided those rude shocks which awaited him, as they do all the sons of genius, and which he was quite unfit to meet, but he bribed our sympathies largely; for we are not faced, as Agamemnon was, with flint, but rather look back like the poetic ploughman when he crushed the flower beneath the furrow's weight, and let our sorrows have free way. To see one so young, so enthusiastic, so amiable, and so poetic, perishing in the dawn of his manhood, goes to the heart almost of a critic, and brings moisture to all other eyes. He was indeed fortunate in having Southey for a biographer: to have such a man to write our life would nearly tempt us to die to-morrow; were such an offer made, we would think it worth consideration—the magical influence of his style, and the happy, simple way in which he draws men's hearts to the object about which he writes, would ensure us life hereafter. But then that would exactly do for us, what we almost accuse him of having done for Kirke White. We think the bard of Nottingham owes nearly one half of his reputation to the circumstances named. He wrote verses of great beauty—was neglected by a lady as lovely as his verses, to whom they were dedicated—was assailed by a rude and soulless critic, utterly devoid of all fine feeling, and all power of discrimination—grew melancholy, and went to college—read unbelieving authors till, in the vanity of his nature, he thought himself an unbeliever, and was cured by a course of wholesome Christianity which brought his vanity round to the other tack. All this was too much for him, and he died; and Robert Southey, in the overflowing fulness of his heart, pronounced a funeral oration over him fit to

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek;

and which made hearts feel that never felt before.

There is another cause, too, of Kirke White's popularity, with which his poetry has nothing to do. In this land there is a large class of most worthy persons who are always exceedingly edified in beholding the goodly spectacle of a stray lamb brought back to the fold; they subscribe extensively to the encouragement of Christianity abroad and morality at home—they read pious tracts exclusively, and every poem in which religion is introduced, with reverence—(God forgive them who do otherwise!)—they buy and clasp it to their bosom. They reckon all other books as vanities, or worse; and without perceiving that almost all poetry that shows largeness of soul is of a

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elevating and purifying, and therefore of a religious nature, they exclude it from their closets, and read only those works which the wicked prepare for the purchase of the pious; or which the devout write for themselves, where nature is rebuked and boarding-schools down as an unseemly thing. To spirits such as these the Life of Henry Kirke White came with consolation on its wings. They read of the profane reveries of the misled youth with sympathy—with such interest as we feel when the heroine of a romance breakfasts, dines, sups, and sleeps on sorrows and woes, which we know will be dissipated like clouds before the morning sun; and when they came to the passages which relate his conversion, they marvelled much and rejoiced; and the circumstances of his change, his shortest poems, and his latest words, became popular in ten thousand coteries. All these things have raised his name a little higher in fame than his genius entitles him to—it is destined at no distant date to descend a few degrees.

From these remarks of ours, we are afraid the ingenious Mr. Pickering may conceive that we have no good-will to his book—quite the reverse; we like the volume much; it is not deficient in those external recommendations which we would advise no reader to overlook—in truth, it is very handsome; nor has a hasty or a slovenly hand passed over the memoir of the poet. We like the Life so much, that we should like to know the author;—we think, with all his quiet and affectionate way of speaking of the talents of the poet, that he ranks him much as we do ourselves, but has more prudence of tongue than to speak out as we have done. He wishes—and wisely, we think—to let his bookseller earn an honest penny out of the pouches of the pious. There is one thing, however, which merits a word or so of rebuke—we can read the poetry of Kirke White; but who can read that long-extended string of verses, in which a dozen or more of muses, (Lord Byron's excepted,) with wings, like those of the ostrich, which will never lift their bodies from the ground, have poured out endless notes of sympathy and dolor? To have a dozen asses braying after the hearse of a man of talent, is a serious thing; and no doubt, if Henry Kirke White could have foreseen such a consummation, it would have embittered his dying moments. Burns, in the last moments of expiring existence, turned to a brother volunteer, and said, "John Gibson, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" Give us a bard of higher degree next time, Mr. Pickering, and we will write you such an article!

From the Amulet.

SONG.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

SHE'S on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there, the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round;
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise!
I would not have my brother by,
When I upon her gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone
The gold has lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine.

From the Keepsake.

LINES

WRITTEN AT KINSEIL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE
LATE DUGALD STEWART.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

To distant worlds a guide amidst the night,
To nearer orbs, the source of life and light;
Each star, resplendant on its radiant throne,
Gilds other systems, and supports its own.
Thus we see Stewart, on his fame reclined,
Enlighten all the universe of mind;
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,
Admired when distant, and beloved when near;
'Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,
Taught Virtue's laws, and practised what he taught.

WINTER RHAPSODY.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

[Extracted from an article in Blackwood's Magazine.]

THANK Heaven! Summer and Autumn are both dead and buried at last, and white lie the snow on their graves! Youth is the season of all sorts of insolence, and therefore we can forgive and forget almost any thing in Spring. He has always been a privileged personage; and we have no doubt that he played his pranks even in Paradise. To-day, he meets you unexpectedly on the hill-side; and was there ever a face in this world so celestialized by smiles! All the features are framed of light. Black eyes are beads; blue eyes are diamonds. Gaze, then, into the blue eyes of Spring and you feel that in the untroubled lustre, there is something more sublime than in the heights of the cloudless heavens, or in the depths of the waveless sea. More sublime, because essentially spiritual. There stands the young Angel, entranced in the conscious mystery of his own beautiful and blessed being; and the earth which we mortal creatures tread, becomes all at once fit region for the sojourn of the immortal Son of the Morning. So might some great painter image the First-born of the Year, till nations adored the picture. To-morrow you repair, with hermit steps, to the mount of the Vision, and,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,"

Spring clutches you by the hair, with the fingers of frost; blashes a storm of sleet in your

face, and finishes, perhaps, by folding you in a winding sheet of snow, in which you would infallibly perish but for a pocket-pistol of Glenlivet. The day after to-morrow, you behold him—Spring—walking along the firmament, sad, but not sullen—mournful, but not miserable—disturbed, but not despairing—now coming out towards you in a burst of light—and now fading away from you in a gathering of gloom—even as one might figure in his imagination, a fallen Angel. On Thursday, confound you if you know what to make of his Springship. There he is, stripped to the buff—playing at hide-and-seek, hare-and-hound, with a queer crazy crony of his in a fur-cap, swandown waistcoat, and hairy breeches, Lodbrog or Winter. You turn up the whites of your eyes, and the browns of your hands in amazement, till the Two, by way of change of pastime, cease their mutual vagaries, and, like a couple of hawks diverting themselves with an owl, in conclusion buffet you off the premises. You insert the occurrence, with suitable reflections, in your Meteorological Diary, under the head—Spring. On Friday, nothing is seen of you but the blue tip of your nose, for you are confined to bed by rheumatism, and nobody admitted to your sleepless sanctum but your condoling Mawsey. 'Tis a pity. For never since the flood greened earth, on her first resurrection-morn, laughed around Ararat, spanned was she by such a Rainbow! By all that is various and vanishing, the arch seems many miles broad, and many, many miles high, and all creation to be gladly and gloriously gathered together—without being crowded—plains, woods, villages, towns, hills, and clouds, beneath the path-way of Spring, once more an Angel—an unfallen Angel! While the tinge that trembles into transcendent hues—fading and fluctuating—deepening and dying—now gone as if forever—and now back again in an instant, as if breathing and alive—is felt, during all that wavering visitation, to be of all sights the most evanescent, and yet inspirative of a beauty-born belief, bright as the sun that flung the image on the cloud—profound as the gloom it illumines—that it shone and is shining there at the bidding of Him who inhabiteth eternity. The grim noon of Saturday, after a moaning morning, and one silent intermediate hour of gravelike stillness, begins to gleam fitfully with lightning like a maniac's eye; and list! is not that

“The sound
Of thunder heard remote?”

On earth wind there is none—not so much as a breath. But there is a strong wind in heaven—for see how that huge cloud-city, a night within a day, comes moving on along the hidden mountain-tops, and hangs over the loch all at once black as pitch, except that here and there a sort of sullen purple heaves upon the long slow swell, and here and there along the shores—how caused we know not—are

seen, but heard not, the white melancholy breakers! Is no one smitten blind? No! Thank God! But ere the thanksgiving has been worded, an airquake has split asunder the cloud-city, the night within the day, and all its towers and temples are disordered along the firmament, to a sound that might waken the dead. Where are ye, ye echo-hunters, that grudge not to purchase gun-powder explosions on Lowood bowling-green, at four shillings the blast? See! there are our artillery-men stalking from battery to battery—all hung up aloft facing the west—or “each standing by his gun,” with lighted match moving or motionless, Shadows-figures, and all clothed in black-blue uniform, with blood-red facings, portentously glancing in the Sun, as he strives to struggle into heaven. The Generalissimo of all the forces, who is he but—Spring?—Hand in hand with spring, Sabbath descends from heaven unto earth; and are not their feet beautiful on the mountains? Small as is the voice of that tinkling bell from that humble spire, overtopped by its coeval trees, yet is it heard in the heart of infinitude. So is the bleating of these silly sheep on the braes—and so is that voice of psalms, all at once rising so spirit-like, as if the very kirk were animated, and sang a joyous song in the wilderness to the ear of the Most High. For all things are under his care—those that, as we dream, have no life—the flowers, and the herbs, and the trees—those that some dim scripture seems to say, when they die, utterly perish—and those that all bright scripture, whether written in the book of God, or the book of Nature, declares will live for ever!

If such be the character of Spring, gentle reader, wilt thou not forget and forgive—with us—much occasional conduct on his part that appears not only inexplicable, but incomprehensible? But we cannot extend the same indulgence to Summer and to Autumn. Summer is a season come to the years of discretion, and ought to conduct himself like a staid, sober, sensible, middle-aged man, not past, but passing, his prime. Now summer, we are sorry to say it, has lately behaved in a way to make his best friends ashamed of him—in a way absolutely disgraceful to a person of his time of life. Having picked a quarrel with the Sun—his benefactor—nay his father, what else could he expect, but that that enlightened Christian would altogether withhold his countenance from so undutiful and ungrateful a child, and leave him to travel along the mire and beneath the clouds? For some weeks Summer was sulky—and sullenly scorned to shed a tear. His eyes were like ice. By and by, like a great school-boy, he began to whine and whimper—and when he found that that would not do, he blubbered like the booby of the lowest form. Still the Sun would not look on him—or if he did, 'twas with a sudden and short half-smile, half-sowl, that froze the ingrate's blood. At last the Summer

grew contrite, and the Sun forgiving; the one burst out into a flood of tears, the other into a flood of light. In simple words, the Summer wept and the Sun smiled—and for one broken month there was perpetual alternation of rain and radiance. How beautiful is penitence! How beautiful forgiveness! For one week the Summer was restored to his pristine peace and old luxuriance, and the desert blossomed like the rose.

Therefore ask we the Summer's pardon for thanking heaven that he is dead. Would that he were alive again, and buried not for ever beneath the yellow forest leaves! O thou first, faint, fair, fine tinge of dawning Light, that streaks the still-sleeping yet just-waking face of the morn, Light and no-Light, a shadowy Something that as we gaze is felt to be growing into an emotion that must be either Innocence or Beauty, or both blending together into devotion before Deity, once more duly visible in the divine colouring that forebodes another day to mortal life—before Thee what holy bliss to kneel upon the greensward in some forest glade, while every leaf is a-tremble with dewdrops, and the happy little birds are beginning to twitter, yet motionless among the boughs—before Thee to kneel as at a shrine, and breathe deeper and deeper—as the lustrous waxeth purer and purer, brighter and more bright, till range after range arise of crimson clouds in altitude sublime, and breast above breast expands of yellow woods softly glittering in their far-spread magnificence—then what holy bliss to breathe deeper and deeper unto Him who holds in the hollow of his hands the heavens and the earth, our high but most humble orisons! But now it is day, and broad-awake seems the whole joyful world. The clouds—lustrous no more—are all anchored on the sky, white as fleets waiting for the wind. Time is not felt—and one might dream that the day was to endure for ever. Yet lo! that great river rolls on in the light—and why will he leave those lovely inland woods for the naked shores! Why—why, responds some voice—hurry we on our own lives—impetuous and passionate far more than he with all his cataracts—as if anxious to forsake the regions of the upper day for the dim place from which we yet recoil in fear—the dim place which imagination sometimes seems to see, even through the sunshine, beyond the bourn of this our unintelligible being, stretching sea-like into a still more mysterious night! Long as a midsummer day is, it has gone by like a Heron's flight. Lo! the sun is setting!—and let him set without being scribbled upon by Christopher North. We took a pen-and-ink sketch of him in a "Day on Windermere." Poor nature is much to be pitied among painters and poets. They are perpetually falling into

"Such perusal of her face
As they would draw it,"

And often must she be sick of the Curious Impertinents. But a Curious Impertinent are not we—if ever there was one beneath the

skies—a devout worshipper of Nature; and though we often seem to heed not her shrine, it stands in our imagination, like a temple in a perpetual Sabbath.

It was poetically and piously said by the Et-trick Shepherd, in last month's *Noctes*,* that there was no such thing in nature as bad weather. Take last Summer, which we began this article by abusing in good set terms. Its weather was broken, but not bad; and much various beauty and sublimity is involved in the epithet "broken," when applied to "the season of the year." Common-place people, especially town-dwellers, who *flit* into the country for a few months, have a silly and absurd idea of Summer, which all the atmospherical phenomena fail to drive out of their foolish fancies. They insist on its remaining with us for a half a year at least, and on its being dressed in its Sunday's best every day in the week, as long as they continue in country quarters. The Sun must rise, like a labourer, at the very earliest hour, shine all day, and go to bed late, else they treat him contumeliously, and declare that he is not worth his meat. Should he retire occasionally behind a cloud, which it seems most natural and reasonable for one to do who lives so much in the public eye, why a whole watering-place, uplifting a face of dissatisfied expostulation to heaven, exclaims, "Where is the Sun? Are we never to have any Sun?" They also insist that there shall be no rain of more than an hour's duration in the day-time, but that it shall all fall by night. Yet, when the Sun does exert himself, as if at their bidding, and is shining, as he supposes, to their heart's content, up go a hundred green parasols in his face, enough to startle the celestial steeds in his chariot.

A broken summer for our senses and our soul! Now and then a few continuous days—perhaps a whole week—but, if that be denied, now and then,

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

a single Day—blue-spread over heaven, green-spread over earth—no cloud above, no shade below, save that dove-coloured marble lying motionless like the mansions of peace, and that pensive gloom that falls from some old castle or venerable wood—the stillness of a sleeping joy, to our heart profounder than that of death, in the air, in the sky, and resting on our mighty mother's undisturbed breast—no lowing on the hills, no bleating on the braes—the rivers almost silent as lochs, and the lochs, just visible in their aerial purity, floating dream-like between earth and sky, embued with the beauty of both, and seeming to belong to either, as the heart melts to human tenderness, or beyond all mortal loves the imagination soars! Such days seem now to us—as memory and imagination half restore and half create the past into such weather as may have shone over the bridal morn of our first parents in Paradise—to have been frequent—nay, to

* See *Museum*, p. 92.

have lasted all the Summer long—when our boyhood was bright from the hands of God. Each of those days was in itself a light! Yet all those sunny lives melted into one Summer—and all those Summers formed one continuous bliss. Storms and snows vanished out of our ideal year; and then, morning, noon, and night, wherever we breathed, we felt what now we but know, the inmost meaning of that profound verse of Virgil the Divine—

“Devenere locos lectos, et amena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norant.”

Few—no such days as those seem now ever to be born. Sometimes we indeed gaze through the face into the heart of the sky, and for a moment feel that the ancient glory of the heavens has returned on our dream of life. But to the perfect beatitude of the skies, there comes from the soul within us a mournful response, that betokens some wide and deep, some everlasting change. Joy is not now what joy was of yore; like a fine diamond with a flaw is now Imagination's eye; other motes than those that float through ether cross between its orb and the sun; the “fine gold has become dim,” with which morning and evening of old embossed the skies; the dewdrops are not now the pearlins once they were, left on

“Flowers, and weeds as beautiful as flowers,” by angels and by fairies' wings; knowledge, custom, experience, fate, fortune, error, vice, and sin, have dulled, and darkened, and deadened

“All the mysterious world of eye and ear;” and the soul, unable to bring over the Present the ineffable bliss and beauty of the Past, almost faints

“As coming events cast their shadows before,” to think what a ghastly thunder-gloom may, by Providence, be reserved for the Future!

Yet think not, gentle reader, that things are altogether so bad with us as this strain—sincere though it be as a stream from the sacred mountains—might seem to declare. We can yet enjoy a broken Summer. It would do your heart good to see us hobbling with our crutch along the Highland hills, sans great-coat or umbrella, in a summer-shower, aiblins cap in hand that our hair may grow, up to the knees in the bonny blooming heather, or clambering, like an old goat, among the cliffs. Nothing so good for gout or rheumatism as to get wet through, while the thermometer keeps ranging between sixty and seventy degrees, three times a-day. What refreshment in the very sound—Soaking! Old bones wax dry—nerves numb—sinews stiff—flesh frail—and there is a sad drawback on the Whole Duty of Man. But a sweet, soft sou'-wester blows “caller” on our craziness, and all our pores instinctively open their mouths at the approach of rain. Oh! look but at those dozen downward showers, all denizens of heaven, how black, and blue, and bright they in

their glee are streaming, and gleaming athwart the sunny mountain-gloom, while ever as they descend on earth, lift up the streams along the wilderness louder and louder a choral song! Look now at the heather—and smile whenever henceforth you hear people talk of purple. You have been wont to call a gold guinea or a sovereign yellow—but if you have got one in your pocket, place it on your palm and in the light of that broom, is it not a dirty brown? You have read Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner,” and remember the lines,

“While ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.”

Nay, you have an emerald ring on your finger—but how grey it looks beside the green of those brackens, that pasture, that wood! Purple, yellow, and green, you have now seen, sir, for the first time in your life. Widening and widening over your head, all the while you have been gazing on the heather, the broom, the bracken, the pastures, and the woods, have the eternal heavens been preparing for you a vision of the sacred Blue. Is not that an Indigo Divine? Or, if you scorn that mercantile and manufacturing image, steal that blue from the sky, and let the lady of your love tinge but her eyelids with one touch, and a saintlier beauty will be in her upward looks as she beseeches heaven to bless thee in her prayers! Set slowly—slowly—slowly—O Sun of Suns! as may be allowed by the laws of Nature. For not long after Thou hast sunk behind those mountains into the sea, will that celestial ROSKOPPE be tabernacle in the heavens!

Meanwhile, three of the dozen showers have so soaked and steeped our old crazy carcass in refreshment, and restoration, and renewal of youth, that we should not be surprised were we to outlive that raven croaking in pure *gaiete du cœur* on the cliff. Three score and ten years! Poo—'tis a pitiful span. At a hundred we shall cut capers—for twenty years more keep to the Highland fling—and at the close of other twenty, jig it into the grave to that matchless strathspey the Reel o' Tulloch-gorum!

Having thus made our peace with last summer, can we allow the Sun to go down on our wrath towards the Autumn, whose back we yet see on the horizon, before he turn about to bow adieu to our hemisphere? Hollo! meet us half-way in yonder immense field of potatoes, our worthy Season, and among these peace-makers, the Mealies and the Waxies, shall we two smoke together the calumet or cigar of reconciliation. The floods fell, and the folk feared famine. The people whined over the smut in wheat, and pored pale on the monthly agricultural report. Grain grew greener and greener—reapers stood at the crosses of villages, towns, and cities, passing from one to another comfortless quechs o' sma' yill, with their straw-bound sickles hanging idle across their shoulders, and with unhiired-looking faces, as ragged a company as if you were to dream of a

Symposium of Scarecrows. Alarmed imagination beheld harvest treading on the heels of Christmas,

"And Britain sadden'd at the long delay!"

When, whew! to dash the dismal predictions of foolish and false prophets, came rustling from all the airts, far and wide over the rain-drenched kingdom, the great armament of the Autumnal Winds! Groaned the grain as in sudden resurrection it lifted up its head, and knew that again the Sun was in Heaven. Death became Life; and the hearts of the husbandmen sang aloud for joy. Like Turks the reapers brandished their sickles in the breezy light, and every field glittered with Christian crescents. Auld wives and bits o' weans mingled on the rig—kilted to the knees, like the comely cummers, and the handsome hizzies, and the lusome lassies wi' their silken snoods—among the heather-legged Highlandmen and the bandy Irishers, brawny all and with hook, scythe, or flail, inferior to none of the children of men. The scene lies in Scotland—but now, too, is England, 'Merry England' indeed, and outside passengers on a thousand coaches see stocks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-speckled champaign, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home. Intervenes the rest of our sunny Sabbaths sent to dry the brows of labour, and give the last ripeness to the overladen stalks that, top-heavy with alimient, fall over, in their yellowy whiteness, into the fast reaper's hands. Few fields now—but one here and there—thin and greenish, of cold, unclean, or stony soil—are waving in the shadowy winds—for all is reapt, or stooked stubble from which the stocks are fast disappearing, as the huge wains seem to halt for a moment, impeded by the gates they hide, and then, crested, perhaps, with laughing boys and girls,

"Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,"

no, not rings, for Beattie, in that admirable line, lets us hear a cart going out empty in the morning—but with a *cheerful dall* sound, ploughing along the black soil, the *clean dirt* almost up to the axletree, and then, as the wheels, rimmed you might almost think with silver, reach the road macadamised till it acts like a rail-way, how glides along down-hill the moving mountain! And see now the growing Stack glittering with a charge of pitchforks! The trams fly up from Dobbin's back, and a shoal of sheaves overflows the mire. Up they go, tost from sinewy arms like feathers, and the Stack grows before your eyes, fairly proportioned as a bee-hive, without line or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring-instinct of the nest-building bird. And are we not heartily ashamed of ourselves, amidst this general din of working mirthfulness, for having, not many hours ago, abused the jovial and generous Autumn, and thanked Heaven that he was dead? Let us re-

tire into the byre with Shoosy, and hide our blushes.

Comparisons are odoriferous, and therefore, for one paragraph, let us compare Autumn with Spring. Suppose ourselves sitting beneath THE SYCAMORE. Oh! may we be buried in Bowness churchyard, by the banks of Windermere! Why comes the thought of death on such a life-like day? Poets call Spring Green-Mantle—and true it is that the ground-work of his garb is green—even like that of the proud peacock's changeful neck when the creature treads in the circle of his own beauteous glory, and the scholar who may have forgotten his classics, has yet a dream of Juno and of her watchful Argus with his hundred, his thousand eyes. But the coat of Spring, like that of Joseph, is a coat of many colours. Call it patch-work if you choose,

"And be yourself the great sublime you draw," the Tailor who wrote the Age. Many females, too, look on nature with a milliner's or a mantua-maker's eye—arraying her in furbelows and flounces. But use your own eyes and mine, and from beneath THE SYCAMORE let us two, sitting together in amity, look lovingly on the Spring. Felt ever your heart before, with such an emotion of harmonious beauty, the exquisitely delicate distinctions of character among the lovely tribes of trees! That is BELLE-ISLE. Earliest to salute the vernal rainbow, with a glow of green gentle as its own, is the lake-loving Alder, whose home, too, is by the flowings of all the streams. Just one degree fainter in its hue—or shall we rather say brighter—for we feel the difference without knowing in what it lies—stands, by the Alder's rounded softness, the spiral Larch, all hung over its limber sprays, were you near enough to admire them with cones of the Tyrian dye. That stem, white as silver, and smooth as silk, seen so straight in the green sylvan light, and there airily overarching the coppice with lambent tresses, such as fancy might picture for the mermaid's hair, pleasant as is her life on that Fortunate Isle, is yet said by us, who vainly attribute our own sadness to unshowing things—to belong to a Tree that weeps;—though a weight of joy it is, and of exceeding gladness, that thus depresses her pendent beauty, till it droops—as we think—like that of a being overcome with grief! Seen standing all along by themselves, with something of a foreign air and an exotic expression, yet not unwelcome or obtrusive among our indigenous fair forest trees, twinkling to the touch of every wandering wind, and restless even amidst what seemeth now to be everlasting rest, we cannot choose but admire that somewhat darker grove of columnar Lombardy Poplars. How comes it that some Sycamores so much sooner than others salute the Spring? Yonder are some, but budding, as if yet the frost lay on the honeydew that protects the balmy germs. There are others warming into expansion, half budded and half-leaved, with a various light of colour

visible in that sun-glint distinctly from afar. And in that nook of the still sunnier south trending eastward, lo! a few are almost in their full summer foliage, and soon will the bees be swarming among their flowers. A Horse Chestnut has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap, uplifts his green banner—yellowing in the light—that shows he belongs to the line of the prophet. Elms are then most magnificent—witness Christ-Church walk—when they hang over head in heaven like the chancel of a cathedral. Yet here too, are they august—and methinks “a dim religious light” is in that vault of branches just vivifying to the Spring, and though almost bare, tinged with a coming hue, that ere long will be majestic brightness. Those old Oaks seem sullen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the Spirit of the Land they emblem. But they, too, are relaxing from their wonted sternness—soon will that faint green be a glorious yellow—and while the gold-laden boughs stoop boldly to the storms with which they love to dally, bounds not the heart of every Briton to the music of his national anthem,

“Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rule the waves!”

The Ash is a manly tree, but “dreigh and dour” in the leafing; and yonder stands an Ash-grove like a forest of ships with bare poles like the docks of Liverpool. Yet, like the town of Kilkenny,

“It shines well where it stands;”

and the bare grey-blue of the branches, apart but not repulsive, like some cunning discord in music, deepens the harmony of the Isle of Groves. Contrast is one of the finest of all the laws of association, as every philosopher, poet, and peasant kens. At this moment, it brings, by the bonds of beauty, though many glades intervene, close beside that pale grey-blue leafless Ash-Clump, that bright, black-green Pine-Clan, whose “leaf fadeth never,” a glorious Scottish tartan triumphing in the English woods. Though many glades intervene, we said; for thou seest that BELLE ISLE is not all one various flush of wood, but bedropt, all over—bedropt and besprinkled with grass-gems, some cloud-shadowed, some tree-shaded, some mist-bedimmed, and some luminous as small soil-suns, on which, as the eye alights, it feels soothed and strengthened and gifted with a profounder power to see into the mystery of the beauty of nature. But what are those living Hills of snow, or of some substance purer in its brightness even than any snow that falls and fades in one night on the mountain-top! Trees are they—fruit-trees—The Wild Cherry that grows stately and wide-spreading even as the monarch of the wood—and can that be a load of blossoms! Fairer never grew before poet’s eye of old in the fabled Hesperides. See how what we called snow brightens into pink—yet still the whole glory is white, and fadeth not away the purity of the balmy snow-blush.

Aye, balmy as the bliss breathing from virgin lips, when moving in the beauty left by her morning prayers, a glad fond daughter steals towards him on feet of light, and as his arms open to receive and return the blessing, lays her innocence with smiles that are almost tears within her father’s bosom. Milton!

“As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas’d they slack their course, and many
a league,
Cheer’d with the grateful smell, old Ocean
smiles.”

Shut your eyes—suppose six months gone—and lo! BELLE ISLE, in Autumn, like a scene in another hemisphere of our globe. There is a slight frost in the air, in the sky, on the lake, and midday is as still as midnight. But, though still, it is cheerful; for close at hand Robin Red-breast, God bless him, is warbling on the cope-stone of that old barn gable; and though Millat-Ground Bay is half a mile off, how distinct the clank of the two oars, like one accompanying that large wood-boat on its slow voyage from Ambleside to Bowness, the metropolitan port of the Queen of the Lakes. The water has lost, you see, its summer sunniness, yet it is as transparent as ever it was in summer; and how close together seem, with their almost meeting shadows, the two opposite shores! But we wish you to look at BELLE ISLE, though we ourselves are almost afraid to do so, so transcendently glorious is the sight that we know will disturb us with an emotion too deep to be endured. Could you not think that a splendid sunset had fallen down in fragments on the Isle called Beautiful, and set it all a blaze! The woods are on fire, yet they burn not; beauty subdues while it fosters the flame; and there, as in a many-tented tabernacle, has Colour pitched his royal residence, and reigns in glory beyond that of any Oriental king. What are all the canopies, and balconies, and galleries of human state, all hung with the richest drapery that ever the skill of Art, that Wizard, drew forth in gorgeous folds from his enchanted loom, if ideally suspended in the air of imagination, beside the sun-and-storm-stained furniture of these palaces of autumn, framed by the Spirit of the Season, of her own living unbrage, for his own last delight, ere he move in annual migration, with all his Court, to some foreign clime, far beyond the seas! No names of trees are remembered—a glorious confusion comprehends in one the whole leafy race—orange, and purple, and scarlet, and crimson, are all seen to be there, and inter-fused through the silent splendour is aye felt the presence of that terrestrial green, native and unextinguishable in earth’s bosom, as that celestial blue is in that of the sky. That trance goes by, and the spirit gradually filled with a stiller delight, takes down all those tents into pieces, and contemplates the encamp-

ment with less of imagination, and with more of love. It knows and blesses each one of those many glorious groves, each becoming, as it gazes less and less glorious, more and more beautiful; till memory revives all the happiest and holiest hours of the Summer and the Spring, and re-people the melancholy umbrage with a thousand visions of joy, that may return never more! Images, it may be, of forms and faces now mouldering in the dust! For all human hearts have felt—and all human lips have declared—melancholy making poets of us all—aye, even prophets, till the pensive air of Autumn has been filled with the music of elegiac and foreboding hymns—that, as is the Race of Leaves—now old Homer speaks—so is the Race of Men! Nor, till time shall have an end, insensate will be any soul endowed “with discourse of reason” to those mysterious misgivings, alternating with triumphant aspirations more mysterious still, when the Religion of Nature leans in awe on the Religion of God, and we hear the voice of both in such strains as these—the earthly, in its sadness momentarily deadening the divine:—

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

Of all the months of the year November—in our climate—whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally thought to be a sour, sulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month—in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, we have never given in to this national abuse of November. We know him well—and though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best, bluff, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company “in the season of the year,” to that of other more brilliant visitors. So true is it both with months and men, that it requires only to know the most unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favorable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits. ’Tis unlucky for November—poor fellow—that he follows October. October is a month so much admired by the world, that we often wonder he has not been spoiled. “What a glorious October!” “Why, you will surely not leave us till October comes!” “October is the month of all months—and till you see him, you have not seen the Lakes.” We acknowledge his claims. He is often truly delightful. But like other brilliant persons, he is not only privileged to be at times extremely dull, but his intensest stupidity is panegyricized as wit of the first water—while his not un-frequent rudeness, of which many a common month would be ashamed, passes

for the ease of high-birth, or, the excentricity of genius. A very different feeling indeed exists towards unfortunate November. The moment he shows his face, all other faces are glum. We defy month or man, under such a trial, to make himself even tolerably agreeable. He feels that he is no favorite, and that a most sinister misinterpretation will be put on all his motions, manners, thoughts, words, and deeds. A man or a month so circumstanced is much to be pitied. Think, look, speak, act as he will—yea, even more like an angel than a man or a month—every eyebrow arches—every nostril distends—every lip curls towards him in contempt, while blow over the ice that enchains all his feelings and faculties heavy-chill whisperings of “who is that disagreeable fellow?” In such a frozen atmosphere would not eloquence be congealed on the lips of an Ulysses, and poetry prosified on those of an Apollo!

Many analogies between the seasons of the year and the seasons of life, being natural, have been a frequent theme of poetry in all countries. Had the gods made us poetical, we should now have poured forth a few exquisite illustrations of some that are very affecting and impressive. It has, however, often been felt by us, that not a few of those one meets with in the lamentations of whey-faced sentimentalists, are false or fantastic, and do equal violence to all the seasons, both of the year and of life. These gentry have been especially silly upon the similitude of Old Age to Winter. Winter, in external nature, is not the season of decay. An old tree, for example, in the very dead of winter, as it is figuratively called, though bare of leaves, is full of life. The sap, indeed, has sunk down from his bole and branches—down into his toes or roots. But there it is ready, in due time, to re-ascend. Not so with an old man—the present company always excepted—his sap is not sunk down to his toes, but much of it is gone clean out of the system—therefore, individual natural objects in Winter are not analogically emblematical of people stricken in years. Far less does the Winter itself of the year, considered as a season, resemble the old age of life considered as a season. To what peculiarities, pray, in the character and conduct of aged gentlemen in general, do rain, sleet, hail, frost, ice, snow, winds, blasts, storms, hurricanes, and occasional thunder and lightning, bear analogy? We pause for a reply. Old men’s heads, it is true, are frequently white, though more frequently bald, and their blood is not so hot as when they were springalds. But though there be no great harm in likening a sprinkling of white hair on mine ancient’s temples to the appearance of the surface of the earth, flat or mountainous, after a slight fall of snow—and, indeed, in an impassioned state of mind, we feel a moral beauty in such poetical expression as “sorrow shedding on the head of youth its un-

timely snows"—yet, the natural propriety of such an image, so far from justifying the assertion of a general analogy between Winter and Old Age, proves that the analogies between them are in fact very few, and felt to be analogies at all, only when touched upon very seldom, and very slightly, and, for the most part, very vaguely—the truth being, that they scarcely exist at all in reality, but have an existence given to them by the power of creative passion, which often works like genius. Shakspeare knew this well—as he knew every thing else—and, accordingly, he gives us Seven Stages of Life—not Four Seasons. But how finely does he sometimes, by the mere use of the names of the Seasons of the Year, intensify to our imagination the state of the soul, to which they are for the moment felt to be analogous!

"Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by the sun of York!"

That will do. The feeling he wished to inspire, is inspired; and the farther analogical images which follow, add nothing to our feeling, though they shew the strength and depth of his into whose lips they are put. A bungler would have bored us with ever so many ramifications of the same idea, on one of which, in our weariness, we would have wished to see him hanged by the neck till he was dead.

We are an Old Man, and though single not singular; yet, without vanity, we think ourselves entitled to say, that we are no more like Winter, in particular, than we are like Spring, Summer, or Autumn. The truth is, that we are much less like any one of the Seasons, than we are like the whole Set. Is not Spring sharp? So are we. Is not Spring snappish? So are we. Is not Spring boisterous? So are we. Is not Spring beautiful? So are we. Is not Spring capricious? So are we. Is not Spring, at times, the gladdest, gayest, gentlest, mildest, meekest, modestest, softest, sweetest, and sunniest of all God's creatures that steal along the face of the earth? So are we. So much for our similitude—a staring and striking one—to Spring. But were you to stop there, what an inadequate idea would you have of our character! For only ask your senses, and they will tell you that we are much liker Summer. Is not Summer often infernally hot? So are we. Is not Summer sometimes cool as its own cucumbers? So are we. Does not Summer love the shade? So do we. Is not Summer, nevertheless, somewhat "too much i' the sun?" So are we. Is not Summer famous for its thunder and lightning? So are we. Is not Summer, when he chooses, still, silent, and serene as a sleeping seraph? And so too—when Christopher chooses—are not we? Though, with keen remorse we confess it, that, when suddenly awakened, we are too often more like a fury or a fiend—and that completes the likeness—for all who know a Scottish Summer, with one voice exclaim—"So is he!" But

our portrait is but half-drawn; you know but a moiety of our character. Is Autumn jovial?—ask Thomson—so are we. Is Autumn melancholy?—ask Alison and Gillespie—so are we. Is Autumn bright?—ask the woods and groves—so are we. Is Autumn rich—ask the whole world—so are we. Does Autumn rejoice in the yellow grain and the golden vintage, that, stored up in his great Magazine of Nature, are lavishly thence dispensed to all that hunger, and quench the thirst of the nations?—So do we. After that, no one can be so pur and-bat-blind as not see that North is, in very truth Autumn's gracious self, rather than his Likeness, or Eidolon. But—

"Lo Winter comes to rule th' inverted year,
So do we.

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

So are we. The great author of the "Seasons" says, that Winter and his train

"Exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing!"

So do we. And "lest aught less great should stamp us mortal," have we concluded the comparison, dashed off in few lines, by the hand of a great master, and ask, Is not North Winter? Thus, reader after our own heart! thou feelest that we are imaged aright in all our attributes neither by Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, nor Winter; but that the character of Christopher is shadowed forth and reflected by the Entire Year.

Away then with all false or shallow ideas on the distinctions of season, as on the distinctions of rank! Each condition of the year, and each condition of life, has its own utility and its own beauty; and they who do not know that, perpetually feel it, and act on the knowledge and the feeling, are equally ignorant of the sun and of society.

From the Athenæum.

THE BOLD LOVER.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

For years I adored thee,
But hope had I none,
That e'er thy proud father
Would brook such a son.
If my hand sent no token,
My lip made no sign,
To picture my passion—
The fault was not mine!

I've watched thee unwearied,
In greenwood and hall—
Unseen by thy kindred
Thy wooers and all;
Though men cried—a marvel!—
I worshipped thee where
The knees of the holy
Were bending in prayer.

I've looked to thy window
In stillness of night,
And longed for the wings of
The happy moonlight.

It flew to thy chamber,
And slept on thy brow,
Enraptured by thy beauty—
As I, sweet, am now!

In secret I burned
For moment like this,
To know if my portion
Be torture or bliss:
'Tis speaking a word—and
Our meeting is o'er—
'Tis speaking a word—and
We part never more!

To win thy grey father,
I've no patch of earth;
To match thy high brothers,
I've no musty birth.
Let the rich call me beggar,
The titled, a churl—
My blade is as true as
The sword of an Earl.

Thou shalt not lack honour,
Thou shalt not need land,
While there's wit in this head,
Or strength in this hand.
And better than jewels,
Or old pedigree,
Sole Queen of my bosom
Enthroned thou shalt be!

My steed grows impatient,
And paws at the gate,
He frets for bright moments
That fly as we wait.
He tells me ere morning,
Far, far must I ride,
To lead to the altar
A fugitive Bride.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE GREEK QUESTION.*

We hope we shall be rendering an acceptable service to our readers in submitting to them the result of a patient investigation of these tedious and complicated papers; an investigation, we can venture to assure them, conducted in a spirit of perfect impartiality—influenced neither by the phil-Hellenistic mania, on the one hand, nor by an excessive horror of all resistance to legitimate government, on the other. As an obvious consequence of this principle, we shall confine ourselves almost entirely to the papers themselves; because, on the contents of these papers, both government, and the various classes of its opponents, profess to rest their respective cases.

In inquiring into the merits of this question, it is necessary constantly to bear in mind the real state of the case on which it has arisen. This was not a case of interference in a quarrel between two states, but between a sovereign and his revolted subjects. Further, it had not any of the objects usually set forth to

justify the interference of strangers in such a quarrel. It was not undertaken to enforce any claims of justice between the parties—to strengthen an injured sovereign, or to succour an oppressed people; on the contrary, its objects were declared to be wholly independent of the rights of either. Further still, it was a case, in which the very right to interfere was, at one time, formally disclaimed by the powers who afterwards deemed it necessary to interfere so efficaciously. 'Russia (these are the words of its declaration of war against Turkey) did not hesitate a moment to testify its just disapprobation of the enterprise of Prince Ypsilanti,' (A. 230)—which was the beginning of the Greek insurrection; the Congress of Verona openly testified a similar feeling: the Greek deputies were refused even a hearing by that august assembly—nay, a formal communication was made to the Porte, in the name of the Congress, by one of the ministers who had assisted at it—our own ambassador to the Porte, Lord Strangeford—to the effect, that '*the Congress recognized the Greek question as one belonging to the internal affairs of the Porte, in which no foreign power ought to intermeddle.*' Here, to say the least of it, was a complete disclaimer of all right to interfere, on the ground of the merits of the quarrel. In conformity to this was the language uniformly holden after the interference had commenced: 'Be those merits what they may—be the origin of the Greek rebellion as unjustifiable as can be imagined—still, it has continued so long, the suppression of it by Turkey is now so hopeless, that it has become the duty of the great powers of Europe, for the sake of objects the most important to the welfare of their own subjects, to insist on putting an end to it.'—The treaty, by which the allied powers bound themselves to each other, proclaimed what these objects were—namely, to rescue the peace of Europe from the dangers to which it was exposed by a continuance of the struggle, and to relieve the commerce of nations from the interruptions it was actually experiencing from piracy, and the other collateral mischiefs attendant on that struggle.

These objects were, doubtless, legitimate, as well as important: if they could not otherwise be obtained, they might justify a departure from the general rule, incumbent on all governments, not to interfere between an independent sovereign and his subjects. Still, at the best, it was a singular and painful state of things; and it became still more painful, on contemplating the means which the allies deemed necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose. These means were, in truth, such as nothing but the fullest conviction of their necessity could suggest to just and honourable minds. They were no other, than that the Ottoman emperor should formally abandon the exercise of his own rights, and the development of his own means, for putting down an insurrection of his own subjects—

* 1. A. Protocols of Conferences held in London.

2. B. Protocols of Conferences held in Constantinople.

3. C. Papers relative to Greece.

4. Communications with H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

5. Further Communications relative to the Sovereignty of Greece.

6. Protocols of a Conference held at Paros.

7. Communications of the Ambassadors of England and France with the Reis Effendi and the Baron de Zuylen.

that he should admit the mediation of the allies—and that he should accept, in the outset, as the first fruits of that mediation, a sentence which virtually gave to the insurgents the chief of those objects, which they had so long striven to wrest from him in vain.

Now this, it must be admitted, was a very strong proceeding, a proceeding which, unless justified, not only by the greatness of the object, but also by the impossibility of devising any less odious means of attaining it, could be characterised only as a gross and outrageous violation of the rights of an independent prince, and the plainest dictates of international justice. That case was so felt by the allied sovereigns cannot be doubted. Throughout the whole of their protracted negotiations, they earnestly professed themselves to be—two of them 'the ancient allies'—all of them 'the friends of Turkey.' Their counsels, however unpleasant, were dictated by 'sentiments of benevolence and friendship'—though compelled, for the attainment of their great objects, 'to exert themselves in every way which circumstances shall suggest to their discretion,' they at the same time declared, that 'they had no intention of disturbing the friendly relations which subsist between them and the Sublime Porte.' (A. 182.) Even after the 'untoward event' at Navarino, they still presented themselves in the same character—still claimed to be regarded as 'friends.' Nay, so jealous were they of this title, so proudly conscious of deserving it, that they authorised their ambassadors to demand a formal recognition of it by the Porte under an alternative little short of a declaration of war! (B. 178.) They must, therefore, we repeat, have felt acutely the hardships of the conditions they were imposing on a brother sovereign, their 'friend' and their 'ally'—one, too, against whom not a shadow of charge, of any kind, was even pretended. Neither was this all they must have felt: they must have likewise felt the extreme responsibility they were taking upon themselves: they must have felt that any sacrifice demanded from Turkey, beyond what was absolutely necessary for the security of the great objects of their alliance, would be *pro tanto*, an act of spoliation and robbery. In short, the justice of the case admits of no dispute. Turkey was not to be mulcted in a single inch of her lawful possessions, which was not indispensable for the security of the commerce of nations, and for the maintenance of peace—of the peace, that is, of Europe, not of peace between the Porte and its rebel subjects; for with this peace, on its own account, the allies had no right, and by their formal communication from Congress had told the Porte that they had no right whatever, to intermeddle.

But what was it which made the security of commerce and the peace of Europe to be endangered by the long-continued struggle of the Greeks—which gave, therefore, to other nations the right of interfering to put an end to

it? Evidently, not the extent of their country, nor the amount of its population; far larger and more populous provinces might have continued longer in a state of insurrection against their government, without exciting any solicitude in the other cabinets of Europe. It was simply and merely because of the local, above all, the *maritime*, situation of the Greeks.—Their country lay in the high road of nations trading to the Levant and the Black Sea.—Their quarrel with their masters had engendered a spawn of buccaneers and pirates, which infested the seas, making commerce insecure, demanding armaments and convoys for the protection of the merchant ships of every nation, which traded thither, even in times when no war, recognized by the states of Europe, called for such costly and inconvenient precautions. Besides this, it contained the latent seeds of a disturbance of that state of territorial arrangement on which the general security reposed; collisions were likely to ensue, and in process of time could hardly fail to ensue, between Turkey and other powers while she was employing her naval means in ineffectual efforts to quell a rebellion which had spread itself through almost all the islands of the Archipelago; and the effect of such collisions and of the wars consequent upon them, would necessarily be, to endanger that balance between the nations of Europe which it had been the great object of all to re-adjust, and to set afloat passions incompatible with the peace of the civilized world. These, then, being the dangers—the evils to be apprehended arising only from *maritime* Greece—the security to be sought being only against, that licentious and lawless course of maritime warfare, which had grown out of the singular nature of the contest, and was inseparable from its continuance—we see, at once, both the justification and the due limit, of the interference of the allies. It was the maritime position of Greece which made her disorders mischievous and dangerous to other nations: it was with her, in this view, therefore, that the allies were concerned—with her as a *maritime* country. If her coasts and her islands had been reduced to order, or made to be no longer a source of serious annoyance to the rest of the world, the struggle might have continued to rage in the interior, without leaving to foreigners any right to interfere. Not only so, but while they interfered, this, and this only, was the object to which their interference might lawfully extend—the establishment of such an order of things in Greece, as should give a reasonable assurance of the future peace and safety of the adjoining seas.

To apply this reasoning to the question of the boundary of the new state (for we will not embarrass ourselves with that which Turkey herself wisely decided, by granting unlimited independence—we mean the question of the relations which should subsist between her and her late subjects):—It is plain, from what has

been stated, that in adjusting that boundary, at the expense of Turkey, the allies had nothing whatever to do with what might be the best frontier for the strength or the security of the new state, much less for its future greatness; but that the only question which could fairly be considered by them, was this;—how little of territory it might be sufficient to demand, in order to constitute a state capable of going on, *under the guarantee of the three powers*, without any reasonable danger of such collisions, as might compromise the security of the commerce of nations in the Levant. Such was the manifest justice of the case; and in accordance to it, we are bound to believe, must have been the original purpose of the three great powers who were parties to the treaty. In truth, there is in the treaty itself nothing to contradict, and much to confirm, this view. If 'Greece' and 'the Greeks,' are there named vaguely and generally, still there is no ground to suppose that the operation of the measures contemplated by the allies was designed to be co-extensive with the limits of *Greece*, and to include all who bore the appellation of *Greeks*. On the contrary, there is an express stipulation, that 'the limits of the territory on the continent, and the designation of the islands in the Archipelago, to which the arrangement shall be applicable, shall be settled in a subsequent negotiation between the high powers and the two contending parties.' Besides, it is satisfactory to observe, that the allies cautiously abstained from using any expression which should involve, even by remote implication, the acknowledgment of the Greeks, or any of them, as a political body. Even the secret article, which, as might be expected, announces more plainly the views of the contracting powers, cautiously avoids all recognition of anything like a *political* character in the Greeks. If the Ottoman Porte does not, within a month, accept the proposed mediation, the ambassadors are to state to it the necessity, and the causes of the necessity, imposed on their courts, 'of taking immediate measures for an *approximation* with the Greeks'—so strongly did they feel the duty of abstaining from all intermeddling with the subjects of another sovereign, without a real necessity, and without previously explaining that necessity to the sovereign himself. Still more worthy of remark is the caution with which the powers limit the nature of the 'approximation which is to be held with the Greeks.' 'It is to be understood,' says this secret article, 'that this approximation shall be brought about by establishing *commercial relations* with the Greeks, by sending to them for that purpose, and receiving from them *consular agents*, so long as there shall exist among them *authorities capable of maintaining such relations*.' In all this, it is impossible not to perceive that the allied courts duly felt, and were guided by, those sound principles of public law, which forbid the interference of any power within the domi-

nions of another, unless in case of manifest necessity and which strictly limit such interference by the necessity which causes it.

Upon the whole, it is gratifying to find that a treaty, in which our own government bore so prominent a part, and which is even consigned to history by the name of 'the Treaty of London,'—whatever differences of opinion may exist respecting its alleged necessity—was, in its *provisions* at least, free from all reasonable censure. In saying this, we by no means wish to be understood as considering those provisions as well adapted to obtain their object. Not to mention their extreme vagueness, which will come under notice hereafter, we think the whole process therein devised for procuring the desired concessions from the Porte marvellously injudicious: for it was in direct opposition to the notorious prejudices, and even religious scruples, of the followers of the Prophet. To require Turks to submit to a *mediation*, which should make them formally confer with their Greek subjects, a race of rayahs, almost as with equals—was to demand an infinitely more mortifying concession, than would have been the absolute surrender of all the proposed matters of mediation. On the other hand, had the treaty engaged the contracting parties to induce, or, if necessary, to compel the Porte—without any demand of previous negotiation with the Greeks—to erect, by its own act, a certain portion of their country—such a portion as the interests of Europe obviously demanded—into a principality, similar to those on the Danube, and therefore not liable to objection on the ground of precedent or principle, we apprehend that they would have found their object much more easy of attainment, and infinitely less embarrassing to themselves when attained, than they are likely to find the hopeful bantling which their treaty has at length brought forth, and which they have, we are afraid, undertaken to rear. Be this as it may, the provisions of the treaty, whether wisely or unwisely devised as means for an end, are, we repeat, unexceptionable in themselves. Viewing the matter thus, it becomes a subject of no trifling interest to Englishmen to inquire how the government of England has borne its part in carrying the treaty into effect; and what has been the character of that government's proceedings in a negotiation, involving so many high considerations of justice, generosity, and good faith.

And here it is due to the memory of that eminent person who was at the head of the councils of Great Britain when the treaty was framed, and who is understood to have had a large and principal share in framing it—to state, in the outset, that there is no appearance in any of the transactions, over which he can be supposed to have had an influence of any departure from the most scrupulous observance of the principles on which alone such a proceeding could be justified. The various

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instruments agreed upon at the first conference of the plenipotentiaries—the instruction to the ambassadors at Constantinople; the declarations to the Ottoman Porte; the instructions to the admirals of the allied squadrons in the Levant; the declaration to the provisional government of Greece (A. 178-186)—all bear the same impress of strict adherence to the provisions of the treaty; are all characterized by the same rigid impartiality.—Unhappily, however, when the master-mind was no longer permitted to watch the accomplishment of his own project, and to regulate the machinery employed in working it, disorder rapidly ensued. This is not said in derogation of the zeal or talents of the individuals who composed the cabinet which succeeded. The mischief necessarily grew out of their position. In truth, what could be expected from a government so constituted? whose various members were strung together without union, and without any one of the elements of union—without friendship, or even the decent simulation of it—without common principles of any kind; agreeing only in the consciousness of universal discord, and of their utter want of the confidence of their sovereign, of their country, and of each other. One necessary result of such a state of things was the loss of authority in our foreign relations. The English plenipotentiary could speak no longer with the confidence which became him. He could not resist the violent and hostile counsels which might accord but too well with the fancied interests of one of the contracting parties, but were in direct opposition to the justice of the case, to the spirit of the treaty, and, above all, to the professions with which that treaty was first laid before the world.

Those professions may be stated in the following terms, taken from the instructions to the admirals of the combined squadrons:—

'You will be aware that you must employ extreme care, in order to prevent the measures which you shall adopt against the Ottoman marine, from *degenerating into hostilities*. The express intention of the three powers is to *interpose as peace-makers*; . . . *'every hostile proceeding would be in contradiction to the pacific part which it is their desire to sustain.* The array of force which they have assembled is designed to cause that desire to be respected; but they will not make use of that force, unless the Turks shall persist in forcing the passages which they had intercepted.' (A. 185.)

From the peaceful and forbearing tone of this instruction (issued under the eye of Mr. Caning) it could hardly be anticipated, that the very next conference of the plenipotentiaries would give birth to a proposition little short of direct hostility. Yet such was the fact. The Russian minister proposed at once to cut the knot—to blockade the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles (A. 187); in short, to starve the Porte into compliance with their demands! The principle of this proposition, it is lament-

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able to see, while it was distinctly approved by the French minister, was not discountenanced by the English, who satisfied himself with reserving it for 'the deliberations of the cabinet.' (A. 186.) The result of the deliberations of such a body was what might be expected. On the 15th of October it was formally announced—

'That under the present circumstances the English cabinet did not consider itself authorized to adopt the Russian proposition in its full extent, being desirous, before resorting to the measures therein mentioned, to satisfy itself of the effect produced upon the Ottoman Porte by those which the three mediating courts are at present adopting towards it.' (A. 189.)

At the next conference matters were fast advancing to a crisis; information had arrived, that even the destruction of their navy in the bay of Navarino had not made the Turks sufficiently tractable; and that the ambassadors of the allies were about to leave Constantinople. The plenipotentiaries, therefore, resolved, 'That the moment is arrived at which, notwithstanding their wishes and their efforts, the three allied powers may see themselves involved in a war with the Ottoman Porte.' (A. 190.) The consequence seemed to be inevitable; it seemed as if the Russian proposition could no longer be resisted, nor its execution be deferred. But this was not all. Encouraged by the reception given to that proposition, and calculating, doubtless, on a continuance of the same weakness in the British councils, Russia now extended her views. In a despatch from St. Petersburg, dated January 6, 1828, she declared, 'that the rupture of all relation between the three courts and the Porte,' (by the withdrawal of the ambassadors from Constantinople,) 'dissipates the scruples arising from the neutrality, which they persisted in observing.'—(A. 201.) She therefore gravely proposed, that she should be allowed to lead her armies across the Pruth, and to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia in the name of the three powers. 'But if our allies,' emulous no doubt of so holy an example, 'should be disposed to strike a bolder blow, to penetrate even to Constantinople, and there to dictate peace under the walls of the Seraglio,' (these are the words of this remarkable document,) 'we declare beforehand, that our fleets of the Black Sea shall actively co-operate in the same enterprise!'—A. 201.

Such was the state of the negotiation at the commencement of 1828—such the practical comment on the profession of 'benevolence and friendship' with which the allies, for many months, had been fatiguing the patience of the Ottoman Porte—such the project, of which a British cabinet had already countenanced the

* The despatch concluded with expressing the emperor's conviction that he shall find in his allies the same sincerity, the same energy, the same disinterestedness, whereof the negotiations of Constantinople, and the occurrences in the seas of Greece furnished so striking a proof.

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principle, and could hardly refuse to sanction the execution—when, happily for our national honour, and most happily for the men who had brought it into jeopardy, England was rescued from the indelible disgrace of being a party to such an outrage, by the only occurrence which could then prevent it—a change in the councils of her sovereign. At the very first conference of the plenipotentiaries after this change, England resumed the attitude which became her, and made the voice of justice and good faith to be again heard from the mouth of her representative. The proposal of the court of Russia was answered in a letter from Lord Dudley to the Prince Lieven (A. 28.) a letter which, while as a composition it does honour even to the highly-gifted nobleman whose signature it bears, entitles both himself and those of whose joint counsels he was the able interpreter, to the lasting gratitude of all who feel for the character of their country. Perhaps, indeed, it would be impossible to find in the records of British diplomacy a document more highly distinguished by all which ought to characterise a communication from the minister of a great country on a question of the gravest importance to the honour and interests of that country, as well as to the cause of public justice and the tranquillity of the civilized world. The firm but conciliatory tone in which it rejects the violent counsels of Russia, and proposes a safe, and moderate, and honourable mode of attaining the only legitimate objects of the alliance—its seasonable admonition to the combined powers to beware of the unknown, unthought-of consequences which might follow ‘the first march of great armies, and the first collision of great empires’—its frank yet guarded exposition of the principles which would henceforth guide the councils of Great Britain in dealing with this momentous question—its prudent and equitable consideration for the jealousies of some, for the passions and prejudices of others, and for the just rights of all who might be affected by the decision—these and other excellencies, befitting such a document, constitute it almost a manual for the instruction and guidance of future statesmen.

But this rejection of the proposition of Russia is not the only particular in which may be traced the influence of that better spirit which again actuated our diplomacy. To an Englishman, jealous of the honour of England, the conduct of the government of 1827, in relation to the *piracies of the Greeks*, affords a subject of most painful retrospect. If ever there was an occasion when the duty of rigid and inflexible impartiality was imposed by the nature and circumstances of the case, this was such. The allied powers professed to interfere ‘as peace-makers,’ in a quarrel in which it was necessary to have recourse to considerations, if of certain, still not very obvious, and, at best, of *extreme* right, in order to justify their claim of interfering at all. By its very nature, that interference, however conducted, could not but be

of most unequal operation—could not but give countenance to one party and discouragement to the other. What, then, ought to have been the course pursued by the allies in the conduct of it? The least that was demanded, not only by their own dignity, but by the homeliest rules of common honesty, was, that the party benefited by their mediation should be required to submit to restrictions analogous and equivalent to those imposed on its adversary. Let us apply this to the ‘Instructions addressed to the Admirals commanding the Squadrons of the Three Powers in the Mediterranean,’ dated 15th of October, 1827. First, with regard to the *Turks*. ‘The commander of the British fleet should be directed to intercept all ships whether of war or merchants, having on board troops, arms, ammunition, stores, or provisions for the use of the Turkish force, employed, or intended to be employed, against the Greeks, either on the continent or in the islands.’—Again, ‘He will concert with the commanders of the allied powers the most effectual mode of preventing any movements by sea, on the part of the Turkish or Egyptian forces.’ So much for the *Turks*. Let us now see the measures to be pursued towards the *Greeks*; premising, that these measures were called forth by a remonstrance from the French Admiral De Rigny, expressed in the following strong terms:

‘With regard to the naval armistice it must be remarked, that at the same time that it would be the most certain mode of putting an end to piracy, which is one of the objects of the treaty, it will, for that very reason, find few partisans amongst the sailors of Hydra and Spezia. You are aware of the nature of their naval operations: under the pretext of war, they go to sea with papers so irregular, as to be little better than no papers at all; and, in truth, nearly all act alike. The prize-courts at Napoli dare not restore a vessel; moreover, vessels are very frequently not carried before the courts at all; their cargoes are in the first instance discharged. I confess, that in the state in which the Greeks have ever been and with their propensities, it has always appeared to me inconceivable, that they should not have been interdicted from cruising, and from the right of search, or from making captures on board of neutral vessels, except of contraband of war. It must be confessed, that the toleration of this system has been the cause of piracy, as it at present exists.’—B. 152.

Such was the evil to be remedied, such the remedy suggested by one, whose station, experience, and character entitled it to the gravest attention. Let us now see the result of the attention so given by the conference of October 15, 1827—the very conference at which the British plenipotentiary announced his cabinet’s qualified acquiescence in the principle of the Russian proposition for blockading Constantinople.

‘With a view to prevent the continuance of the predatory warfare by the Greek cruisers, now the subject of such frequent complaints on the part of the allies, and of all nations trading to the Levant, he (the British Admiral) will try

to procure from the Greek government their consent, that any Greek vessel carrying less than ten guns, which may be found at sea, unless provided with a passport for some specific voyage and from the Greek government itself, should be liable to detention by the naval forces of the allies.

‘In general, he will lose no opportunity of impressing upon the Greek government the necessity of endeavouring earnestly, by every means they possess, to check robbery and plunder by sea, which have prevailed in the Levant since the beginning of the present troubles.

‘He will represent to them, that though, in the infancy of their power, they may not possess the means of putting down this system, yet that, by discountenancing it themselves, and by sanctioning active measures on our part, they will at once satisfy the mediating powers, and relieve their cause from a great weight of odium, under which it has hitherto laboured.’—(A. 13.)

In order to do full justice to this exquisite specimen of delicacy and tenderness for a people so deserving of it, be it remembered, that, as Admiral de Rigny suggested, it was this very system of piracy on the part of the Greeks, which—because it could not be put down by their lawful masters—was made the most prominent, as it was, in truth, the strongest and most reasonable, of all the pleas, on which the allied powers had founded their claim to interpose in the struggle, and thus to deprive an independent and friendly sovereign of his most undoubted rights! The effect of this proceeding was what might be expected. *It paralysed the efforts which the admirals had commenced, and even the ambassadors at Constantinople wished to make, for securing something like a decent adherence, on the part of the Greeks, to the armistice which they had pledged themselves to observe.* (See B. 191.)

From so mortifying an exhibition of the weakness of our councils, it is refreshing to turn once more to a better page of British diplomacy. The same conference which witnessed the triumph of British justice over the outrageous project for the invasion of Turkey produced the following ‘instruction to the admirals,’ in respect to the abuse of which we are now speaking:—

‘You will, in concert with your colleagues, urge the Greek government to draw up a list, specifying the names of their vessels of war; and to give to the commanders a commission, the form of which you will immediately employ yourself in settling, in concert with the Greek government. Every vessel, which shall not be furnished with such commission, shall be forthwith seized by the cruisers of the combined squadrons.’—(A. 205.)

To return to the negotiations respecting the sacrifices demanded from Turkey. In the letter already alluded to, from Lord Dudley to the Prince Lieven, it was proposed to limit the demand of territory to the Morea and the Islands—in other words, to that portion of Greece only, the troubles of which, really endangered the

security of intercourse in the Levant seas; and it cannot be doubted, that if this proposal had been strengthened by any indication of a readiness in Turkey to acquiesce in it, here her sacrifices would have terminated; and all the subsequent events, so full of loss, discomfiture, and disgrace to herself—so full of embarrassment and difficulty to her best friends—so pregnant, it may be, with future danger to the general tranquillity of Europe—would have been prevented. Unhappily, the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman emperor, his incredible rashness in precipitating a contest with Russia, under circumstances which deprived every other power of the right to forbid, or to lighten, his overthrow, produced a new obstacle to the equitable adjustment of his claims on Greece. But, even under the fresh difficulty thus imposed on the British cabinet, it ceased not to contend most strenuously, and, in several important points, most successfully, for the observance of just and moderate measures in executing the treaty of July. This was, indeed, no easy task. At the same conference, in which the British plenipotentiary had so pre-emptorily rejected the violent counsels of Russia, and before that rejection was recorded, the Prince Lieven produced a despatch from his court, (reserved, doubtless, for this contingency,) announcing war between Russia and Turkey. The object of this despatch, however veiled by diplomatic courtesies, was, obviously, to compel the allies to adopt the measure, which England had rejected, and so, in fact, to make them become parties with Russia in her hostilities. The alternative is thus expressed:—

‘If the allies withhold their assent, Russia will not the less execute the treaty of London, by aid of the measures of coercion which the Porte forces her to employ; but, abandoned to herself, and receiving henceforth no assistance, she will be able to consult, in the manner of executing that act, only her own interests and convenience.’ (A. 211.)

In this new emergency, the position preserved for England was such as entitles its government to the highest praise. Immediately, a note from Lord Dudley to the Russian plenipotentiary announced the fixed resolution of his court to adhere to its former views; and, moreover, declared the impossibility of co-operating any longer with Russia, after the pretensions she had put forth. (A. 44.) He at the same time invited France to act in concert with England, for obtaining the speedy accomplishment of the objects of the treaty; and, as the first and most necessary step, he proposed that they should define exactly what those objects were. The mischiefs resulting from the vagueness of the terms in which the treaty was drawn had, indeed, long been felt, and in various ways. It had rendered more intense the alarm which such an act, at the best, could not but excite in the Porte, and it had aggravated the jealousies of Europe in general. It

had also encouraged the most unreasonable, and continually growing, pretensions on the part of the Greeks. No stronger proof of this can be desired, than a mere perusal of the recent letters of Count Capo d'Istria to Prince Leopold. Could such pretensions have been even dreamt of, at the beginning of these negotiations? '*Much will be accomplished, if Attica can be saved*,' and included within the terms of the treaty.' This was the language of Admiral de Rigny, an able, honourable, consistent friend of Greece—one who had long devoted himself to her cause. In a despatch addressed by him to the French ambassador at Constantinople, in August, 1827, he added, with a sagacious foresight, which proves the high value of all his opinions on this subject—

'The difficulties on both sides would have soon disappeared, if it had been possible to reconstruct the article of the treaty which regards the boundary, in terms which would leave to neither party any prospect of enlarging or contracting, by means of discussion, the limits of the territory to be comprehended in the arrangement.'—(B. 149.)

In order to put an end to these various mischiefs, the British plenipotentiary urged the necessity of defining the boundary exactly, and of drawing it in strict conformity to the principle of the treaty. That principle was 'the pacification of the Levant.' He had before proposed, and to this proposal he now referred. (A. 46)—

'with the view of giving to the Greeks a clearly defined and strong mountain frontier, to confine them to the line nearest to the Morea, (the mountains on the north side of the Isthmus,) as that to which the naval exertions could be most easily applied, and which, after the terms of the treaty had been carried into effect, would best secure the future tranquillity of the Morea.'

He then pointed out the mode in which the evacuation of the Morea by the Egyptian and Turkish troops could be obtained—

'which being done,' he argued, '*the object of the allies would be accomplished*; the settlement of the country could go on, under the protection of the combined fleets, and the countenance of their commercial agents, who might in this case be sent to the Greeks; *piracies would be put an end to, and the peaceful commerce of nations would revive*.'—(A. 30.)

Here, then, was a fair expedient proposed, completely fulfilling the views with which the treaty was formed; for, the peace of the Morea and of the adjacent islands being secured, all would be gained which concerned the interests of foreign nations. Whether the Greeks of Livadia or Roumelia were on good or ill terms with their masters, the Turks, was a question which might interest the feelings, but could not affect the peace or the commerce, of Europe. With them, therefore, it was not necessary, for the objects of the treaty, that the high contracting parties should in any way intermeddle.* But, if not necessary, it would be

* This was the principle which the ambassadors

obviously improper, for nothing but the necessity of the case could justify their interfering at all. Such was the wise and honourable course of the British government. France, in her reply, first declined altogether to separate the court of Russia from the negotiations. She objected, too, to the definition of the objects of the treaty, as inexpedient; and, in particular, to fixing the territorial limit in the way proposed by England—of which she at the same time admitted, not only that it would 'give the Greeks a territory easily defended,' but also that it had been once, conditionally, suggested by herself. Moreover, she began to testify a disposition to yield to considerations not less derogatory to the true dignity of the allies, than they were opposed to the justice of the case:

'We must not disguise from ourselves, that the Greek question has derived importance from the dominion of early associations: *the public mind* in Europe has been excited, and filled with the idea of the resuscitation of ancient Greece. It has not been the object of the three courts to realize these dreams; but they will be held to have done nothing if the Peloponnesus alone is withdrawn from the Turkish yoke. *A cry of grief and indignation* will be raised, if Athens, still arrayed in her glorious and noble renown, falls again under the humiliating dominion of the Sultana Valide.'—(A. 219.)

Russia, in like manner, began to assume a tone, in reference to the Greek cause, which was in direct contradiction to her former condemnation of it. She, who had reprobated the insurrection as wholly unjustifiable, now spoke of the treaty of July as '*advocating the rights and wishes of an unfortunate people*.'—(A. 231.)

Meanwhile, England alone adhered inflexibly to her honest purpose. The conferences were, in consequence, suspended; nor would she consent to renew them, till Russia, departing from her demand of assent on the part of the allies to an invasion of Turkey in the name of the alliance, and *expressly renouncing* the alternative which she had before stated, of 'consulting, in the manner of executing the treaty, only her own interests and convenience,' proposed not only to maintain the same position, and to pursue the same course with her allies, in everything which concerned the execution of the treaty, but even to lay aside her belligerent character, and to forego the exercise of her maritime rights in the Mediterranean, for the purpose of identifying herself, as much as possible, at Constantinople themselves had put forth in their formal interview with the Reis Effendi. 'One part of the Levant,' said they, 'is in a state of disturbance: it is now a question of pacifying that part, and not of considering the state of those parts which can in no case compromise the peace of Europe.'—(B. 215.) In short, it being only by disturbance of the communications at sea, that the interests or the peace of Europe can be endangered in the quarrels between Greeks and Turks, if the tranquillity of the Morea and the islands be secured, the interference of foreign powers ceases to be necessary for any legitimate objects.

sible, with them. When this important concession had been made to England, the conferences were resumed, with the avowed intention of all the contracting parties to accelerate, to the utmost, the fulfilment of the provisions of the treaty. With the view of contributing most effectually to this end, and in order to satisfy the fair wishes of all, it was resolved that the late ambassadors of the three powers at Constantinople should re-assemble at Corfu, or wherever they might deem more expedient, and should 'immediately open a communication with the Greek government, for the purpose of discussing with persons duly authorized, the mode of executing the treaty, so far as it might affect the future condition of Greece.'—(A. 74.)

In the instructions given to the ambassadors, the question, relative to the future boundary, occupied, as might be expected, a very prominent place. In particular, without excluding the consideration of others, their attention was drawn to four specified lines of frontier, the most extensive of which was one very nearly answering to that which has been ultimately fixed by the protocol of the 3d of February, differing only in a slight degree in the north-eastern limit, where the gulf of Volo was proposed instead of Zeitoun. This, we repeat, was the most extensive of the four specified frontiers; and it will be remarked, that it excluded *Acarnania, Samos, and Candia*. It must be borne in mind, also, that this was the *line of blockade* laid down by the ambassadors themselves at their conference in Constantinople of the 4th of September, 1827, which line professed to include 'all that portion of Greece and of the adjacent islands, which, having taken an active and continued part in the insurrection, may, with more or less right and chance of success, lay claim to the enjoyment of the benefit of the arrangements of which the treaty of London has laid the basis.' This frontier, it must be remembered, too, was not only the largest specified in the instructions to the ambassadors, but the largest which had ever been proposed or suggested, in any of the conferences of the plenipotentiaries; and it was first proposed by that power, which has always been most anxious to sustain the utmost pretensions of Greece—it was, in short, proposed by the Russian plenipotentiary, in that very document which contained his most extravagant project for 'dictating peace under the walls of the Seraglio.' His words, when speaking of this frontier, are inoperative. 'This basis appears to us satisfactory; for it answers to all the wishes which the Greeks can reasonably form';—(A. 202)—thus excluding *Acarnania, Candia, and Samos*, those three portions of Greece, the exclusion of which is now made the great ground of clamour against the final arrangements, and excluding them as being *beyond the reasonable pretensions, nay, wishes, of Greece*. All this it will be necessary to bear in mind, in appreciating the labours of the ambassadors.

But, in the interval, before the result of those labours was received, several occasions occurred, on which the firmness of England, and her strict adherence to the principles of the treaty, were tried and evinced. The inability of the Greeks to avail themselves even of the unlooked-for and prodigious advantage, which had resulted to them from the destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet at Navarino, left Ibrahim still in the military occupation of the Morea, and even in communication with Turkey by land. Yet it was quite clear, that, shut out from all succour and supplies by sea, he could not regain for the Porte the peaceful dominion over that province. It was in perfect accordance, therefore, with the language and spirit of the treaty of July, to have recourse to 'ulterior measures,' for the purpose of compelling him to evacuate a country which he could not conquer, but was able to devastate. Accordingly, the British plenipotentiary, while he placed on the protocol of the 19th of July his declaration, 'that the treaty of London had not had for its object the conquest of Greece, or the withdrawal of an important province from the sway of the Porte, but the re-establishment of peace in the East on lasting foundations,' assented to the proposal of sending a body of French troops into the Morea, which, without taking an active part in hostilities, should cut off from Ibrahim all external communication by means of a blockade by land, and so enforce his evacuation of the Morea.

At a subsequent conference on the 16th of November, it was announced that the occupation of the Morea, in the name of the allied powers, was accomplished—that Ibrahim, with his army, had returned to Egypt—and that the Turkish troops, which had occupied the fortresses on his retiring, had evacuated them of their own accord, when the French army arrived in the Peninsula. Congratulating his colleagues on this result, the French plenipotentiary proposed that the operations of the troops should be extended, and in order to enable the Greeks of the Morea (for this was the pretext) to defend themselves against an attack on the part of the Turks—should procure for them a frontier which would leave to an invading army but few approaches, and those of easy defence. For this purpose he urged the necessity of compelling the Turks to evacuate *Attica and Eubœa*.—(A. 258,9.) To this proposition, the British plenipotentiary peremptorily objected. He again insisted, that 'the object of the treaty was not to enable the contracting parties to conquer territories from the Ottoman Porte, with the view of extending the territory of, or creating frontiers for, Greece, but to restore peace to countries that were in a state of insurrection against the Porte, and in which it was believed, that the Ottoman government could not re-establish its own authority:' that 'to extend to *Attica* the operations of the French troops, would lead to the invasion of a

country of which the Turks are in undisturbed possession, where the insurrection has been suppressed by the Turkish authorities, where it no longer exists, and where it has not existed for a long period of time.' The resistance of England was successful—the extension of the operations of the troops into Attica was abandoned—and the conference came to the important resolution, that the allied powers should 'take the Morea, the adjoining islands, and the Cyclades, under their provisional guarantee'; but, in deference to the views of France and Russia, a provision was added, that they should not be deemed 'thereby to prejudice, in any way, the question of the definitive limits to be assigned to Greece.'—(A. 256.)

Such was the state of the negotiation, and such the prospect of England's obtaining the just and honourable object at which she had aimed—that of limiting the sacrifices demanded of the Porte to the Morea and the islands—when the time arrived for the result of the deliberations of the ambassadors in the Mediterranean to be announced. We have seen what the duty entrusted to them had been; and, in the discharge of it, they proceeded to form and 'to record their definitive opinion upon the several points of the treaty of London, upon which the courts were called upon to decide.'—(P. 21.) Of these the most important, and, as has already been seen, that which had excited the greatest difference of sentiment in the allied courts, was the question of *frontier*. To this the especial attention of the ambassadors, had been drawn, and principles laid down in the 'instructions' given for their guidance by the plenipotentiaries of London: after full inquiry and consideration, after 'communicating with the Greek government, receiving their wishes, and weighing their arguments, they were to recommend (to the plenipotentiaries) such a decision as should be most consistent with equity and justice.'—(A. 75.)

Of the manner in which these ministers executed the task allotted to them, we should be sorry to speak in harsh or unbecoming terms. But in a matter of so much interest to all Europe, and which is become peculiarly so to this country by the discussions it is about to undergo in parliament, and still more by its bearing on our national honour, we shall not shrink from avowing our opinion, at whatever hazard of offending those, who are, we doubt not, deserving of high respect. We frankly declare, therefore, that in our judgment, the ambassadors wholly misconceived the question which they were required to solve, and departed widely from both the spirit and the letter of the instructions given for their guidance. As this forms one of the cardinal points of our whole inquiry—for the report made by these ambassadors, recommending a line of frontier from the gulf of Volo to that of Arta (a line considerably more extensive than the most exten-

sive which had yet been discussed) had, unfortunately, a very important influence on subsequent transactions;—we think it right to examine the matter with some minuteness.

First, then, the object which they profess to have had in view was, we conceive, very far indeed from being such as they ought to have proposed to themselves. They profess to have considered it their duty to submit to the courts their opinion upon 'the line of frontier which would best suit Greece.' (P. 31.) But this, it can hardly be necessary to say, was not such as the spirit of the treaty required; neither, we will add, was it such as the instructions they had received empowered them to consider. The aim of the treaty of London was, as they themselves declare, (P. 21,) 'the pacification of the Levant by means of a mediation'; in other words, by such an arrangement as should be most accordant with the reasonable views of both the contending parties. Does the designation of 'a line of frontier, which would best suit Greece,' fulfil this condition? As little does it correspond with the instructions given to them. Those instructions are, indeed, stated by the ambassadors to have been as follows:—

'That they should make it their business to seek a line, which, *traversing the continent of Greece*, should offer a natural position, clearly defined, easy of defence, containing a reasonable proportion of the Greek population, which was really in a state of insurrection' against the Porte; lastly, traced in such a manner as to afford the least possible risk of any subjects of dispute arising between its inhabitants and those of the adjoining Turkish provinces.'—P. 25.

But this, we must take leave to say, is an extremely inaccurate description of the instructions actually given by the plenipotentiaries. It introduces one important particular, which made no part of those instructions, and omits more than one of great moment. In the first place, it is an unauthorized addition to the instructions, to say that the line of frontier was to *traverse the continent of Greece*. So far from it, that one of the lines, specially stated by the plenipotentiaries for consideration—of which line, we cannot doubt, the English ambassador must have known that it had been urgently recommended by his own court—nay that very line, which had been made, chiefly through the influence of England, the subject of the *provisional guarantee* of the three powers, at the conference of November 16, 1828, did not *traverse* the continent of Greece, but simply cuts

'At the time when the ambassadors drew up their definitive opinion upon the limits of Greece,' they themselves say, 'The only parts of Greece actually freed from the presence of the Turks' (they should rather have said *not under the absolute and undisputed possession of the Turks*,) 'within the limits specified by the instructions, are the Morea, the islands, and some detached portions of Roumelia.'—P. 21. Yet they scrupled not to recommend, that all within the line drawn between the Gulphs of Volo and Arta should be taken from the Turks and assigned to the new State.

* This reference is to the paper entitled 'Protocol of a Conference held at Paris, &c.'

off the Peloponnesus from that continent. Secondly, there is in the statement of the ambassadors more than one particular of the instructions omitted. There is, for instance, the omission of no less a particular, than that they should 'recommend such a decision as shall be most consistent with equity and justice.' Now this was not a mere vague direction; much less mere words of course. It enjoined full consideration, both of the rights and previous relations of the two contending parties, and also of the reasons which, by rendering necessary, had so far, and so far only, justified the high contracting parties in imposing their mediation upon Turkey. This, we affirm, was a part of the instructions, which instead of being omitted, ought to have had a prominent place in the description of those instructions, and a still more prominent place in the memory of those who had to execute them. Unhappily, the ambassadors seem to have entirely overlooked it; as is apparent, not only from the omission of it in their written description, but still more from the nature and character of the decision which they recommend. We are quite sure, that three able and honourable men, if they had applied the principles of equity and justice to the special circumstances of the case, both between Turkey and the allies, and also between Turkey and Greece, could never have brought themselves to make such a recommendation. For instance, how, on any principle of 'equity or justice,' can we account for the manner in which the island of Eubœa is disposed of?—much more, for the alleged reason for assigning it to Greece? 'It is so closely connected with the adjacent parts of the Greek continent, that in the definition of the frontier most suitable to the latter, it has already found the place which nature and the wants of Greece assign to it.' P. 23—a sentence borrowed from the diplomacy of Robespierre or Buonaparte.

That this revolutionary notion had no authority from the plenipotentiaries at London, it is only due to them to say. So far otherwise, that they had actually inserted in their instructions to the ambassadors an especial caution on this very subject—a caution which, we are proud to say, must have been dictated by the honest counsels of our own country; for both Russia and France had testified their disregard of it, by including Eubœa in their several projects for a Greek frontier. The caution is as follows (after stating that the required 'limit might embrace nearly all the islands between certain 'parallels of latitude and longitude'):—'It is probable, however, that on either side of the line thus arbitrarily traced, some deviation may be necessary; more especially, since within these limits is situate the important island of Eubœa, almost entirely inhabited by a Turkish population, and which has therefore, taken no part in the insurrection.'—A. 75.

It was in spite of this especial caution, we repeat, that the ambassadors disposed of Eubœa in the manner we have witnessed. They at-

tempted to justify this departure from their instructions, by saying, first, that the plenipotentiaries were mistaken in supposing that the inhabitants were chiefly Turks; that, on the contrary, the Turks were only as one to six,* compared with the Christians: secondly, 'that the inhabitants, although at present in subjection, took, at two periods, an active share in the revolution.' This is in part true; but only, we apprehend, in part. At two periods, in the earlier years of the insurrection, the Eubœans were excited, not by their own sense of wrong or suffering, but by adventurers from other quarters; and as soon as these adventurers withdrew, and a moderate force was employed to reduce them, they tranquilly subsided—four years before these transactions—into a state of acquiescence under the domination of Turkey, rendering abortive every attempt which was made to re-excite them; and this, although their number was, as we have seen, six-fold that of their 'oppressors.' So much for 'the active share taken by the Eubœans in the Greek revolution.'†

But there remains the third and palmary reason of the ambassadors. 'The same principles and the same considerations, which served to guide them in their examination of the continental boundary, coincide in establishing the necessity of uniting to the new Greek State all the islands which are included in the boundary which that plan marks out.'—P. 32. We have seen, under their own hands, what were the principles, and the considerations, which decided them on taking in Eubœa; and, as it seems they were guided by the same in the rest of their deliberations, we are thus enabled to appreciate the justice and the value of their whole work. In two words, a more unfair, and, thank God! a more un-English proceeding, it would not be easy to find. But this is not all. We have seen why the ambassadors thought it their duty to include Eubœa within the new frontier, in spite of the caution which was part of their instructions:—'It is so closely connected with the adjacent parts of the Greek continent, that, in the definition of the frontier most suitable to the latter, it has already found the place which nature and the wants of Greece assign to it.' Now, there is another island, which is circumstanced in these respects, with relation to the Turkish province of Natolia, exactly as Eubœa is with relation to Greece—we mean the island of Samos: if there be any difference, it is, that Samos is rather more 'closely connected with,' that is, it is nearer to, its neighbour continent. Obviously, therefore, to men of plain understanding, the principle (since this word is to be profaned by application to so iniquitous a proceeding)—the principle, which gives Eubœa to Greece, would

* In the rest of Greece they were as one to ten.

† We must take the liberty of remarking, that the word 'revolution' seems marvellously inapplicable to an insurrection, which, beyond the limits of the Morea, had done almost, or absolutely, nothing towards a re-settlement.

equally assign Samos to Natolia. But this will not do for our ambassadors; they 'consider it a sacred duty of their mission to devise some principle which may require them to include Samos in Greece';—and this, although Samos was, in the strongest manner, expressly excluded by the plenipotentiaries from forming any part of the business of 'the mission,' in which these ambassadors were employed! In very sooth, the elasticity of your true diplomatic reasoning is something prodigious. It can dilate or contract at pleasure; it can accommodate itself to every possible contingency, with an aptitude, which, to vulgar minds, is quite astonishing.

We proceed to another part of their instructions, which also the ambassadors, if they did not forget, thought proper to disregard. In those instructions it is said, that, 'with a view of effecting a complete separation of the two people,' possession should be taken by the Greek State of all Turkish property, either on the continent or in the islands, with the condition of payment being made to the former proprietors. Now, this declared object, of *effecting an entire separation of the Greek and Turkish populations*, ought, we conceive, to have had an important influence on the ambassadors in tracing their frontier. It ought to have stopped them from recommending a boundary, within which, as they themselves admit (p. 22,) the object just mentioned could not be obtained, without 'the employment of the troops of the allies;' in other words, without violating the acknowledged principles of the alliance. In short, it ought to have made them feel the necessity of keeping that frontier within such limits, as should render the entire separation of the two populations practicable, on the fair principle of buying out the interests of Turkish proprietors, 'not losing sight of the state of exhaustion of Greece, and the inability of its government to contract pecuniary engagements of too onerous a nature.*' This consideration alone, if duly attended to, could not but have moderated the zeal of the ambassadors in devising a line which, according to their notions, 'would best suit Greece'; for the treaty of London, by specially providing for this point, as well as the instructions given by the plenipotentiaries, must be considered as contemplating a small territory; nay, it is remarkable that the ambassadors themselves, referring to the treaty of London on this head, actually construe it as limiting its views to the Morea. The treaty of the 6th of July, in acknowledging the impossibility of the future co-existence in the Morea of the Christian and Mahometan populations, stipulates that 'the Greeks shall become possessors of all Turkish property, either upon the continent or in the islands of Greece, on condition of indemnifying the former proprietors.'—(P. 36.) And yet, 'in contributing to the due execution of this treaty,'

* See additional instructions for Ambassadors. A. 247.

they purpose to extend its operation into Thessaly and Epirus!

Again, the ambassadors seem to have set aside a great and most obvious consideration, which not only the instructions, but also the treaty itself, regarded as *essential*. The business confided to them was not to devise a frontier, which should make Greece able to defend herself against Turkey as an independent state, but to exist under Turkey as a tributary vassal.

'The arrangement to be proposed to the Ottoman Porte,' says the treaty, 'shall rest on the following bases:—The Greeks shall hold of the Sultan as of a superior lord; and, in consequence of this superiority, they shall pay to the Ottoman empire an annual tribute, the amount of which shall be fixed, once for all, by a common agreement. They shall be governed by the authorities whom they shall themselves choose and nominate, but in the nomination of whom the Porte shall have a determinate voice.'

In short they were to be brought to bear the same relation to the Porte as the principalities of Bulgaria and Wallachia. Such was the language of the treaty; and such, too, was the language addressed, over and over again, to the Porte by the ambassadors themselves. In particular, in their joint note to the Reis Effendi, in reply to the questions he had formally put to them in the name of his court, they state that

'The three cabinets, in laying down beforehand some of the bases of an agreement between the Porte and the Greek population'—(so cautious were they, at that time, of recognising in the Greeks any political character,)—who are a prey to the horrors of an unparalleled devastation, have stipulated nothing in opposition to her true interest; they have only agreed among themselves to decide upon the principles of a pacification, which, far from prejudicing the integrity of the empire, would restore to it advantages of which it is now deprived, and would add the necessary guarantees for their duration.'—(B. 192.)

Now was it necessary, in carrying these objects into effect, to create a power equal to the defence of itself against Turkey? Are the relations between a suzerain and his vassals those of two independent and rival powers—of *natural enemies*? Yet this is the condition to which the decision of the ambassadors evidently looked.—But what, then, it may be asked, was the meaning of the instruction, that the frontier should be such as is 'easily defensible'? Evidently that which is implied in the words which immediately follow:—'The precise boundary might be determined by the nature of the ground, and its local peculiarities; but it should be such as would be most likely to prevent future disputes between the inhabitants of contemnerous provinces.'—(A. 75.) This shows the sort of hostilities which were to be guarded against; they were the hostilities, not of their suzerain, but of those of their fellow-subjects with whom they might be brought into collision, and against which collision all reasonable pre-

cautions were to be taken in defining their frontier.

It is remarkable, indeed, that the ambassadors, while they have proved themselves so forgetful both of their instructions and of the nature of the treaty, with the execution of which they were now, in an important particular, entrusted, were not less regardless of one of the principles which they had themselves laid down for their guidance.

'In the performance of this duty,' say they, 'the representatives have had to bear in mind—1st, That the Greek population is so intermingled with the Turkish, in all parts of the Ottoman empire, that a frontier, by which the two people* might be entirely separated, does not exist; and that it is consequently impossible for them to carry this principle into effect without qualification.'—(P. 25.)

On this it may be observed (as has been already intimated,) that the principle laid down for them might have been carried literally into effect, if they had taken a moderate extent of territory—the Morea and the islands. The few Turks who inhabited those parts might have been required to leave them, under an indemnity for the property they would relinquish. But the second principle, 'which,' by their own account, 'they had to bear in mind,' is most deserving of our attention at present.

'2d, That the necessity of giving to Greece a line of defence conformable to military principles, depends partly upon the greater or less probability which there may be of the new order of things being placed under the safeguard of a solemn convention with the Porte, in conformity with the principles laid down by the treaty of London.'

And yet having resolved 'to bear this constantly in mind, in the performance of their duty,' they no sooner set to work than they dismiss it *in toto*. Every one of the frontiers proposed is considered by them with reference to 'defence conformable to military principles;' and they make no conditional recommendation, as their own principle would call on them to do, saying, 'such is the frontier we recommend, if there is—such other, if there is not—the safeguard of a solemn convention with the Porte.'

In truth, however, they had no business at all with any consideration of the case of the Porte not giving 'the safeguard of entering into a solemn convention.' They admit that such convention was 'in conformity with the principles laid down by the treaty of London;' but it was this treaty, and this treaty *only*, to the execution of which they were limited by the

*The recurrence of this vulgarism is offensive. The English noun *people* has, for occasions like this, a distinct plural no less than *populus*, or *popolo*, or *people*; and 'the two people,' in the text is not a whit better than 'les deux canaille.' Sir Stratford Canning and Count Capo D'Istria might be talked of (in a farce or squib) as *two clever people*; but the Greeks and the English are as yet, in the language of history and diplomacy, two different *peoples*.

very first sentence of their instructions: 'His Majesty has been pleased to entrust to your Excellency, in conjunction with the plenipotentiaries of his allies, those negotiations which are still necessary to carry into execution the treaty of London, of the 6th of July, 1827.'—(A. 74.) They were bound, therefore, to assume, in devising the frontier, that the accession of the Porte to the final arrangement would be obtained; for the treaty was so framed as, if necessary, to compel such accession. Not only so, but they were also bound to bear in mind another, most important provision of the treaty, which yet they appear to have altogether lost sight of, that the final arrangement would be *guaranteed by the powers who were parties to the treaty*. Now this was another powerful reason against 'the necessity of giving to Greece a line of defence conformable to military principles.'

After all, this fancy for a military frontier was one of very recent growth in the heads of these ambassadors. They had held conversations with the Reis Effendi on this matter, and had endeavoured to tranquillise him and his master by assurances of the moderate nature of their views in respect to frontier; and they had succeeded, if not in tranquillising the Ottoman emperor, at least in convincing him that the allies had no thoughts of asking for any part of continental Greece, *except the neighbourhood of Athens*; for in the proclamation of the hattischerif, dated 20th December, 1827, the Porte thus summed up the full extent of the injury he had to complain of in this matter. The ministers of the three powers,

'on the day of the Sublime Porte's conference with them, obstinately persisted in declaring that they would accept of nothing short of granting to the Greeks of the Morea and the neighbourhood of Athens, as well as to the inhabitants of the Greek islands, the privileges demanded for them; and they finally declared that if this were not done, they would all three depart.'—(A. 214.)

Whether the Porte construed their language accurately, may or may not be disputed.* To say the truth, if our own ambassador's account of his conference with the Reis Effendi be correct, it could not have been easy, nor does it appear to have been intended by the speaker

*In the long protocol of the conference, to which the proclamation refers, (B. 209--220,) there is certainly no specific limitation of country. Yet the ambassadors required the Porte two days afterwards, to declare whether it would grant the privileges demanded to 'the Greek population of the countries of which they had already repeatedly marked out the limits.' (B. 220.) *Whence* were these limits marked out?—and *what* were they? Were they the same as the Turkish proclamation asserts?—and, if they were not, why was not the assertion in the proclamation contradicted?—if they were, why was that limitation abandoned? These are questions which the ambassadors ought, we think, to have furnished the means of answering. They have not done so, but have left this part of the negotiation in the thickest darkness.

that it should be easy, to collect his exact meaning. 'In slightly touching upon the question of frontiers, and others mentioned in the treaty, it was evident that the Reis Effendi wished to be informed of the extent which it was proposed to give to them. I spoke of the Morea, of Attica, of the territory laid waste by the war—of the country bounded by the classic mountains of Greece—as being the immediate object of our propositions.' (B. 203.) Now this language was evidently of the elastic kind. It might be compressed into the Morea and Attica, taking the other more vague expressions as descriptive of these countries—'the classic mountains,' being Parnassus and Cithæron—and so the Porte, as we have already seen, understood it; or it might be stretched to a very wide extent, heaping Pelion on Ossa, and Olympus on both. But we are quite sure, that at the time to which we are alluding, the Morea and the islands would have satisfied the allies. *The court of France had proposed that very limit: the smallest addition to it would have been hailed as gain. 'Much will be accomplished,' says Admiral de Rigny in a passage already cited, 'if Attica can be saved, and included within the terms of the treaty.'* (B. 149.) Unluckily, indeed, our own ambassador had not been so moderate. 'In fact,' says one of the despatches of the French court, in justification of its subsequent more extended views, 'in the conferences at Constantinople, Mr. Stratford Canning announced that the Greek territory might extend from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta; and that declaration became notorious in the Archipelago.' (A. 215.) So that, according to the French court, from this period must be dated 'the far greater expectations which the Greeks conceived,' than any they had at first ventured to form. If this be correct, it follows that a British ambassador has been the original, and a principal (we do not say the sole) cause, of defeating that course of just and honourable policy, which his government ought, throughout, to have adopted, and which, from the first hour of the present ministry's accession to office, it appears, we must admit, to have been anxiously pursued. We are aware of what may fairly be urged in excuse of Sir Stratford Canning;—that, at the time when he is alleged to have made the unfortunate declaration above quoted, he was the representative of a government, which does not appear to have given him any definite instructions, and most probably had not formed any definite opinion for itself, on the question of boundary. But, without any wish to offend, we may be permitted to lament that the interests of England in this negotiation have been entrusted to a gentleman who, however able, and however honourable, (and we doubt not he is both able and honourable in a high degree,) seems yet to have been disqualified from acting with impartiality by predilection for the cause (and 'classic mountains') of Greece.

Having thus expressed, without reserve, the opinion which the perusal of the 'Protocol of the conference held at Poros by the representatives' of the three courts, has forced upon us, we should here dismiss this part of our subject had not another, and a very important particular of the conduct of these representatives been incidentally disclosed. It appears, that on the 10th of September, 1828, the Reis Effendi, in answer to a letter of the ambassadors, containing two demands, as conditions of their returning to Constantinople, and renewing the negotiations there, had stated, that 'one of them' (that is to say, the required *armistice*) 'exists at present by the force even of things; and that the other' (that is to say, the *mediation*) 'is also obtained in a manner understood.' (A. 260.) Now, coupling the conduct of the Porte, in facilitating the establishment of an armistice *de facto*, by allowing not only Ibrahim, but also her own troops, to evacuate the Morea, with this declaration, that the *mediation* is also obtained in a manner understood—observing, too, that the Reis Effendi had, in the same letter, intimated the reason why the mediation could not be conceded in express terms—because the Greeks, being still to continue vassals of Turkey, that power could not 'admit nor accept the proposition, that the formalities, as between government and government, should be applied to this affair;'—considering, we say, all this, and remembering that the Turkish minister had before told them, that 'the meanest Mussulman would prefer death to the ignominy of a connection with the Greeks,' (B. 190)—we cannot but be surprised that the ambassadors, having received a paper so indicative, as this must have appeared to be, of a wish, on the part of the Porte, to conciliate the allied powers in any manner which could be made consistent with its known principles, forbore to refer the paper to the plenipotentiaries at London. Our surprise is not diminished by remembering, that the letter to which this was an answer from the Reis Effendi, though sent by the ambassadors in their own name, was, in fact, *dictated by the conference at London* (See A. 77.) It might have seemed, therefore, almost a matter of course that the ambassadors should submit the answer to the consideration of the plenipotentiaries, rather than reject it of their own authority. Lord Aberdeen deemed it his duty to record the regret felt by his government on this occasion, and to deplore the loss of an opportunity which had thus presented itself, of bringing these long and eventful negotiations to a much earlier, and, it cannot be doubted, a much more satisfactory conclusion, than has since been obtained. The ambassadors thought fit to take on themselves the responsibility of rejecting the overture; to them, therefore, and to them only, belongs the blame, or the honour,

* 'Communications of the Ambassadors of England and France with the Reis Effendi and the Baron de Zaylen.'—P. 2.

of the decision. But this determination of theirs, considering the time when it was taken—the very time when they were earnestly employed in devising a frontier 'which would best suit Greece'—strengthens our apprehension, that the oracle Philipizzed—that there was a leaning in the conferences of Poros, too strong to be overcome, to the interests of that cause which had 'excited the public mind in Europe'; in other words, had in its favour the voice of every talking or scribbling liberalist of the day.

To return to the negotiations at London. The 'definitive opinion offered upon the limits of Greece,' by the representatives of the allied powers, to whom the question had been referred, could not but produce a most serious effect. It threw back the British plenipotentiary from the vantage ground on which he before stood; it gave to the feelings, and wishes, and expressed opinions, of the plenipotentiaries of France and Russia, the weight of the unanimous decision of the ambassadors, one of whom, it could not be forgotten, was the representative of England. Still, the counsels and conduct of the English government were in strict accordance with the course it had uniformly pursued. The memorandum of its minister reasserted the principles for which he had hitherto contended with success.

'The suggestion,' he said, 'of a frontier for the Greek state, extending from the gulf of Volo to the gulf of Arta, appears to rest upon grounds foreign to the true considerations which ought to decide this question; and, indeed, can only be accounted for by a forgetfulness of the true objects of the treaty. If it had been the object of the treaty to construct a state capable of balancing the Turkish power in Europe, and of carrying on the relations of peace and war upon a footing of equality with the Porte, the frontier proposed might have been desirable; or it might even have been still further extended. But, unless we are prepared to neglect the treaty altogether, such a principle could never be adopted by the allies. The supposed necessity of an enlarged territory, and extensive resources, in order to secure the freedom and tranquillity of Greece, is plainly erroneous; and all the military reasoning in support of the frontier recommended is wholly inapplicable to the case with which we have to deal. A state of legitimate and recognized war between the suzerain and the vassal is not possible. The Porte itself must be the natural protector of Greece against foreign hostility; and against Turkish oppression or injustice, the support of the allied powers will suffice.'

Such was the triumphant reasoning of the British government. But the passions and interests of the other powers, reinforced by the protocol of Poros, could no longer be subdued by reasoning, however powerful. The plenipotentiary of England, therefore, was obliged to admit the proposed frontier, as the basis of propositions to the Porte; but he insisted on an express reservation being made, that this should not be the ultimatum, and that all the

objections which Turkey might urge against it should be duly weighed and examined. (A. 127.) The protocol of the 22d of March, 1829, was framed accordingly. The line between the gulfs of Arto and Vola was taken for a frontier, *subject to the objections of Turkey*; and Turkey was sure that one member of the alliance would support her objections with the united force of reason, magnanimity, and good faith; as well as with a just and warm regard for the interests of a most unfortunate ally.

The same protocol contained another very important provision, which manifestly was introduced into it by the cabinet of England. The ambassadors at Constantinople being 'charged to require of the Ottoman Porte the maintenance of the armistice, which the Reis Effendi, in his letter of the 10th of September, had declared to exist *de facto*, on the part of the Turks,' it was also resolved 'equally to require that the Greeks should immediately cease hostilities on all points, and that the provisional government of Greece should withdraw *within the limits of the territory guaranteed by the alliance*' (the Morea and the islands) 'the Greek troops which may have passed that frontier; it being understood, however, that this last-mentioned step should not prejudice the question of the boundary of the future state of Greece.' (A. 265.) This provision was formally announced to Count Capo d'Istria, president of the provisional government, by the ambassadors of Constantinople; and, strange as it may appear, that functionary and his colleagues thought fit to decline complying with the demand. They grounded their refusal on divers reasons, most of them too futile to be noticed. But their principal plea is one of such incredible hardihood, that it must not be silently passed over. 'Those provinces' (beyond the Isthmus), 'as well as those of the Peloponnesus and of the islands, contracted, in the days of trial and calamity, the solemn engagement never to separate their cause. Those engagements are recorded in acts invested with a two-fold sanction—the sanction of the national congresses, and the still more inviolable sanction of an oath.*' (A. 297.) Thus they had the

* This pretension, in such a case, seems scarcely to deserve a serious answer. Yet, considering the readiness shewn in too many quarters to insist on everything which has a shadow of plausibility for the Greeks, it may, perhaps, be worth remarking—1st, that if these Greek provinces had bound themselves indissolubly one to another, it was their duty to mention this to the allies at the outset, and to declare the impossibility of receiving their aid, unless on condition of preserving this union—a case, for which the treaty had provided in these terms: 'If Greece renounce the conditions stipulated in their favour in the treaty, the high contracting powers will, nevertheless, continue to prosecute the work of pacification on the bases agreed upon by them; and, in consequence, authorise their plenipotentiaries to discuss and determine the ulterior measures to which it may become necessary to resort.' Second, it so happens that the Turks, too, had a religious scruple in the case (see B. 214, 215; a scruple, in ac-

confidence to put forwards, *now for the first time*, a pretension, the effect of which was absolutely to tie up the hands of the allies in the most important particular they had to decide—the question of the limits of the new state; which ‘limits,’ be it remembered, were reserved by the treaty of London—the treaty to which the Greeks owe their very existence—as a matter to be finally settled ‘in a negotiation between the high powers and the two contending parties.’

So impudent a plea was treated as it deserved by the British government. Orders were immediately sent out to our naval commanders in the Mediterranean, ‘not to acknowledge any blockade of any port beyond the territory guaranteed by the allies; in other words, to treat as pirates those who should enforce it. To a remonstrance of the French minister, on the adoption of this measure, a spirited and resolute reply was returned by Lord Aberdeen (C.29;) a reply which extorted from the court of France itself, a reluctant ‘acquiescence in the reasoning contained in it.’ As, however, acquiescence in reasoning was the only mode in which that court thought fit to testify its sentiments, the British government felt it to be its duty to take a more important step. In consequence, its plenipotentiary ‘submitted to the conference’ (of the 18th of August, 1829, ‘the necessity of concerting such measures as may be necessary to enforce a compliance with the intentions of the three powers, as signified to the president of Greece.’ (A. 292.) But France and Russia had not the same feeling of what was due alike to the dignity of the alliance, and to the claims of equal justice. They took this proposition *ad referendum*; and before their determination on it was declared, the adhesion of the Porte to the treaty of London, and to the protocol of the 22d of March, put an end to the question.

In all these transactions, we see with pride the uniform fidelity to engagements, and the dignified assertion of the demands of justice, which marked the language and the conduct of the British government.

If, at length, the course of events, and the necessities which they brought in their train; if the united voices of the other powers, one of them, it may be feared, too much influenced by the interests of a selfish ambition—the other unequal to the generous resolution of adhering to the dictates of justice, when opposed to the popular clamour of the day; above all, if the concessions (however obtained) of the Ottoman Porte itself, made it impossible for England alone to carry the point for which she had so earnestly struggled, and to confine the sacrifices demanded of the Porte within the limits on which she had so long insisted; it yet is satisfactory to know, that history will record these continued proofs of the justice of our

answer to which it was thought quite enough to say, the necessity releases the party from such an obligation. Is this reason valid only against Turks?

councils. It is still more satisfactory to witness, at the final settlement of the whole question, the triumph of the same spirit—emanating, it cannot be doubted, from the same quarter—in ‘the deference shown to the desire expressed by the Porte, to obtain a reduction of the frontiers fixed by the protocol of the 22d of March.’ Whatever be the effect of that reduction on the strength or weakness of the new state, unless it make that state incapable of maintaining the relations contemplated by the treaty, (and who will be bold enough to affirm that it does?) this concession to the wishes and feelings of Turkey, or rather this scanty discharge of the engagement contracted in the protocol itself, to ‘examine duly the objections’

* The reasons on which the Porte grounded its claims to the consideration of the allies are so powerful, and the whole paper bears so forcibly on our general argument, that we think it right to give it to our readers, premising, for the better understanding of it, the following ‘extract of a letter from Sir R. Gordon to Lord Aberdeen;’—

‘Constantinople, October 1, 1829.

‘The Reis Effendi has officially delivered to Count Guilleminot and myself, as plenipotentiaries of the alliance, the note of which I have the honour to transmit a copy to your Lordship. It is by no means intended to retract the engagement entered into with us on the 9th ultimo, to abide in every respect by the decision of the conference in London upon the question at issue. On the contrary, this engagement is positively renewed in the present note.

‘It is necessary to remark, in explanation of some of the passages of this note, that the Porte has always avoided, in discussing this question, to call it the “Greek question.” The “Moreot question,” or the “Affairs of Morea,” are the expressions invariably used by the Reis Effendi, which creates confusion whenever he has occasion to allude to the Morea in contradistinction to the neighbouring provinces.

Inclosure.—‘If the Sublime Porte is to be deprived of the Negropont, and of so many towns and territories situate out of the Morea, it will not only be obliged to hold itself in a defensive attitude against its foreign enemies, but it will then be impossible for it to maintain the regulations of the empire, or to preserve tranquillity and security, so far as regards the rayas of the Greek provinces adjacent to the Morea. It is no less evident that, in consequence of the dismemberment of so much territory, its public revenue will suffer very considerable loss.

‘Moreover, in the event of the Mussulmans being obliged to quit their country, and the places of their abode, the motive for such a measure could not be compared with those which have rendered a similar measure necessary in the Morea; and, consequently, it is beyond a doubt that subjects of dissension and heart-burnings will arise between the Mussulmans and the Greeks, and that there will be an end to all repose and security.

‘Finally, if it is to be presumed that the powers, our friends, have traced the delimitation contained in the last protocol, in consequence of thinking, that if the State of the Morea were to consist only of that peninsula and of the islands called Cyclades, its weakness would incapacitate it from defending itself against the Ottoman empire—the ministers of the Sublime Porte are extremely surprised how these courts, which are endued with wisdom and justice, can, in the execution of the Treaty of Lon-

urged by her against the projected measure, could not have been withholden without stamping a deep brand of dishonour on the whole transaction.

It is true that the tenth article of the treaty of Adrianople bound the Porte to the full acceptance of the treaty of London, and even of the protocol of the 22d of March, by which the line of frontier was, as has been seen, provisionally fixed to the gulfs of Volo and Arta. But this article of the treaty of Adrianople, however it might be allowed to facilitate the attainment of the objects of the alliance, left the rights—and not only the rights, but the *duties*—of the allies altogether untouched. To construe it otherwise would be to make Russia guilty of a violation of her most solemn engagements to the other powers. In truth, these powers were neither blind nor indifferent to the possibility of

don, so far depart from its principal object, and from the result which is expected from it. Do they wish by their intervention to re-establish safety and tranquillity in the Morea, or to excite the inhabitants to war and revolt? If, as it is not possible to doubt, their conduct is dictated by friendly and pacific intentions, they should lay it down as a rule, when they make propositions in favour of the inhabitants of the Morea, never to speak of military force, nor of their means of attacking or of defending themselves against the Sublime Porte.

The greater or less extent which may be given to the Morea and its dependencies will not affect the safety of the inhabitants, so far as regards the Sublime Porte. Witness, among so many, many Christians under the dominion of his imperial majesty, the republic of Ragusa, formerly under that dominion. Small as it was, that republic existed under the beneficent protection of the Ottoman government, without its administration having been guaranteed by any foreign powers; and assuredly it never desired to extend its limits from motives of security. To say—we will have the limits of the Morea to extend from the gulf of Zeitoun to that of Arta, because that delimitation appears the best adapted to the defence of the country, would be the same thing as saying—all the islands of the Archipelago must be united with the Cyclades, because the latter are too weak to defend themselves.

In short, the delimitation of the Morea, according to the last protocol, is not necessary to the execution of the Treaty of London; it is, perhaps, even contrary to the spirit and object of that treaty, which, according to the declaration of the allied powers, was not dictated by views of hostility towards the Sublime Porte. The delimitation now proposed, without being of any real utility to the arrangements in view respecting the Morea, evidently cannot fail to cause the most serious injury to the Sublime Porte. . . . Wherefore, the Ottoman ministry, convinced of the purity of the principles, of the soundness of the judgment, and of the distinguished wisdom of the ambassadors, and having received numerous proofs of the sincere and friendly sentiments by which they are animated, requests them to take into consideration the reflections and the observations which the Sublime Porte has already made known to them both verbally and in writing, and which it hereby renews. It desires the ambassadors to write to their respective courts, as well as to the conference of London, and to communicate to them, for their guidance, its observations with regard to the delimitation in question.

such a construction; and, therefore, at the opening of the very first conference, held after the conclusion of that treaty, the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain and France demanded to know from the plenipotentiary of Russia in what point of view he regarded the article in question. His explanation was most satisfactory—that the tenth article of the treaty does not invalidate the rights of the emperor's allies, nor clog their deliberations, nor oppose any obstacle to their arrangements.' (A. 307.) It was after this explanation that the conference of February the 3d proceeded to a decision of all the points which still remained. But even had it been otherwise, had the treaty of Adrianople been recognized by the allies, and suffered to affect their decision, it would not have been less their duty to give due consideration, and to allow due weight, to all the objections of the Porte; for such, we repeat, was the effect of an express provision of the protocol of March the 22d, to which the Porte bound itself to adhere in subscribing to that treaty.

We have now brought the most important branch of our inquiry to a close; and we heartily congratulate our countrymen on the manner in which the national honour and good faith, in negotiations of no ordinary difficulty and delicacy, have been sustained by the present ministers. We neither are their flatterers, nor their partisans; and we may appeal to our past conduct, when we assert that we should as freely condemn their measures where they might seem to us worthy of blame, as we now offer our humble suffrage of commendation, in a case in which we think they have largely deserved it. If we are right, their claim on the applause of the country is not lessened by the notorious fact, not only that the treaty of July was in no respect their measure, but that it was even contrary to the expressed judgment of the illustrious individual who is at their head. The Duke of Wellington declared, in his place in parliament, that he disapproved that treaty—a treaty, differing from the protocol, which had been negotiated by himself, the year before, at St. Petersburg, in every part of it, from the preamble to the signature. The one was *essentially pacific*. It was founded on the offer of mediation from Great Britain *alone*, a power which Turkey could not but regard with entire confidence, as her best friend and most faithful ally. It proceeded on the supposition of the voluntary acceptance of that office by Turkey—providing for the admission of Russia into the negotiation only at the time, and in the mode, which should be found most accordant with the amicable nature of the whole proceeding. In the event of a refusal of the offer, it indicated no hostile, no 'ulterior' views; but stipulated merely for the continued readiness of Great Britain and Russia to 'avail themselves of every favourable opportunity to exert their influence with both the contending parties to effect a reconciliation.' Such was the protocol of St. Petersburg. On the broad and glaring

contrast of its principles and its provisions, with those of the treaty of London, it cannot be necessary to enlarge. But the Duke of Wellington found, on his return to office, that the national faith was pledged to the treaty; and he redeemed the pledge by honourable and zealous co-operation with his majesty's allies in fulfilling its provisions. In truth, the historian of these transactions will be bound to record, that by no other of the high contracting powers was either the spirit of the treaty so faithfully obeyed, or its letter so scrupulously followed, as by Great Britain, at a time when her councils were directed by a statesman, who had felt it his duty to his country and to Europe to resist, as long as it was possible, the formation of the treaty itself—to resist it as a measure fraught with immediate dangers to the tranquillity of Europe, and as a precedent which might hereafter be made subversive of one of the most sacred principle of international law. [TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Literary Gazette.

"TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE."

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Truth. What is Immortality?

Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time;
The light of genius, pure, refined!
The monument of deeds sublime!
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years have fled,
Magnificent as the first hour!

Truth. What is Immortality?

Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,
Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains;
Ask it of the ruined fane,
Temples that have passed away,
Leaving not a wreck to say,
Here an empire once hath stood!
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn, musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find
Earthly immortality
Is a splendored mockery!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

REMEMBRANCE.

Mine, Mary, thou canst never be,
But kindly will I think of thee.
The memory of the past shall fling
A balm upon each bitter thought,
And soften with its shadowy wing
The agonies which grief hath wrought.
I cannot, though I would, forget
The beauty of thy youthful years,
Ere Sorrow's bitter fountains wet
Mine eyes with unavailing tears.
Then we were happy; and thy heart,
Unused to play the mourner's part,
Responded with a throbbing divine
To each enraptured pulse of mine.
Even when upon the boundless deep,
My thoughts were ever turn'd on thee;
In vision, I beheld thee weep
As when thou bad'st adieu to me.

Thy form has haunted still my heart,

By starry night and gaudy day;

I see it in the moonbeam's stait,

I see it in the morning grey.

Time cannot from my mind erase

The memory of that angel face,

Nor the corroding hand of Care

Sweep out the thoughts imprinted there.

Let years pass on of earthly woe,

Still thou wilt be to me for ever,

As if Fate doom'd our barks to go

United down Life's stormy river.

To blot thy memory from my breast,

Absence and Time alike hath striven:

Alas! who calm on earth can rest,

That once hath had a glimpse of Heaven!

From the Musical Bijou.

STANZAS

To a lady who accused the writer of Toryism.

BY LORD ASHTON.

Yes—I confess myself a Tory,

While Beauty rules by right divine—

Submission is my pride and glory,

Command is *yours*—obedience *mine*.

Royal prerogatives belong

To *all* your sex—I'll tell you why:

The *YOUNG* and *FAIR* can do no *wrong*,

The *OLD* and *UGLY* never die.

From the Monthly Magazine.

POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

POLAND, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, was one of the largest kingdoms of Europe. It was divided into four Grand Districts.—1. Great Poland, bordered by Lithuania, Silesia, and Pomerania.—2. Little Poland, bordered by Great Poland, Silesia, Hungary, and Red Russia.—3. Royal Prussia, lying to the north-east of Great Poland, and bordered by Pomerania and Ducal Prussia, which formerly belonged to Poland.—4. Red Russia, bordered on the east by the Dnieper, on the south by the Dneister and the Crapack Mountains, on the north by part of Lithuania, and on the west by Little Poland. In addition to those was the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, rather an allied principality than a portion of the kingdom. The Duchy furnished one-third of the troops, composing the army of the crown, and one quarter of the money granted for the support of the monarch. The Duchy of Courland also was under the protection of Poland.

The Poles, like all other nations, claim an extravagant antiquity: but the first accounts of the country are from Tacitus, who probably received them from the vague rumours of the Roman soldiery, or the exaggerated narratives of the Germans at Rome. He tells us that, however derived from the same general stock of the northern nations, their customs differed largely from those of the German tribes, the Poles living in a state of singular rudeness. While he gives testimony to the more regular habits, and even to the lofty and chivalric conceptions of private and public life among the Germans. To their deference for women,

their obedience to a chief, their personal rights, and their heroic faith in battle, he describes the Poles as living almost in a state of nature, and supporting their existence only by the chase and by plunder. But as they fought on foot, and with the lance and shield, he distinguishes them from the Scythians or Tartars, who fought on horseback. Tacitus speaks of this wild, but not joyless, life of the tribes of the desert, with the natural surprise of a man living in the central region of the civilized earth; yet who perhaps often envied the naked freedom, where there was no Nero or Domitian, no bloody and malignant despot to embitter existence. "Those barbarians," says he, "live in a state of liberty; they have no idea of hope or fear; and they prefer living in this manner, to cultivating the earth, and taking care of their property, or that of their relations and neighbours." But to this character, in which he probably says all that he dared say of freedom, under the fierce and suspicious tyranny of Rome, he adds—"They have no fear of their fellow-creatures, nor even of the gods; which is very extraordinary in human beings. They are not accustomed to make laws nor vows, because they are not accustomed to *desire any thing* which they cannot procure for themselves."

Such is the contradictory character conjectured, rather than described, by the great historian; and which, without any idle attempt of ours to vindicate the morals of a nation of the third century, betrays some ignorance of human nature. If the Poles desired nothing from others, they could not be a nation of robbers. All the Gothic nations, too, had a singular reverence for their gods, and their defence of them was long and desperate.

The great emigration of the Goths from the Baltic provinces to the south left their ancient possessions open to the bordering nations. The Poles took their share of the abandoned territory, and made themselves masters of the north-east portion of what was afterwards the kingdom of Poland.

The first mention of this people in modern history is in the year 550, when they formed a government, under Leck, brother of Cracus, or Creek, first Duke of Bohemia, who collected the tribes, and founded a castle, or centre of a city. In this operation one of those omens occurred which paganism always looked on as the voice of fate; the workmen found an eagle's nest in the wood which they were clearing away for the site of the fortress. The nest was called, in Slavonic, *gniazdo*; from this the new city was named Gnesna; and the eagle was transferred to the banner of Poland.

The history of all the Gothic tribes is the same. Their first state is that of scattered families; their second, that of a tribe under a military chieftain, elected by the suffrages of the people. The chieftain becomes a tyrant, or transmits his power to a feeble successor. The people then dethrone the race, break up

the tyranny, and come back to the old system of free election.

The descendants of Leck reigned a hundred years; but the dynasty was then subverted, and provincial military chieftains were substituted for it. Twelve governors entitled Palatines, or Waiwodes (generals, from *Woina* war, *Wodz* a chief,) were created. But their violences disgusted the people; and one of them, Cracus, whose conduct was an exception, was raised to the throne by the elective voice of the nation. In some years after his death his family were displaced by the Palatines, and a civil war followed. The Hungarians took this opportunity to ravage Poland, in A. D. 751; but a peasant, Przemyslas, saved his country. Collecting together the broken forces of Poland, he approached the Hungarian camp as if with the intention of offering battle. With his barbarian courage, he mingled civilized ingenuity; he fixed branches of trees on a conspicuous point of ground, which he intermixed with armed men, so ranged as to give the appearance of a large force, in order of battle. As soon as day broke, and the Hungarians perceived, as they thought, their enemy defying them to the encounter, they rushed on them with contemptuous rashness. But the Polish post retired, exhibiting what, to the astonished Hungarians, seemed a forest suddenly plucked up and moving away. Yet the view of Polish flight overcame the terror at the spectacle. The Hungarians rushed on, until they found themselves inevitably entangled in a real forest. The Polish leader now charged, totally routed the enemy, and left not a man to tell the tale. But their camp still stood. Here too his ingenuity was exerted. He dexterously clothed his men in the dresses of the dead; divided his troops into small bodies, and sent them towards various avenues of the camp, as if they were Hungarians returned from the battle. The stratagem succeeded, the Poles were suffered freely to enter the Hungarian camp; once within the rampart they drew their sabres—fell on their unprepared enemy, and slaughtered the whole remaining multitude, with the exception of a few fugitives, who escaped on the first onset, and who served the Polish cause most effectually by spreading the fame and terror of the national arms through all the countries on the Baltic. The conqueror could now have no competitor at home, and he was soon after chosen Duke of Poland.

On his death the Palatines, those ceaseless disturbers, were again in arms, each struggling for the crown. To prevent the usual effusion of blood, an expedient was adopted which displays the Tartar origin of the people. The crown was to be the prize of a trial of speed on horseback. The trial was open to the whole body of the youth. On the day appointed, a multitude of gallant horsemen appeared; but soon after starting, many of their horses fell lame; to the astonishment of the spectators,

more were lamed every moment. Two alone at length contended for the prize; the whole multitude of riders had fallen behind, with their chargers broken down; "Witchcraft," and "the wrath of the gods," were exclaimed in a thousand furious or terrified voices. But the two candidates still held on fiercely, and it was not till after a long display of the most desperate horsemanship that the conqueror, Lefzek, reached the goal.

When he galloped back to lay his claim before the chieftains, and was on the point of being chosen, he was startled by a voice proclaiming that he had won the prize by treachery. Lefzek turned pale, but haughtily denying the charge, demanded to be confronted with the accuser. The accuser was his rival in the race, who demanded that the horses of both should be brought into the circle. Lifting up the hoof of Lefzek's horse, he shewed that it was completely covered with iron. "Thus," said he, "did the traitor's horse escape the treachery." Then lifting up the hoof of his own horse, and shewing it also covered with iron, "Thus," said he, "was I enabled to follow him." While the assembled warriors were gazing on the discovery, the Pole grasped a handful of the sand, and shewing that it was full of nails, exclaimed, "Thus were your horses lamed. The traitor had sowed the sand with iron spikes, and covered his horse's hoofs that he alone might escape them. I saw the artifice, and shod mine that I might detect him. Now, choose the traitor for your king."

Lefzek vainly attempted to defend himself. His crowd of rivals, doubly indignant at their defeat and the injury to their horses, rushed on him with drawn sabres, and he was cut to pieces on the spot. Wild admiration succeeded wild justice; they raised his detector on their shoulders, and instantly proclaimed him king by the title of Lefzeko the Second.

In the reign of his successor, Lefzeko the Third, the casual evils of an unsettled government were made perpetual by the most fatal of all institutions. The king had a number of illegitimate sons, for whom he provided by giving them Fiefs, held of Popiel, his heir. Those Fiefs were originally but manor-rights; the people had freeholds in their lands, and voices in the election to the throne: but debt, usurpation, and fraud, rapidly converted them into tyrannies, and the people into slaves. The institution of Fiefs, thus commencing in royal vice, ended in national ruin.

A new revolution now raised the most celebrated dynasty of Poland to the throne. The son of Popiel had died, execrated by the nation for hereditary crimes. Poland was once more the prey of the Palatines. The great holders of the Fiefs crushed the people. All was misery, until all became indignation. The people at length remembered the freedom of their birthright, and, inspired with the warlike spirit of their Slavonic fathers, rose in arms, disavowed the dictation of the feudal lords, and demanded the

right of free election to the throne. The great nobles were awed, and the electors assembled at the city of Kruswie. But in their triumph they had been improvident enough to meet, without considering how they were to provide for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. They must now have dispersed, or fought for their food, but for the wisdom of one man, Piast, an opulent inhabitant of the city. Knowing the rashness of popular haste, and the evils which it might produce, he had, with fortunate sagacity, collected large magazines of provisions beforehand. On the first cry of famine, he threw them open to his countrymen. In their gratitude far a relief so unexpected, and their admiration of his foresight, the multitude shouted out that "they had found the only king worthy of Poland." The other candidates were forced to yield. The great feudatories, more willing to see an inferior placed above them than to see a rival made their sovereign, joined in the popular acclamation. The citizen Piast was proclaimed king. He justified the choice by singular intelligence, virtue and humanity; and when, in 861, he died, left his memory adored by the people, and his throne to his son and to a dynasty which was not extinguished for five hundred years.

In the reign of his descendant, Miecislav, Poland was converted to Christianity. The king had married a Christian princess, Dambrowcka, the daughter of Boleslas, Duke of Bohemia; the condition demanded by his queen was, that he should renounce paganism. The condition may have been an easy one to the monarch, whose sense and manliness, if they knew but little of Christianity, must have long scorned the gross vices and flagrant absurdities of the national superstition. He submitted to all the restrictions of the new faith with the zeal of a determined convert; dismissed the seven partners which pagan license had given to the royal couch, sent an order through his realm for the demolition of all the idols, and, to the wonder of his people, submitting the royal person into the hands of a Roman monk, was baptized.

The former religion of Poland was a modification of the same worship of the elements, or the powers presumed to command the fates of man, which was to be found in every region of the north; and which, with additional and poetic elegance, was the adopted religion of Greece and Rome. They had their sovereign of the skies, the lord of the thunder, by the name of Jassem. Liada was their ruler of war. To this Jupiter and Mars, they added a Venus, named, less harmoniously, Dzidzielia. Two inseparable brothers, their Lel and Pollel, had the history and attributes of the Greek Castor and Pollux. Driewanna was scarcely more different from the Greek Diana in attributes than in name. They had a goddess of the earth and its produce, Marzanna, their Ceres; and their deity of terrors, Niam, the Pluto, whose oracle at Guesna was the awe and in-

aspiration of the north. They had one deity more which escaped Greek invention, unless it were represented by the "fatal sisters three," Ziwié, the "mighty and venerable," the "disposer of the lives of man."

In 1370, by the death of Casimir, the crown of Poland finally past away from the Piast dynasty. They had already worn it for a longer period than any dynasty of Europe, 500 years. Casimir was one of those singular mixtures of truth and error, strong passions, and great uncultured powers, which are found among the heroes of semi-barbarian life. The chief part of his reign was passed in war, in which he was generally successful, defeating the Teutonic knights, who invaded him from Prussia, the Russians, and the wild tribes who were perpetually making irruptions into the states of their more civilized neighbours. Casimir was memorable for having been the first to give the Jews those privileges which make Poland their chief refuge to this day. After the loss of his first wife, Ann of Lithuania, he had married the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. But like humbler men, he had found the yoke matrimonial too heavy for his philosophy. His queen was a shrew, and in the license of the age he took the beautiful Esther, a Jewess, to supply her place. The Jewess, who was a woman of striking attainments as well as of distinguished personal attractions, obtained an unequalled ascendancy over the king; he suffered her to educate his two daughters by her, as Jewesses, and gradually gave way to all her demands for protection and privilege to her unfortunate people.

But he had the higher merit of being the legislator of Poland, or rather the protector of those feelings by which nature tells every human being that he is entitled to freedom. The abuse and the reform are less a part of the history of Poland than of human wrong and its obvious remedy.

For a long course of years the lords of the Fiefs had pronounced the people born on their estates to be slaves, incapable of following their own will, or removing from the Fief without the permission of their masters. Casimir, roused by the complaints of his subjects, and justly indignant at the usurpation, abolished those claims, and declared every farmer at liberty, if injured by the proprietor of the soil, to sell his property and go where he pleased. A formidable part of the abuse was the right claimed by the proprietors of giving their tenants as *pledges* to each other for their debts; which had produced the most cruel sufferings, for the pledge was a prisoner and an exile, perhaps for life. Casimir indignantly broke up this tissue of crime; framed a code giving the people equality of right with their lords, and while he made the oppressive nobles his enemies, gained from the nation the patriotic and immortal title of "King of the Farmers."

It had been the custom of the lords to seize the property of a tenant who died without

children. The king declared this to be an abuse, and enacted that the property should go to the nearest relative. A deputation from the peasantry, who had come to lay their grievances before him, were asked—"Who have assailed you? were they men?" "They were our landlords," was the answer. "Then," said Casimir, "if you were men too, had you no sticks nor stones?"

As he was without sons, he appointed his nephew Lewis, King of Hungary, his successor. The deputation of the nobles sent to convey this intelligence, exhibited that free spirit of the north, which about a century before, on a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen, the famous 19th of June, 1215, had boldly extorted the great Charter from the fears of the bigot and tyrant John. Lewis was compelled, as the price of his crown, to sign an instrument, exempting the Polish nation from all additional taxes, and all pretences for royal subsidies; abolishing the old and ruinous custom of living at free cost on the people in his journeys: and as an effectual barrier against kingly ambition, the vice of those days of ferocity and folly, pledging the king to reimburse out of his personal means all the public losses produced by hostilities with his neighbours. The Act was signed by Lewis for himself and his successors, and was solemnly declared to be a fundamental law of the realm. No Act had ever made nearer approaches to laying the foundations of a rational liberty; yet none was ever more calamitous. It wanted but a degree of property and civilization in the lower orders capable of applying and preserving it. But the nobility were still the only *NATION*. They seized all the benefits of the law, established an oligarchy, made the king a puppet, the people doubly slaves, the crown totally elective, and the nation poor and barbarous, without the virtues of poverty, or the redeeming boldness of barbarism.

Lewis ascended the throne; broke his promises; was forced to fly from the kingdom; entered into a new conciliation, for which he paid by new concessions, confirming the power of the noble oligarchy; was again driven to Hungary, where he attempted to take his revenge, by dismembering the kingdom; and after giving Silesia to the Marquis of Brandenburg, the fatal foundation of the subsequent claim of Prussia, gave some of the Polish frontier provinces bordering on Hungary, to the Empress Queen, the foundation of another subsequent claim. This guilty transaction was the ground of one of those acts of wild justice which are so conspicuous in the Polish history.

At the diet held in Buda, where the grant to the empress was made, only fourteen Polish senators could be found to attend; and of those but one, the bishop of Wadislaw, had the manliness to protest against the treason. He communicated the act to Granowski, the Great

General of the kingdom, who convoked an assembly of the states, to which the monarch was invited. The thirteen senators had been seized in the mean time, were instantly beheaded, and their bodies placed round the throne, covered with the tapestry.

The monarch, unacquainted with their seizure, was led to his seat in full solemnity. The Great General advanced, and in the name of the states of Poland sternly charged him with the whole catalogue of his offences against the constitution; declared the compact of the diet of Buda null and void, and then, flinging off the tapestry, pointed to the ghastly circle of monitors there. "Behold," exclaimed he to the startled king, "the fate of all who shall prefer slavery to freedom! There lie the traitors who gave up their country to serve the caprices of their king!"

The lesson was impressive. Lewis resolved to abandon a country in which right was so loud-tongued, and justice so rapid. Naming his son-in-law Sigismond, of Brandenburg, governor in his absence, as heir, he set out for Hungary once more. But, dying on his way, the nobles annulled the choice, and gave the throne to the Princess Hedwige, a daughter of the late king, on condition of her marrying according to the national will.

Her marriage commenced the second famous dynasty of Poland, the Jagellons. Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, was still unconverted to Christianity, but he had been distinguished for the intrepidity and justice which form the grand virtues in the eyes of early nations. The princess selected him, and he soon distinguished himself among the princes of the north. With a magnanimity which seems almost incredible in his age, he refused the sovereignty of Bohemia, from which the people had deposed their profligate king, Wenceslas, and as the unparalleled achievement of northern war, broke the power of the Teutonic knights upon the field; of their immense host of one hundred and fifty thousand men, slaying fifty thousand, taking eleven thousand, and leaving among the dead the grand master and three hundred knights.

A striking and characteristic scene, worthy of the finest efforts of the pencil, preluded the battle. Jagellon, to draw the enemy off some strong ground, had feigned a retreat. The knights looked on him as already defeated, and the grand master, in the spirit of his Scythian ancestors, sent him as an emblem of his fate, two bloody swords with a message. "Our master," said the deputies, "is not afraid to furnish you with arms to give you courage, for we are on the point of giving battle. If the ground on which you are encamped is too narrow for you to fight upon, we shall retire and give you room. The taunt only inflamed the indignation of the Polish nobles, but Jagellon calmly took the swords, and with a smile thanked the grand master for so early giving up his arms. "I receive them," said the bold

northern. "with rejoicing; they are an irresistible omen. This day we shall be conquerors: our enemies already surrender their sabres." Instantly rising, he ordered the signal to be made for a general advance; the army rushed on with sudden enthusiasm; the boasted discipline of the knights was useless before this tide of fiery valour; their ranks were helplessly trampled down; and their whole chivalry destroyed upon the ground. The taunt had been proudly answered.

The affairs of Poland now became mingled, for the first time, with the politics of western Europe. In 1571 Sigismond Augustus died, the last of the race of Jagellon, an honoured name, which had screened the follies of his successors during the long course of two hundred years. The vacancy of the throne was contested by a crowd of princes. But the dexterity and munificence of the celebrated Catharine de Medicis carried the election in favour of her second son, Henry Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles the Ninth. The diet which established this prince's claim, was still more memorable for the formation of the "Pacta Conventa," or great written convention of the kings of Poland, by which they bound themselves to the commonwealth. The previous bond had been a tacit, or verbal, agreement to observe the laws and customs. But experience had produced public caution; and by the final clause of the "Pacta Conventa," the king elect now declared, that "if he should violate any of his engagements to the nation, the oath of allegiance was thenceforth to be void." The crown had, until this period, been hereditary, liable, however, to the national rejection. From the era of the Pacta Conventa it became wholly elective; an example single among European governments, and giving warning of its error by the most unbroken succession of calamities in the history of modern nations.

Poland was still to have a slight respite. On the vacancy after the death of Wadislav in 1648, Casimir, the last descendant of the Jagellon blood, was found in a cloister; where he had entered the order of Jesuits. Popular affection placed him on the throne. He governed wisely a state now distracted with civil faction and religious dispute. At length grown weary of the sceptre, he resigned it for the crosier of the Abbot of St. Germain de Pres, in France; and enjoyed in this opulent and calm retreat a quiet for which he had been fitted by nature, and which he must have sought in vain among the furious spirits and clashing sabres that constantly surrounded and disturbed the throne of his ancestors.

The hero of Poland, John Sobieski, the next king, fought his way to the crown by a long series of exploits of the most consummate intrepidity and skill. His defeat of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in Podolia, finally extinguished all rivalry, and he was placed on the throne by acclamation. All his conceptions

were magnificent; on the peace with the Porte, he sent his ambassador with a train of seven hundred; a number which offended the pride of the Turk, and gave rise to one of those pithy sarcasms, which enliven diplomacy. The Polish ambassador who had been detained for some days outside the walls of Constantinople, by his own haughty demand, that the Vizier should come to meet him at the gates, required a supply of provisions for his attendants. "Tell the ambassador," answered the vizier, "that if he is come to take Constantinople, he has not men enough; but if it is only to represent his master, he has too many. But if he wants food, tell him that it is as easy for my master the Sultan to feed seven hundred Poles at the gates of the city, as it is to feed the seven thousand Poles who are now chained in his galleries."

The ambassador was at length admitted; and resolving to dazzle the Turks by a magnificence, unseen before, he ordered some of his horses to be shod with silver, so loosely fastened on, that the shoes were scattered through the streets. Some of them were immediately brought to the Vizier; who smiling at the contrivance, observed, "The Infidel has shoes of silver for his horses, but a head of lead for himself. His republic is too poor for this waste. He might make a better use of his silver at home."

But Sobieski's great triumph was to come. The Turkish army, strongly reinforced, made a sudden irruption into the Austrian territories; swept all resistance before them, and commenced the siege of Vienna. The year 1683 is still recorded among the most trying times of Europe. The Austrian empire seemed to be on the verge of dissolution. But the fall of Vienna would have been more than the expulsion of the Austrian family from its states; it would have been the overthrow of the barriers of western Europe. All crowns were already darkened by the sullen and terrible superiority of Mahometanism. The possession of the Austrian capital would have fixed the Turk in the most commanding position of Germany, Vienna would have been a second Constantinople.

The siege was pressed with the savage fury of the Turk. The Emperor and his household had fled. The citizens, assailed by famine, disease, and the sword, were in despair. Sobieski was now summoned, less by the entreaties of Austria than by the voice of the christian world. At the head of the Polish cavalry, which he had made the finest force of the North, he galloped to the assistance of the beleagured city, attacked the grand vizier in his entrenchments, totally defeated him, and drove the remnants of the Turkish host, which had proclaimed itself invincible, out of the Austrian dominions. No service of such an extent had been wrought by soldiery within memory. Vienna was one voice of wonder and gratitude, and when the archbishop, on the day of the *Te Deum*, ascended to preach the thanksgiving sermon, he,

with an allusion almost justifiable, at such a moment, took for his text—

"There was sent a man from God, whose name was John."

The death of this celebrated man in his 76th year, and after a prosperous reign of twenty-three years, left Poland once more to the perils of a contested throne. Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at last was chosen. No choice could have been more disastrous. Augustus had promised to restore Livonia to Poland; but it was in possession of the Swedes, who were now rapidly rising to the highest distinction as a military power. Charles the Twelfth, the lion of the north, had filled his countrymen with his own spirit; and the attempt to wrest Livonia from the first warrior of the age was visited with deadly retribution. Augustus had formed a league with the King of Denmark, and the Czar, Peter the Great—a man, whose rude virtues were made to redeem the indolent and sullen character of his barbarian country. The Swedish king rushed upon the Saxon and Polish forces like a whirlwind; they were totally defeated. In the next campaign, a still larger army was defeated at Clissow with still more dreadful slaughter. An assembly held at Warsaw, under Charles, now declared Augustus incapable of the crown. Charles proposed to give the sovereignty to the third son of Sobieski; but the prince magnanimously refused a throne which he considered the right of his elder brothers, both of whom were in a Saxon fortress. Stanislas Leizinski was at this period accidentally deputed to Charles on some business of the senate. The king was struck with his manly appearance. "How can we proceed to an election," said the Deputy, "while James and Constantine Sobieski are in a dungeon?"—"How can we deliver your Republic," exclaimed Charles, abruptly, "if we do not elect a new king?" The suggestion was followed by offering the sceptre to Stanislas, who was soon after, in 1705, proclaimed monarch of Poland. Charles now plunged furiously into Saxony, and broke the power of the Elector. But the caprice of war is proverbial. The Russians had been at last taught to fight even by their defeats. The ruinous battle of Pultowa drove Charles from the field and the throne. Stanislas fled; Augustus was restored in 1710, and Poland was left to acquire strength, by a temporary rest, for new calamities. In the winter of 1735, Russia was delivered from the only enemy that had threatened her ruin—Charles was killed at the siege of Fredericshall.

The reign of Peter raised Russia into an European power. Strength produced ambition, and the successors of Peter began to interfere closely with the policy of Poland. The death of Frederick the Third, in 1764, gave the first direct opportunity of influencing the election, and Count Stanislas Poniatowski, whose personal graces had recommended him to the empress, and whose subserviency made

him a fit instrument for the Russian objects, was chosen king in 1764. Bribes and the bayonet were his claims, yet there were times when he exhibited neither the dependence of a courtier nor the weakness of a slave.

A new era was now to begin in the history of Poland. Religious persecution was her ruin. The reformation had been extensively spread in the provinces. From an early period the Polish hierarchy, devoted to Rome, had always exerted the most rancorous spirit against the Protestants. A succession of persecuting decrees had been made, chiefly from the beginning of the 10th century. But by the general disturbances of the government, or the wisdom of the monarchs, they had nearly fallen into oblivion. But in the interregnum between the death of Frederic, and the election of Stanislas, the popish party carried in the convocation-diet a series of tyrannical measures, prohibiting the Protestants, or dissidents, as they were called, from the exercise of their religion, and from all situations and offices under government. The dissidents, fearful of still more violent measures, appealed to foreign governments. Russia, eager to interfere, immediately marched in a body of troops to support their claims. A popish Confederacy, long celebrated afterwards in the unhappy history of the kingdom, was formed in 1767, and from that hour Poland had scarcely an hour's respite from civil war.

Poland was now ripe for ruin. In 1769, on pretence of a plague, the King of Prussia advanced a body of troops into Polish Prussia. The possession of this province had long been coveted by the wily monarch. Its position between his German dominions and Eastern Prussia, rendered it important. He now found the kingdom in confusion, and he determined to seize his prize. To make it secure, he proposed a partition to Austria and Russia; to the Austrian emperor, at an interview at Niess, in Silesia, in 1769, or in the following year at Newstadt; to the Empress of Russia, by an embassy of his brother Henry to St. Petersburg. This infamous treaty was signed at St. Petersburg in 1772. Stanislas had no power to resist this tyranny, but he attempted to remove its chief evils by giving his people a free constitution in 1791. The neighbourhood of freedom again brought down the wrath of Russia. A Russian army of 70,000 men was instantly under orders. The Empress' brief commands were, "that the constitution should be abolished." The King of Prussia, Frederic William, provisionally seized Dantzic, Thorn, and a part of Great Poland. The Russian ambassador entered the diet with troops, and forced the assembly to comply with his requisitions. The nation was indignant. Kosciusko, who with the nobles had fled, now returned from Leipsic, put himself at the head of a multitude rather than an army, defeated several bodies of Russians, with great slaughter, reinstated the king, and was soon at the head of seventy thousand

men: with those he also repulsed the Prussian army. But he was suddenly attacked by Suwarrow, and after a long conflict was utterly defeated and taken prisoner. Suwarrow then marched against Warsaw, which he took by storm, murdering in the suburb of Praga upwards of thirty thousand of human beings of all ages. In 1795 the third Partition of Poland was effected. Stanislas was sent to St. Petersburg, where in 1798 he died. The heroic Kosciusko was subsequently liberated by the Emperor Paul, and after residing in France up to the period of the allied invasion, died at Seigneux, Oct. 15, 1817, in his 65th year;—a name consecrated to eternal memory.

For this hideous conspiracy of ambition and blood, Poland was sternly avenged by the French armies. Her oppressors were broken to the dust. From this period she began to recover. Napoleon raised her to a partial degree of independence. The congress of Vienna made her a kingdom once more, but still a Russian kingdom. The time may be at hand, when she shall have a really independent existence. It will depend on her own virtues, whether the opportunity of this great hour of change shall be thrown away.

The narrative of the late insurrection is still confined to a few scattered events. On the 1st of December the Russian superintendent of the school for military engineers in Warsaw, where some hundreds of the Polish youth were educated, had the insolence to order two of the young officers to be corporally punished. The students instantly rose against the author of the indignity, drove him out, and rushed to the quarters of a regiment of the native guards, calling on them to rise against the oppressors. The troops immediately followed the call, the spirit spread, the Russian soldiery were everywhere gallantly and instantly attacked and routed. The Grand Duke Constantine, the chief object of popular hatred, was assailed in his palace at night by the troops, was wounded in the head, and escaped with difficulty to the suburb of Praga, at the opposite side of the river, where a Russian detachment had its quarters. A great deal of confused, and as it appears, sanguinary, fighting took place in Warsaw during the night, and an extraordinary number of Russian officers of high rank had fallen, probably surprised in their quarters, or exposing themselves in this desperate state of their affairs. By morning the citizens were masters of Warsaw, the Russians were either expelled or captured; Constantine had declared his intention of offering no immediate resistance to the public proceedings, a burgher guard had been formed, a provisional government of the first nobles of the country installed, a general appointed, and a national call made to all Poles serving in the Russian, Prussian, and other foreign armies, to join their countrymen. Deputations had been also sent through the provinces, and to St. Petersburg. And, with the winter to

impede the advance of the Russian army, and with the spirit existing in Europe, the Poles contemplated a triumph over their long degradation.

We are no lovers of revolution. We know their almost necessary evil, their fearful summoning of the fiercer passions of our nature, the sullen, civil hatred by which brother is armed against brother, the long ordeal of furious license, giddy anarchy, and promiscuous slaughter! Of all this we are fully aware. The crime of the man who lets loose the revolutionary plague, for revenge, love of gain, or love of power, is beyond all measure and all atonement.

The first revolution of France, in 1789, was an abhorred effort of an ambition which nothing could satiate, and nothing could purify. The late revolution was a thing of strong necessity, less an assault on the privileges of royalty, than a vindication of human nature. The people who could have succumbed under so base and insolent a violation of kingly promises, would have virtually declared themselves slaves, and fit for nothing but slaves. The Polish revolution is justified by every feeling which makes freedom of religion, person, and property, dear to man. Poland owes no allegiance to Russia. The bayonet gave, and the bayonet will take away. So perish the triumph that scorns justice, and so rise the holy claim of man, to enjoy unfettered the being that God has given him.

Nothing in history is equal in guilty and ostentatious defiance of all principle to the three Partitions of Poland. The pretences for the seizure of the Polish provinces were instantly the open ridicule of all Europe. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria had the power; they scorned to wait for the right; they as profligately scorned to think of the torrents of blood that must be poured out in the struggle by the indignant Poles. Thousands of gallant lives sacrificed in the field; tens of thousands destroyed by the more bitter death of poverty, exile, the dungeon, and the broken heart; the whole productive power of a mighty kingdom extinguished for half a century; fifteen millions of human beings withdrawn from the general stock of European cultivation, and branded into hewers of wood and drawers of water, the helots of the modern world! were a price that the remorseless lust of dominion never stopped to contemplate. Its armies were ordered to march, and the fire and sword executed the law.

The change of the duchy of Warsaw into a kingdom by Russia was a royal fraud. The name of independence had none of the realities of freedom. The governor was a tyrant, publicly declared to be unfit even for a Russian throne! The only authority was the Russian sword. Every act of government emanated from St. Petersburg. The whole nation was in a state of *surveillance*. Every man who dared to utter a manly sentiment; every writer whose views did not perfectly coincide with

the dictates of the Russian cabinet; every mind superior to the brute, was in perpetual danger of Siberia. What would be the feeling of England, if a doubt of the wisdom of a ministry whispered over the table, much more declared in a public journal, would expose the doubter to instant denunciation by a spy, to instant seizure by a police-officer, and then, without further inquiry—without trial, without being confronted with the accuser—to banishment to the farthest corner of the world, to a region of horrors ten thousand miles from every face that he had ever known? How is it possible to wonder that men should feel indignant under this hideous state of being? that they should disdain life thus shamed and stung? that they should rejoicingly embrace the first opportunity to struggle for the common rights of existence, and think all things better than to leave the legacy of chains to their children?

This is no fancied picture. There is not an individual under any of the despotic thrones of Europe, whose liberty does not depend on the contempt or the caprice of the monarch; who may not be undone in a moment at the nod of a minister; who dares to utter a sentiment doubting the wisdom or integrity of any man in power. Where is the political philosopher of the Continent, the profound investigator of the principles by which nations are made wiser and better, the generous defender of the privileges of the nation, the honourable and manly detector of abuses and errors? No where; or, if any where, in the dungeon. Those characters, by which the whole greatness of England has grown, her past light and strength, and on which she must rest for her noblest dependence in all her future days of struggle, on the Continent are all proscribed. How long would a man like Burke have been suffered to unmask the prodigality of a continental court? How long would a Locke have lived after developing the nakedness of the divine right of kings? How soon would the dungeon have stifled the eloquence of a Chatham upbraiding the criminal folly of a profligate ministry! How long since would every leading mind of our legislature, every public journal, and every vigorous and honest writer of England, have been silenced, or persecuted to their ruin, by the hand of power, if their lot had been cast on the Continent? Hating, as we sincerely do, all unprovoked violence, and deprecating all unnecessary change, it is impossible for us, without abandoning our human feelings, to refuse the deepest sympathy to the efforts of our fellow-men, in throwing off a despotism ruinous to every advance of nations, degrading to every faculty of the human mind, and hostile to every principle alike of Justice, Virtue, and Christianity.

Our knowledge of the preparation of the Polish people is still imperfect; but we must believe that they would not have so daringly

defied the gigantic power of Russia without already "counting the cost." Hitherto all has been success. The Russian Viceroy has been expelled; the Russian troops have been defeated. The armies of Russia have not ventured to advance. The Polish provisional government has despatched agents to France, and, we are told, communications have been made to this country. Here they will have the wishes of ever honest man! If the late French Revolution could justify but slight differences of opinion among sincere men, the Polish Revolution can justify none. It is a rising, not

of the people against their monarch, but of the oppressed against the oppressor, of the native against the stranger, of the betrayed against the betrayer, of the slave against the tyrant; of a nation, the victim of the basest treachery and the most cruel suffering in the annals of mankind, against the traitor, the spoiler, the remorseless author of their suffering. Their cause is a triumph in itself; and may the great Being who "hateth iniquity, and terribly judgeth the oppressor," shield them in the day of struggle, and give a new hope to mankind by the new victory of their freedom!

VARIETIES.

A conscientious Man.—"On the officers and crew of the *Minerve* being ordered to Epinal, a march of nearly 500 miles, Capt. Brenton having endeavoured without success to procure money for his bills, tried to raise a small sum upon his watch. But, the watchmaker having offered what he considered quite inadequate to its value, he withdrew, and was standing at the door of the auberge, reflecting on his situation, when he was accosted by a person, who said he understood he wished to dispose of a watch. Concluding the applicant wished to take advantage of the distress of the prisoners, the captain answered rather abruptly, 'Yes, but you will not buy it.' 'That is more than you know,' rejoined the stranger; 'let me see the watch.' It was accordingly put into his hands, and the information given him, that the watch and seals had cost thirty-one guineas. 'C'est un prix bien fort,' said the Frenchman; 'and, if I were to purchase the watch, I would not give more than fifteen louis for it; but, as I should only keep it as a pledge for the payment of any money I might advance, I will give you twenty-five.' The captain began to have a more favourable opinion of his dealer; and, expressing his surprise at this novel mode of making a bargain, delivered to him the watch; and twenty-five louis were paid down, and a note given with the watch to Captain Brenton's agent in England, requesting him to redeem the watch by paying the money, and any additional expenses which might be incurred. The Frenchman went away, and the captain had scarcely time to communicate the information to his officers, when he was seen returning, and a general apprehension was felt that he had repented his bargain. But what was their surprise when he thus accosted the captain: 'Monsieur, ma conscience me pique, je suis indigne de la caution qui m'a fait prendre un gage d'un brave officier essayant le sort de la guerre; reprennez votre montre, monsieur, et donnez moi votre billet d'ecchange pour l'argent.*' This was, of course, gratefully acceded to.† But the stranger soon returned a second time. 'Encore, monsieur, ma conscience me pique.' 'Comment! encore?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I have been considering how I can best relieve it. I am a merchant of L'Orient, my name is Dubois; I am returning home; and having examined my purse, I find I have just twenty-five louis more than I shall want for my journey. Here,' continued he, destroying the first note, and putting the additional sum into the captain's hand, 'add these to the former, and give me a bill for the whole.'"

*My conscience reproaches me, sir, and I am angry with myself for being so distrustful as to take a pledge from a brave officer, suffering the lot of war. Take your watch again, sir, and give me your draft for the money.

†My conscience troubles me again, sir! Why, how now?

A Monument to be erected by Taxation.—The Warsaw newspaper contain an imperial decree, regulating the mode by which the cost of the national monument to the Emperor Alexander is to be defrayed. It appears that the expense is to be spread over a period of four years from the 1st of January, 1820, and apportioned in the following manner:—the whole inhabitants of the kingdom are to contribute a portion, varying from two to fifteen per cent. on the amount of the taxes to which they are liable. Merchants and manufacturers are to pay five and one third per cent. on the duties to which the importation of foreign merchandize is subject, and fifty per cent. on products of domestic growth, exported to Russia. The clergy, military, and all government employes are to contribute a certain portion of their income, varying from one to four per cent. on its amount. Truly the monument itself will present a splendid record of fiscal oppression. Our good friend Nicholas has effectually provided that the virtues of his brother shall be written, not in "water," but in the tears of Polish subjects.

First Coffe-house in Europe.—The first of these societies for the diffusion of humours and joviality, which ever graced the soil of Christendom, was established at Vienna in the year 1683, when the Emperor Leopold gave a license for that purpose. Kaholtitzky, a Pole, as a recompense for the services he had rendered in the Turkish campaign.

Howard.—We learn, with a feeling of pride and gratification, in which every one of our readers will cordially participate, that a marble monument to the memory of this excellent man is about to be erected at Cherson, where he lies buried. This tardy homage to his virtues will be completed in the course of the ensuing spring. The monument itself has been wrought in Italy, and was lately landed at Odessa, where a public subscription has been raised for defraying the expense incurred. We cannot doubt, although the information we have received does not state any further particulars, that English hearts and English purses have been the fathers to this honourable design.

The Netherlands.—There are four idioms prevalent in this kingdom: of these the Dutch is spoken by four tenths of the population, the Walloon by three tenths, French by two tenths, and Flemish by two tenths. In considering its intellectual condition, we shall find that the 1073 communes or districts of the northern (principally Protestant) provinces, have 1835 district schools, whilst the 2645 communes of the southern (principally Catholic) provinces, the population of which considerably exceeds one half of the whole amount of the entire

kingdom, do not possess more than 2054 district schools; the proportion of the former to the latter being, consequently, as 171 to 77. The number of scholars also in the northern provinces is ten thousand more than in the southern, and gives an average of one hundred and six to each school in the former, but of seventy-one only to each school in the latter. It is very remarkable, that out of the two hundred and fifty thousand individuals who make their way in Holland and the Low Countries without any sort of education whatever, thirteen thousand only belong to the northern parts, whilst the remainder are natives of the southern parts of the kingdom.

Italy, a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. With Illustrations.—This is such a volume, that we fear never to look upon its like again—it beats all the annuals together. Poetry, wealth, taste, are here blended beautifully, and the result is the most splendid piece of illustrated typography it has ever been our fortune to look on. The original work is well known, and we have not time to notice the additions referred to in the preface. It may be a little ungrateful to Mr. Rogers, but we cannot attend to him now; we remember indeed his sweet poetry and his pleasant tales, and shall read them again and again with infinite delight, but with this volume in our hands, it is impossible to do anything but turn from picture to picture, from jewel to jewel, and recall the scenes brought to our remembrance. Turner Stothard would be immortalized, had they never painted anything beyond the illustrations in this work. There are fifty or sixty such gems, picturing forth such scenes in nature, that—were we running wild? whoever thinks so, let him look on the Lake of Como—the Lake of Geneva—Pestum—on the architectural glory of the Doge's palace—on Stothard's Funeral, a wonderful picture! let him indeed open the volume, and he will echo all that we have said in admiration of it.

An instrument to concentrate the fire of a broadside.—A final trial of the instrument ingeniously invented by Mr. Kennish, late carpenter of the Hussar, for concentrating the fire of a broadside, was made on the 8th of November, on board the Galatea, 42, Capt. Charles Napier, C. B. Nothing can tend in a greater degree to establish a conviction of its efficacy than the fact, that on this occasion, on the simultaneous fire of one broadside, out of twenty-one shot, sixteen went through a target six feet square, at a distance from the ship of 500 yards. We understand a most favourable report has been made of the several trials.

Maj. Laing's Papers.—His Majesty's ship Rifleman, Triscott, com'r, arrived at Portsmouth from Malta, brings intelligence that the Windsor Castle had shortly before sailed from the above island to Tunis and Tripoli, to settle some difference between the British Consul (who had, struck the flag) and the Dey, arising from the fact of the Dey having retracted a decision he had previously given between the British and French Consuls relative to Major Laing's papers, of which there was no doubt that the French Consul had improperly obtained possession. The poor Dey had been compelled to withdraw his decision by the threats of Admiral Rosamel, backed by a French squadron. It is, however, unquestionable, that these papers are lost to his friends and to this country: they have for a long time been safe in Paris.

Periodicals.—What the forum was to the Romans, periodicals are to us of modern times. They are the barometer of public life.

Steam-guns to discharge Live Shells or Carcasses.—Should Perkin's steam-gun, or any other improved one, ever come into use, either on board armed steam-boats, or on fixed batteries, in addition to discharging balls in rapid succession, it could be made to throw shells or carcasses with their fuses lighted. I am led to this conviction, from having repeatedly shot small carcasses, and arrows charged with carcass composition, from an air-gun, with their fuses lighted; this I effected by attaching one of Jones' cigar matches to the fusee end of the carcass, or arrow, which rests on the wooden plug, or wadding: when the air-gun is discharged, the sudden pressure of the plug lights the match. In applying such carcasses or shells to a steam-gun, the match need not be inserted, until the carcass is placed in its socket at the breech, and the shells or carcasses may be covered with a thin coating of lead, in order to follow the turn of the rifle barrel, without injuring. I have communicated this idea to Mr. Perkins, who perfectly agrees with me in its practicability, and offers to guarantee its success. The Percussion shell is equally applicable to the steam-gun.

First Use of Gun-Powder in Mining.—It is a curious fact, that although gun-powder became generally known in Europe about the year 1320, yet that its explosive power should not have been used in mining till upwards of a century afterwards. The first instance that is recorded of the use of gunpowder in mining, is by the Spaniards under Gonsalves de Cordova, who, in 1496, besieged the French in the castle *del Oro*, at the entrance of the bay of Naples, which stood on a rock surrounded by the sea, except a narrow isthmus, across which a deep ditch had been cut in the solid rock. A Spanish Captain named Pedro de Navarra, took advantage of the cover afforded for sloops by an unflanked jutting part of the rock, to drive a gallery sufficiently forward to reach under the castle, where a large charge of powder was lodged, which he fired by a match prepared so as to burn till he got to a sufficient distance for his own security. The rock opened with a terrible explosion, and hurled its fragments, together with the walls and a great number of its defenders, into the sea, in volumes of flame and smoke; the Spanish and Neapolitan sloops that were in readiness landed their best troops, and immediately overpowered the few surviving French.

Royal Interrogatories.—What a curious book might be written, of nothing but royal interrogatories, at this moment.

Ferdinand of Spain.—"What shall I do with the Carlists, the Apostolicals, the Serviles, the Liberals, the freemasons, the exiles, the patriots, the monks?—and what will they do with me?"

Francis of Austria.—"What shall I do with the Italians, the Hungarians, the Jesuits, the monks, or with Venice, Trieste, and Dalmatia?—and what will they do with me?"

Louis Philippe.—"What shall I do with my nobles, my populace, my courtiers, my comrades, my guards that I dread, my subjects that govern me, my parliament that scorns deliberation, my council that will neither give nor take advice, Austria, that hates revolution, Russia, that dreads it, Prussia, that longs for it, England, that threatens it at every change of ministry?—and what will they do to me?"

Don Miguel.—"What shall I do with the nobles, the priests, the people, my brother, my troops, my sailors, my exiles, my prisoners, my sisters, my people, me?"

German Periodical Literature.—The "Newspaper Price-Current," for 1850, (a catalogue of periodicals annually published by the newspaper office at Berlin, enumerates no fewer than six hundred and sixty-three papers and journals as emanating from the prolific press of our German neighbours. Of this number, 115 are devoted to politics, and 212 to literature and science; and yet, the catalogue does not include Stock Exchange lists, papers connected with commerce and shipping, &c.; nor, as a correspondent remarks, does it comprise any but the most popular publications.

Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow.—The Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow receives annually 10,000 roubles from the emperor. Out of this sum, 3,000 are devoted to journeys of natural history in Russia; 3,000 for the publication of the discoveries which result from these journeys; 1850 for the drawer and engraver; 800 for the stuffer; 800 for the expenses of the office; and 650 for incidental expenses. The Society was founded in 1805 by its present director, Mr. Fisher. It has published seven volumes of memoirs; and from the beginning of 1829 it has printed a bulletin of its labours.

Prices given for Operas.—Dr. Arne, in the year 1763, received for his famous opera, "Artaxerxes," 60 guineas. Mr. Shield, in the year 1781, for his popular two act musical piece, "Rosina," 400. Mr. Storace, in the year 1791, for his opera, "The Siege of Belgrade," 10000. Mr. Braham, in the year 1804, for his opera, "The English Fleet in 1342," 1000 guineas.

Egyptian Geography.—Mr. Wilkinson, who for many years has carried on his scientific researches in Egypt, has completed an elaborate map of the *Faioum*, and thus supplied what has hitherto remained a desideratum in the delineation of Egypt. The map has been printed from stone, at Cairo, for private circulation among his friends: we hope both this valuable addition to eastern geography, as well as the curious information this gentleman has collected respecting the mythology and history of the ancient Egyptians, may ultimately be given to the public. Mr. Wilkinson printed some fasciculi of the work at Malta in 1828, and it is to be lamented that Egypt does not afford the requisites for letter-press printing as it now does for lithography, for which advantage, travellers are indebted to the exertions of Messrs. Burton, and some other enterprising Englishmen, who have long made Egypt their abode.

Italian Periodicals.—Among the signs of the times we are gratified in being able to place two journals, which have recently made their appearance in Italy, with a view to bring the reading world in that quarter acquainted with the gems of foreign literature and science. One of these, the "*Staloga Straniera*," is published at Turin; and the other, "*L'Eclettico*," at Parma. The first has indisputably the advantage over its contemporary: but both of them afford a singular proof of the spread of freedom of opinion even where the fetters of religion, or rather of ecclesiastical policy, have been wont to enchain it. Some of the latter numbers of the "*Antologia*" contain philosophical disquisitions, which but a twelvemonth back would have been honoured with a "non imprimatur." The times of Galileo have happily perished from the things that be.

The well known political pamphlets just published, "*The Country without Government*," and "*The Result of the General Election*," have been attributed to Mr. Brougham. The publisher—Kidway—denies that they were sent him from Mr. B.; but rather confirms than weakens the previous opinion by his manner of negation.

Dr. Nares, author of "*The Life of Lord Burleigh*," has recently completed a new edition of "*Barnet's History of the Reformation*," presenting, it is said, peculiar features of attraction in the prolegomena and addenda of the learned editor.

A new novel, *The Vizier's Son*, is expected, from the author of "*Pandurang Hari*, the Zenana."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, author of the interesting "*Account of the Recent Floods in Morayshire*," is the author of the novels of Lochandhu, and The Wolfe of Badenoch, which appeared anonymously some few years back.

A subscription is now very successfully going on at Oxford, for the establishment of some valuable mathematical prizes in that university. Nearly three thousand pounds have, it is said, been already subscribed for this purpose.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the charming delineator of Sketches of Irish Character, is preparing for the press a second edition of that work, together with a new series of tales of the same kind to form an additional volume.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, has announced for publication, a work which promises to be a wonderful performance indeed.—The title is as follows:—"Who is a Gentleman?" Explained in a conversation between the shades of King James the Fifth of Scotland, and Sir David Lindsay, Lion King at Arms; and it is "dedicated to the memories of his late Majesty King George the Fourth, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York."

Don Telesforo De Truaba, the Spanish novelist, has in the press a new Tale under the piquant title of "*Sins and Pseudocadillos*."—The same accomplished writer has, we understand, in active preparation a Satirical Novel, which bears strongly on the events and follies of the day. Both works will make their appearance in the course of the season.

The splendid work of Van Der Hooght, entitled the "*Book of the Prophet Isaiah*," has been translated into English by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Precentor of Christ's, Oxford. The system of the Masoretic points has been followed throughout the book; and no trouble has been spared in examinations and reference, to make the English version as useful as possible.

A Newspaper in "manuscript," was established on the 1st February, 1850, in Freemantle-town, on the Swan river; this editor is a Mr. John Gardiner, formerly of London.

The subject of the Norristian prias essay, (Cambridge University) for the ensuing year is, "The proof of the Divine Origin of the Gospel derived from the nature of the Rewards and Punishments it holds out."

There will shortly appear a work of which the title augurs favourably: we allude to the "*Journal of a Nobleman, comprising an Account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress*."

The admirers of female loveliness will find subject of tasteful entertainment in the Third Number of that handsomely illustrated collection, entitled "*The Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*" which is forthwith to be published.

The Hon. Major Keppel's new production, entitled "*A Narrative of a Journey across the two Passes of the Balcan, and of a Visit to Aizani*, and other newly discovered ruins in Asia Minor," may be expected in a few days.

The Posthumous Works of that eminent divine, Dr. Doddridge, will very shortly be completed by the publication of the Fifth Volume, which will contain the "*Diary*" that has been so long an object of expectation, and will include, as it is stated, many private thoughts and reflections of a nature calculated to interest deeply the religious world.

Sir Jonah Barrington's long expected "*Historic Anecdotes of the Union*," will, it is now confidently said, be before the public in a complete state previous to the beginning of next year. The public curiosity upon such a topic, it will be readily seen, must be peculiarly great at the present period.

The third and final volume of Archbishop Nares's arduous and extensive undertaking, the *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, will be brought forward immediately.

A new and cheap Collection of an inviting character, is announced in the department of lighter literature. It is to be denominated "*The Modern British Novelists*," and will comprise the works of the most distinguished Novelists of the day, among which will appear those of the Author of "*Tremaine*," Mr. Theodore Hook, Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Grattan, the Author of "*Granby*," &c. &c.

The publication of the *Private Correspondence of Garrick*, will be published shortly.

Sir Author Brooke's "*Sketches in Spain and Morocco*" are just finished at press. They contain an account of a Residence in Barbary, and of an Overland Journey from Gibraltar to England.

A History of the Reformation in Switzerland, in 5 vols. 8vo. by A. Ruchat, comprising a period of forty years, from 1516 to 1556. Translated in 3 vols. 8vo. from the French, by Joseph Brackenbury, A.M. Assistant Chaplain and Assistant Secretary at the Magdalen. This scarce and valuable work is recommended by Bickersteth, and praised by Scott in his continuation of Milner's Church History.

Travels in Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Peru, by Samuel Haigh, Esq.

Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland; with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by William McGavin, Esq.

A Century of Birds, from the Himalaya Mountains, never before delineated; by John Gould, A.L.S.

Sketch-Book of a Young Naturalist, by the author of Sketches from Nature.

A History of the Late Revolution in France, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, is announced.

Mr. Lytton Bulwer, the novelist, is preparing a satire, to be entitled *The Siamese Twins*. We suppose more is less meant than meets the eye.

Serious Poems; comprising *The Church-Yard*, *The Deluge*, *Mount Calvary*, *The Village Sabbath*, &c. &c. by Mrs. Thomas.

Sketch Book of a Young Naturalist. By the author of Sketches from Nature.

Mr. E. S. Mackenzie, late editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*, is preparing for the press a volume, to be entitled, *Lays of the Heart*, and other Poems.

A fourth edition is in the press of that excellent little work, *Laconia*.

A work on the Temple of Jerusalem, according to the description of the Prophet Ezekiel, by John Dundas, architect, is promised.

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